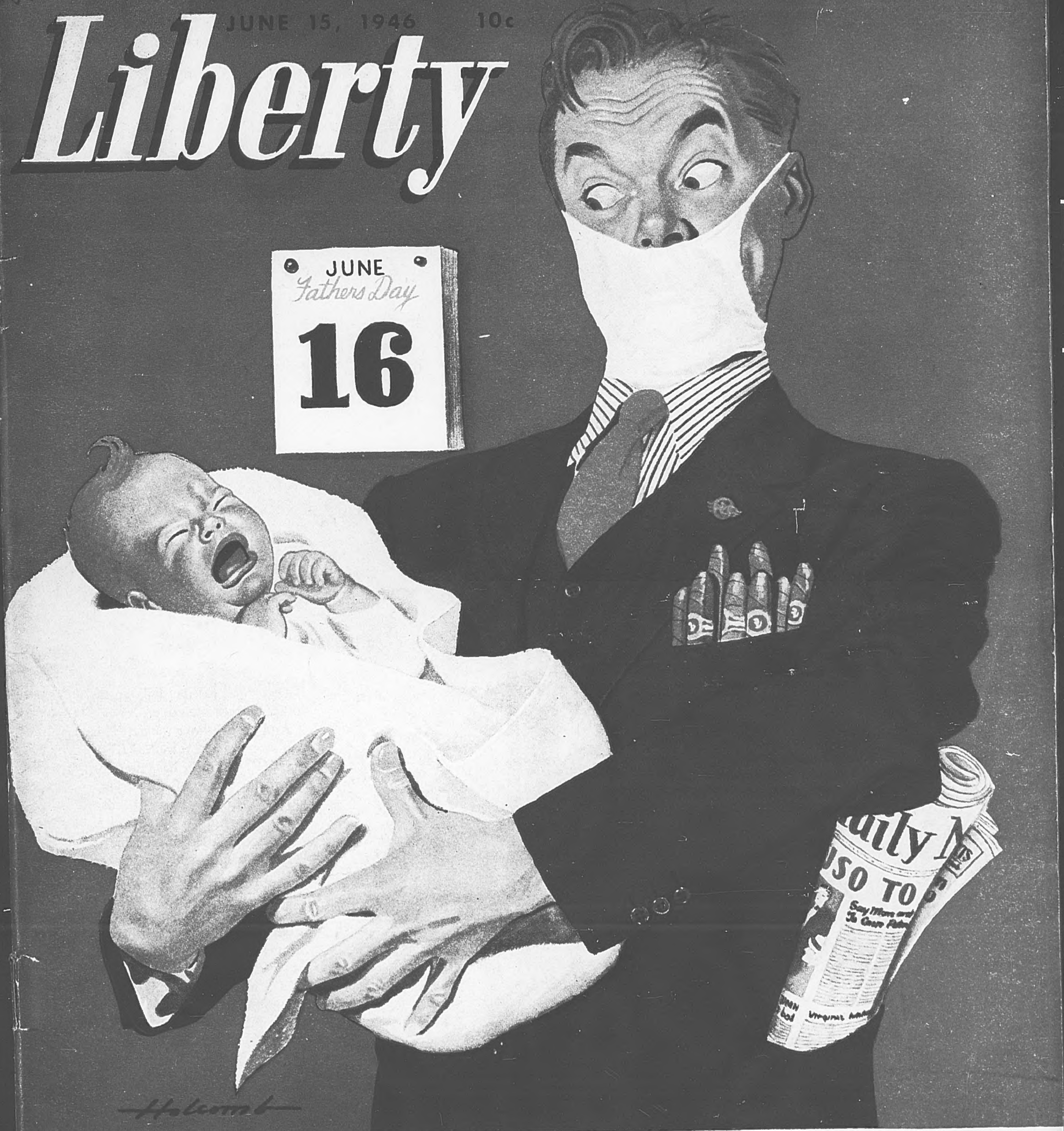
JUNE 15, 1946 10c

Liberty


JUNE
Fathers Day
16
Daily N
USO TO
Holcomb

THE LOUIS-CONN FIGHT

SIZED UP BY MARGERY MILLER,
BOXING'S ONLY GIRL EXPERT

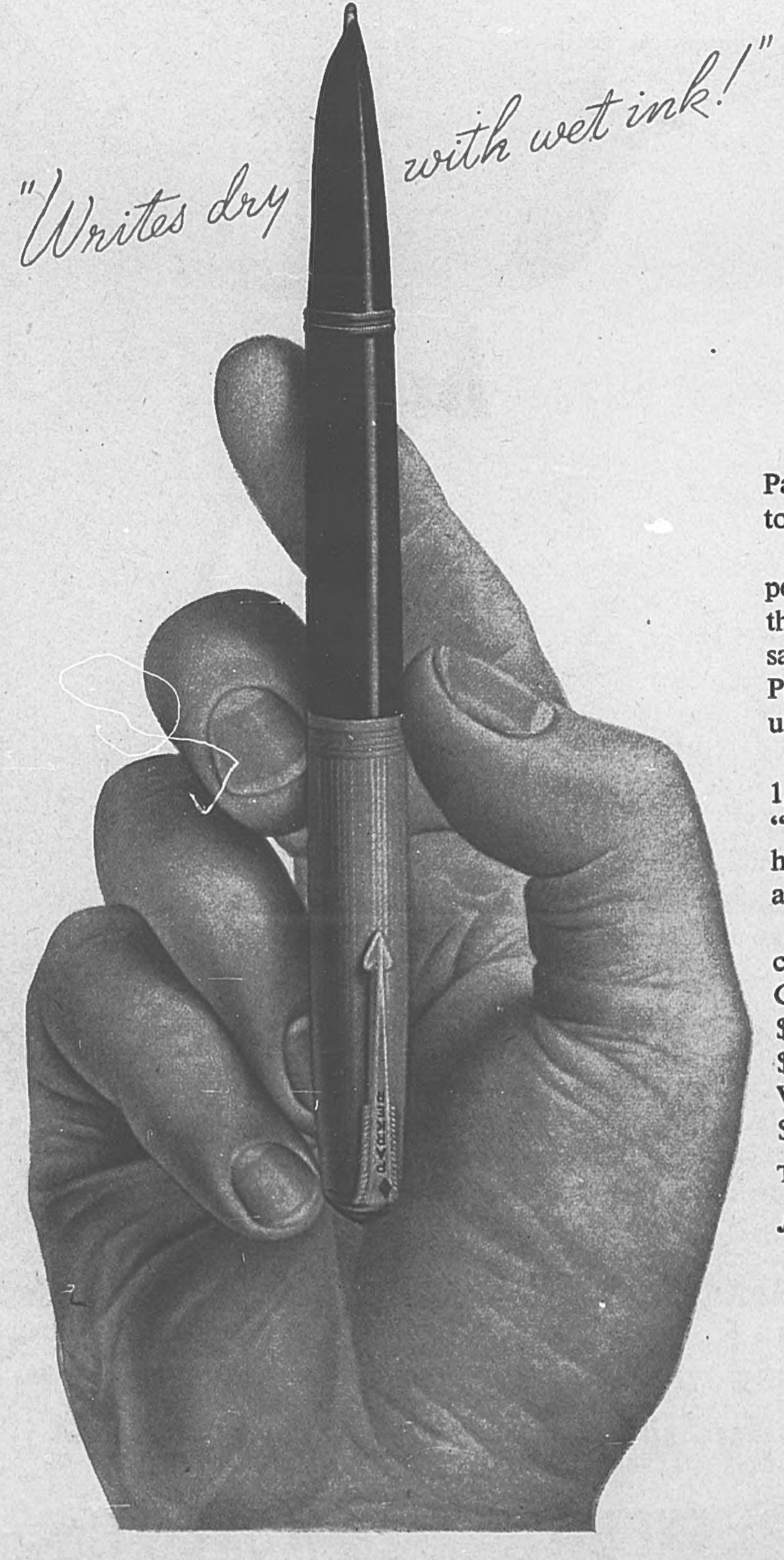
Book: THE RIVER ROAD

FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES' GREAT
LOVE STORY OF THE OLD SOUTH

Parker 51's

arriving in greater numbers

. . . BUT THE SUPPLY IS STILL LIMITED!



Your Parker dealer is now receiving more 51's. But his still-limited shipments are usually sold out in a day or two. We suggest you see him very soon.

You'll find the Parker "51" with its shaft of hand-finished lucite is sheer beauty. No side filling lever mars its lines (the patented plunger is hidden safely inside the barrel). The cap—a Parker exclusive—*slips on* without twisting.

The 51's tubular point is the most fully enclosed of any pen . . . protected from air, dirt and damage. You'll find it restive, eager to start instantly. The tip is a ball of micro-smooth Osmiridium—the most wear-proof, corrosion-proof metal ever known—fused to 14K gold. So smooth is this costly tip, your Parker "51" pen actually seems to float *above* the paper.

And then—more magic. This pen *writes dry with wet ink!* For the "51" alone is designed for satisfactory use of fast-drying Parker "51" Ink. The "51" also uses ordinary ink, if you so desire.

Created to tolerances as fine as 1/10,000 of an inch, the Parker "51" is precision made . . . never hurried out. See it . . . try it . . . and you'll know why.

Parker "51" comes in these colors: Black, Blue Cedar, Dove Gray, Cordovan Brown, $12.50; $15.00. Matching pencils, $5.00; $7.50. Sets, $17.50 to $80.00. World famous Vacumatic Pens, $8.75. Pencils, $4.00.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY
Janesville, Wis. and Toronto, Canada

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RTS AND
ORIES
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AC
AC SPARK PLUGS
AC

HOW TO GET THE MOST OUT OF BETTER FUEL

Don't expect to fill your tank with the new, higher-octane gas and get top-grade performance from spark plugs you may have switched to during the war. Now that you're getting far better fuel—and have returned to normal driving—more than ever, you need to consult your service station about changing to AC plugs that run *cooler* than those you may have used with wartime fuels.

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The AC Heat Range, and today's wider heat range per plug, enable you to fit spark plugs exactly to engine operating conditions. That's why AC's were standard equipment on 2 of every 4 cars and trucks—why your Registered AC Dealer can help you to get the *utmost reliability* in spark plug performance. Have your plugs checked today. Be sure you have the type that will give you the best in performance.

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

CLEAN PLUGS SAVE UP TO ONE GALLON OF GAS IN TEN

SPARK PLUGS

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Be ready for an exciting thrill when you see the New "Autopoint" Pencils—when you test their flawless writing. They are matchless beauties of streamlined design. They are "writing-engineered" to give you regal, trouble-free performance. Famous Grip-Tite Tip won't let leads wobble, turn or fall out.

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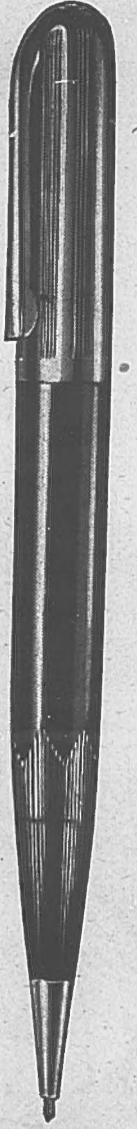
TRADE MARK
BETTER PENCILS
FIT ANY POCKET... EVERY POCKETBOOK



In This Week's Liberty

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Cover: D-Day
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JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

GIRL AT THE RINGSIDE

How come a pretty girl like Margery Miller knows so much about the fight game? It all dates back to her tomboy days in Vermont when she used to hear her father and an ex-pugilist swap yarns about old-time boxers. Then, at thirteen, she saw her first fight and decided to be a ringside expert. She worked summers on a New Hampshire paper and filled her leisure hours at Wellesley reporting on sports. She also wrote a book on Joe Louis which clinched her career. She's now doing a syndicated sports column and writing articles like "IN THIS CORNER . . .!" on page 18. Her New York apartment is cluttered with blues records, scrapbooks on heavyweights, and such souvenirs as the gold pen with which Jim Corbett signed to fight John L. Sullivan.

OUR WOMAN'S PAGE EDITOR

Nowadays poets don't starve in garrets. Look at Margaret Fishback, who's combined poetry with a successful advertising career, and is bringing up a family at the same time. When she's not shopping at the grocery store, or romping with her four-year-old son on the farm up in Maine, or collecting material for her weekly word to women in Liberty, she's busy at the typewriter. She's published several volumes of prose and verse, and her recent book, Look Who's a Mother, came out last fall.

NEXT WEEK

Liberty
PAUL GALLICO
GEORGE CAROUSO
JOHN ROY CARLSON
MARTHA OSTENSO
Book: BRITAIN'S MOST SHOCKING MURDER NOVEL:

John Roy Carlson, the author of Under Cover, unmasks the phony patriots who have one hand on the veteran's shoulder and the other in his pocket. Read all about it in STAR-SPANGLED SUCKER TRAPS. . . . I HATE COCKTAIL PARTIES! says Paul Gallico, and lets loose a hilarious haymaker at that insiduous destroyer of appetites and good disposition, the 5 to 7 P. M. Martini Menace. . . . Liberty's Book Condensation, KISS THE BLOOD OFF MY HANDS, by Gerald Butler, is a powerful novel of the regeneration of a violent and amoral man, published here at the demand of the G.I.s who read it in England.

Un Sueño de Perfección!

A dream of perfection is this superb *"Mountain Rum"*

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Rum, as you've dreamed that rum might be! Zestful with the breeze-clean tang of Puerto Rico's uplands. Rich in delicious "mountain flavor," wondrously mellow and smooth. The better the rum, the better the drink. Better use Ron Merito!

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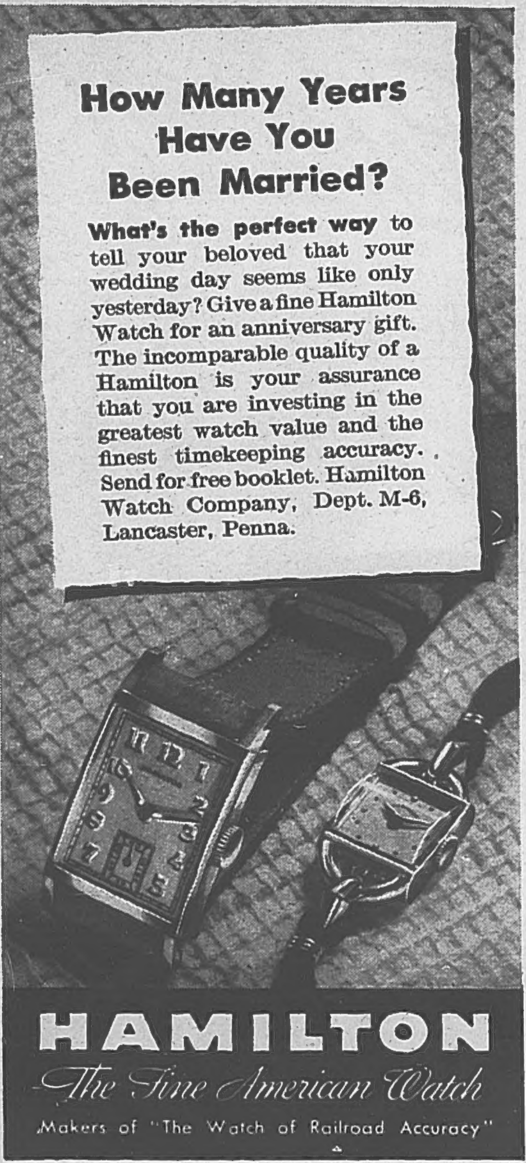
How Many Years Have You Been Married?

What's the perfect way to tell your beloved that your wedding day seems like only yesterday? Give a fine Hamilton Watch for an anniversary gift. The incomparable quality of a Hamilton is your assurance that you are investing in the greatest watch value and the finest timekeeping accuracy. Send for free booklet. Hamilton Watch Company, Dept. M-6, Lancaster, Penna.

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For Musical Setting
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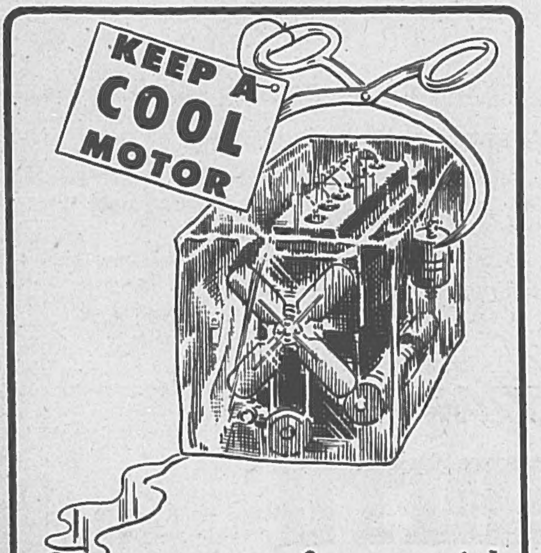
48 WOODS BUILDING — CHICAGO 1, ILL.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Summer-proof now with
FORMULA #114
(Radiator Conditioner)
AT BETTER SERVICE STATIONS EVERYWHERE
Another Protective Product

VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

BUTTER, BUTTER, WHO GETS THE BUTTER?

WASHINGTON, D. C.—E. E. McDugle's solution for the butter shortage (Vox Pop, April 20) is certainly ingenious, to say the least. So he figures you raise the price of it, and the shortage will be no more. But there'll be a lot of little people spreading "oleo" on their bread, E. E., and—who knows?—you might be one of them.—*Mrs. J. D.*

CONSIDER THE OVERWEIGHT

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.—I think it would be nice to run a page for women who are fat.

You could have a set of different kinds of exercises, or you could run a diet list. That would appeal to most women, as so many are overweight. Also I think if you would run more mystery stories, it would help too.—*Mrs. E. S.*

Like The Thin Man?—VOX POP EDITOR.

PARENT DELINQUENCY

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—Perhaps George Bostrom, who advocates spanking for juveniles in Vox Pop (April 13), should read up on parent delinquency.

Had parents bothered to rear their children properly and provide an adequate wholesome home life, the juveniles would have some honest, stable philosophy to fall back on when situations arise to snare them.

A good heart-to-heart talk and complete understanding would bring the majority of teen-agers around. —*Mary Ellen Mayse.*

ANOTHER SIDE ON G. M.

DETROIT, MICH.—Your editorial on Losses and Gains of the G. M. Strike (April 27) is a vicious attack upon organized labor. You praise G. M. for trying to starve its workers when they struck after long negotiations for a decent living wage. You praise the company for refusing to abide by the decision of the Fact-Finding Board set up by the President.—*George Lyons.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Your editorials have been fair so often that I thought the little man had someone on his side, but I've changed my mind since your whitewash of General Motors. Please be fair—not liberal even—just fair.—*Mrs. Agnes E. Roche.*

WEST POINT, N. Y.—If you are in some way obligated to the N. A. M. or its supporters, it would be wise for you to take a less transparent stand for those interests.—*Philip S. Porter.*

UNEMPLOYMENT COMPENSATION

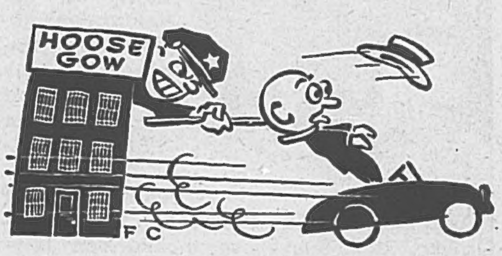
CAMDEN, N. J.—I'm glad to see someone has started to delve into the present unemployment compensation set-up.

A. D. Rathbone, IV, in his article, It Pays to Be Idle (April 27), did a good job of it, but he didn't fully cover the "racketeering" possibilities of the law as it now reads. While it is true there is a "waiting week," it is also true that practically all wage earners have a week's pay held back. Thus the one cancels the other and in some states, like New Jersey, the Unemployment Compensation Law has disqualifications for *only three weeks.*

The Unemployment Compensation Commission was set up to make payments to those who couldn't get a job, not for those *who wouldn't stay on a job.*—*Paul R. Hawn.*

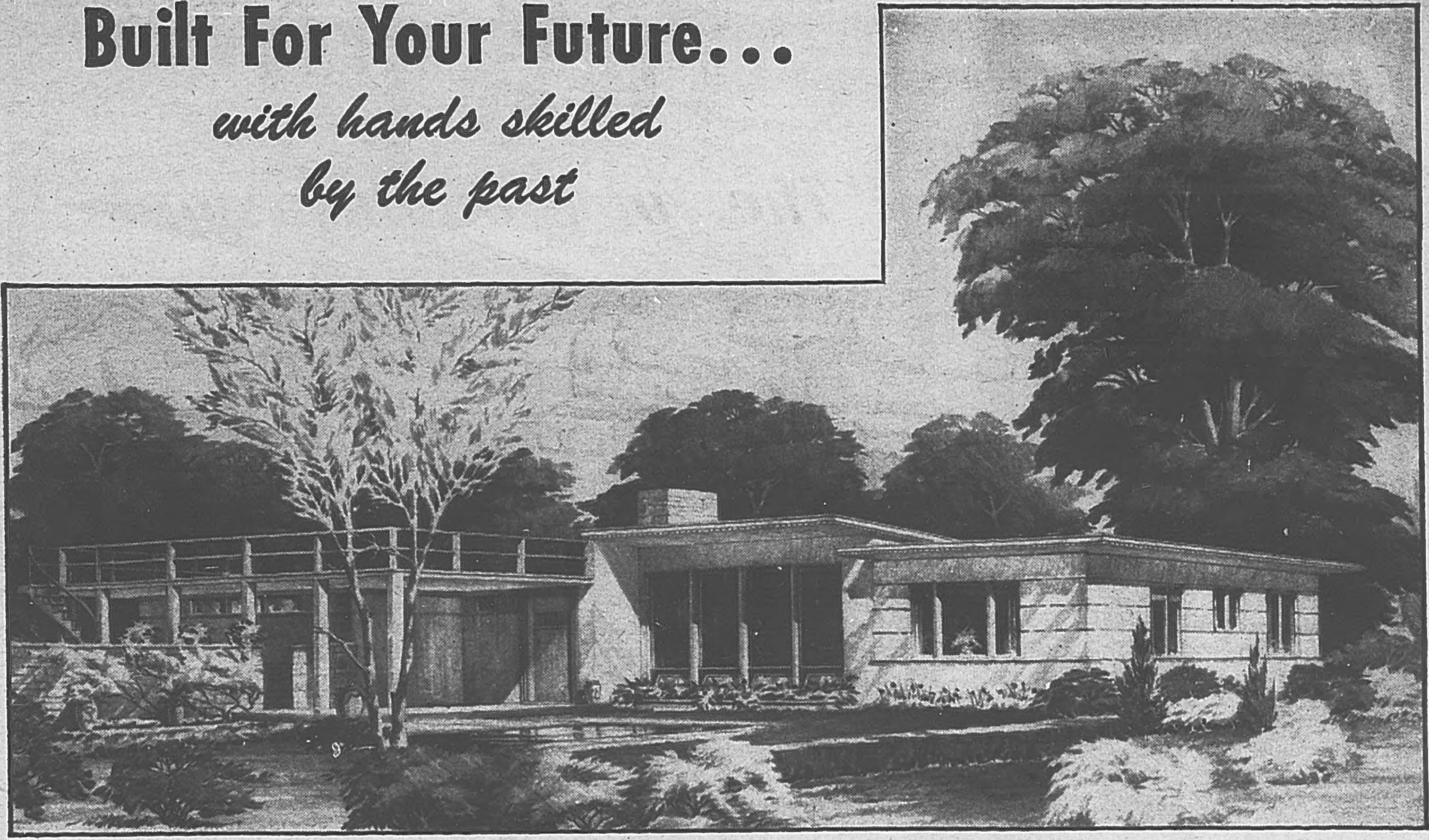
THROW 'EM IN JAIL

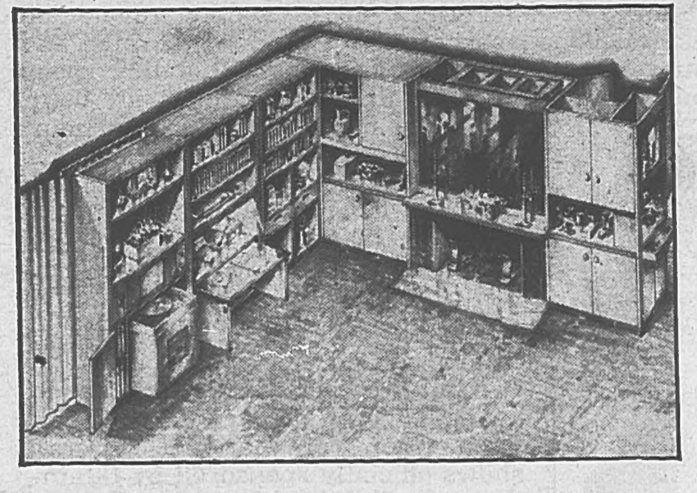
MEMPHIS, TENN.—Sophus F. Neble's proposals (Vox Pop, April 27) for awarding automobile drivers badges of merit for good behavior won't work. It sounds like an extension of the Boy Scouts. Jails—and jails alone—can reduce accident figures to a negligible minimum.—*Adolphus Stephens.*



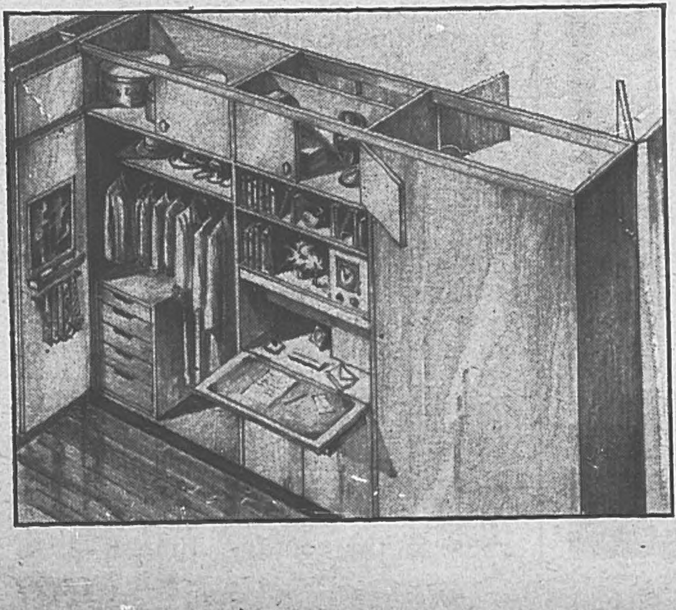
Built For Your Future...

with hands skilled by the past





Defoe's "Working Walls" are distinctly a modern innovation. They put between-room wall space to work for the housewife and provide more storage while actually saving room space.*



IT TAKES a lot of time and work to transform thought into reality. Things like the new Defoe Homes don't just happen. Back of them are the skill and experience born of more than forty years of painstaking workmanship under the exacting traditions of the shipbuilder's art.

• • For more than four decades everything Defoe has produced has been built to perform perfectly—and built to last! What the Defoe organization has learned in all those years has now been translated into the comfort, the convenience, and the economies of the new Defoe Homes. They will be a definite contribution to the better things for better living in the good times which lie just ahead.

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REGISTERED

Defoe
HOMES

HOUSING DIVISION
DEFOE SHIPBUILDING COMPANY Dept. L-6
BAY CITY, MICHIGAN

Please send me the descriptive brochure on the new Defoe Homes. Enclosed is 10c for handling and mailing costs.

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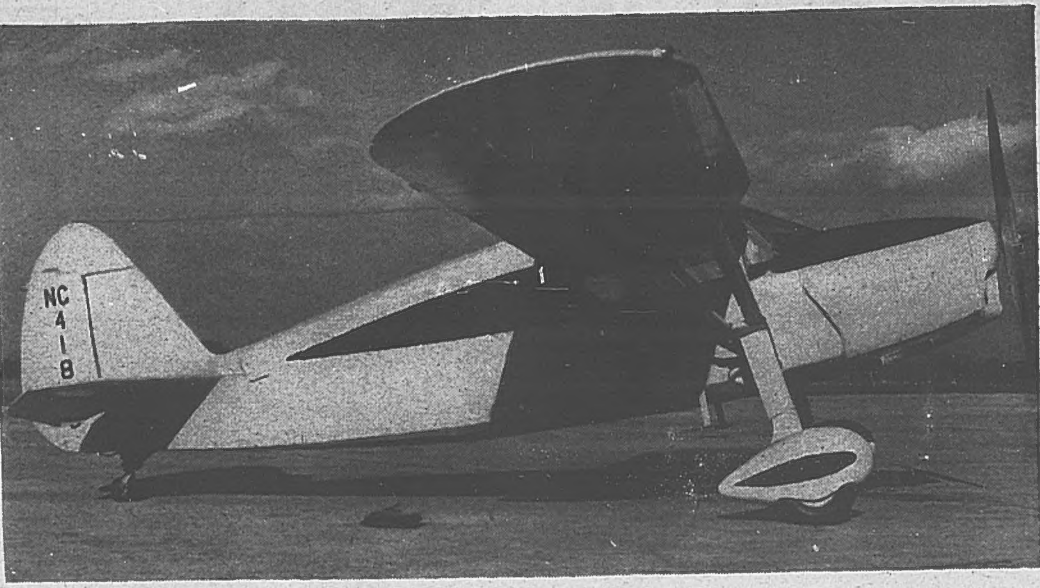
Street____________________

City and State____________________

ON THE BEAM

Postwar F-24, a personal plane for practical use or for fun . . . Must an airport be an expensive eyesore? Not a bit, say experts

BY WAYNE PARRISH


No matter what use you have for a plane, the Fairchild F-24 is meant to fill the bill.

FOR twenty years the name of Fairchild has been identified with aviation, and this year Fairchild was one of the first manufacturers to produce a four-place personal plane for the sportsman pilot, and for charter operators, business and government people. The Fairchild F-24 is not very different from the prewar airplane, but loyal Fairchild owners insist it couldn't have been improved anyway.

Priced to sell in the $8,500 bracket, the high-wing F-24 cruises at 118 miles an hour at 75 per cent of power, has a 620-mile range, and is powered with a 175-h.p. Ranger or a 165-h.p. Warner.

The cabin is roomy and there is ample space for baggage. There are two doors to facilitate exit or entrance of the pilot without disturbing the passengers. Wide, sturdy landing gear assures maximum safety on the ground. Flaps provide increased landing performance. Two electric fuel level gauges for each of the 30-gallon tanks are installed on each side of the airplane directly above the door. For maximum convenience the compass is mounted in an overhead position directly above the front seats.

Electrical installation includes a starter, motor-driven generator, 12-volt battery, and navigation lights. Structural provisions are made for installation of a landing light and a two-way radio, which are not provided as standard equipment. Fittings are made for both skis and floats.

The F-24 is aimed by its manufacturers at a widely diversified market for all types of personal and business plane uses. Landing speed without flaps is 57 miles an hour, and with flaps is 53 miles an hour. The take-off distance to clear 50-foot obstacles is 1,100 feet, and the landing distance over 50-foot obstacles is 1,000 feet. The useful load is approximately 900 pounds and maximum flight duration is five hours and thirty minutes.

Air Shows and Races Scheduled

Resumption of national aircraft shows officially sponsored by the industry will take place this fall. At this writing two shows are planned, one for the east coast, one for the west. The Midwest still hopes to capture an officially sanctioned aircraft show.

Several indoor shows have already been held in Cleveland and New York, but the manufacturers of airplanes did not participate. A number of personal airplanes were exhibited by distributors and dealers and the Army Air Forces displayed a lot of equipment.

The official shows will have complete exhibits from all companies and will be on a par with the annual automobile shows.

There are quite a few outdoor events scheduled, too. Miami had its annual air maneuvers for the first time since the war early this year, but that show was poorly managed. The nationally popular Birmingham Air Carnival under management of Steadham Acker will have provided Alabamans with the best free air show in the country, June 1—2. In

Where There's Smoke-There's DANCO

FATHER DESERVES A pipe that's sweet...that's cool from the first puff...A pipe that's rare and beautiful!

THE DANCO DE-LUXE HOLLOW-BOWL REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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Maroon and Gold Band

Gold Stripe

FATHER DESERVES a pipe that's rare—a pipe inspired by old-world porcelain masterpieces. The exclusive De-Luxe Hollow-Bowl is designed in brilliant maroon and gold patterns . . . to retain its distinctive color for hundreds of Father's Days to come.

A magnificent pipe for every man's collection . . . in ten popular shapes. $3.50

at better stores everywhere or write to

DANCO PIPES
99 HUDSON ST., NEW YORK 13, N. Y.

Omaha, Nebraska, a "World's Fair of Aviation" will be held July 18—21 and already many foreign countries have agreed to participate. This should be one of the best outdoor affairs in many years.

Then comes the favorite National Air Races, August 31-September 2 at Cleveland, which always attracts huge crowds and everyone in aviation. So much has happened in the way of speeds and performance since the last national races that this year's event should hold exceptional interest.

Airports as Community Centers

Aviation officials are becoming concerned about the airport problem. Federal funds will be available next year to build new airports or improve the old ones, with cities sharing the costs, but many opportunities are being lost through failure to plan airports as attractive civic projects.

A movement was started several years ago to build small "air parks" for personal flying, and quite a few such projects are in the making now. Air parks would be just what their name implies—attractive airfields with country-club atmosphere.

But larger airports are becoming more and more like railroad freight yards, and unless better planning is evidenced, there won't be much improvement in the future. Too much attention has been devoted to length of runways, operational requirements, and hangars, and not enough attention to making the surroundings attractive to the public, in the opinion of some experts.

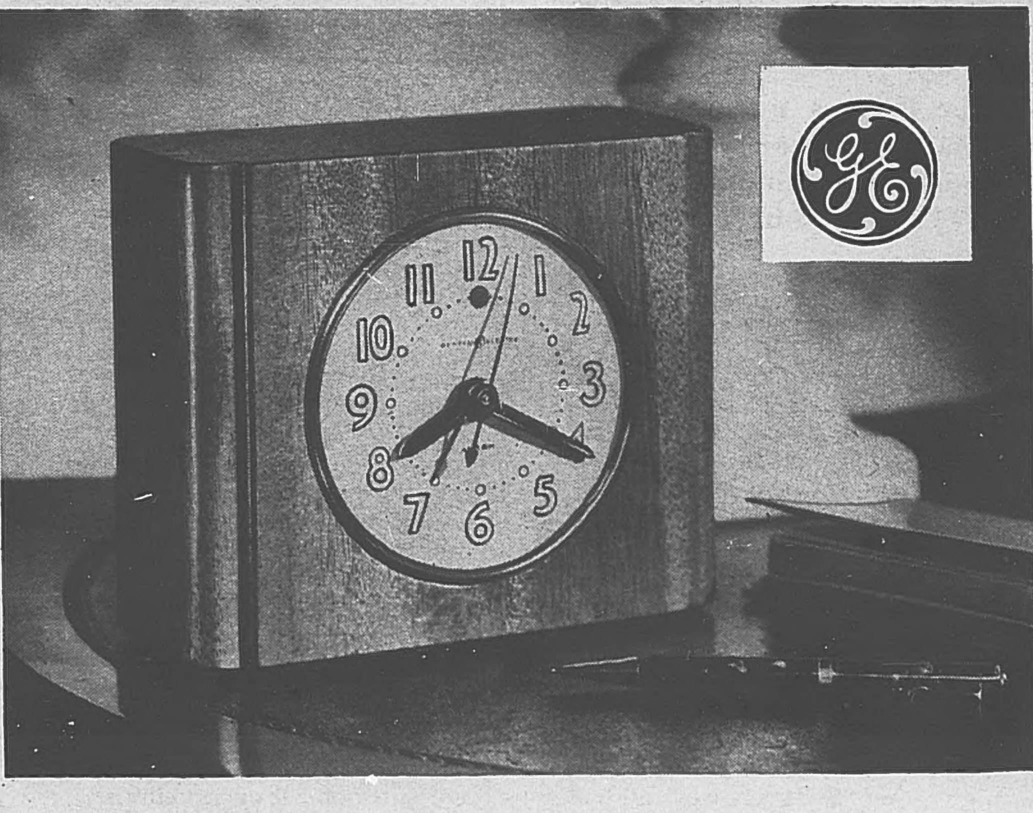
There is no reason why tomorrow's modern airport can't be a self-contained community center. Swimming pools and other recreational facilities, excellent restaurant facilities, shops, etc., would attract the townfolk, and the business which resulted would help maintain the entire airport.

Outlying drive-in shopping areas have become quite the thing in many cities where traffic congestion and lack of parking facilities are a handicap to downtown shopping. Experts believe such a shopping and community center could be developed in conjunction with an airport.

Unless some really imaginative planning is done, airports are likely to be treated as necessary nuisances and undesirable neighborhoods because of their unsightly conditions. Few cities have realized the revenue potentials of airports, and most are endeavoring to finance them by charging high landing fees for airplanes and adding extra charges for gas and servicing.

The air operators expect to pay their way at airports, but they fear that these fixed charges will continue to increase, whereas the airports could finance their entire maintenance and more by becoming progressive business and community centers.

Hair-trigger sleepers!
Dead-to-the-worlders!
Here's *your* alarm clock!



The exciting G-E Gay Hour with SELECT-A-LARM!

IT'S that wonderful waker-upper with the brand-new feature—*volume control!*

You regulate its volume to your *own . . . individual . . . taste.*

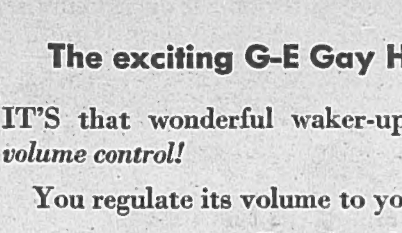
Say you are a "touch-and-go" sleeper who pops awake at the slightest sound. Say you HATE sudden loud noises. *Wonderful!* The Select-A-Larm feature "purrs" you awake—*softly!*

Say you sleep "like a log" through fires, fights, and street noises. *Wonderful!* The Select-A-Larm feature, *turned UP*, awakes you in no uncertain way—with a call both loud and clear.

THUS, the Gay Hour's ingenious new feature gives every sleeper the *exact* "wake up" he wants. Loud, soft, or in between. And it's a *fine clock* in itself!

For waking "as you like it" . . . for a sensational value . . . for long, accurate service, depend on the Gay Hour with SELECT-A-LARM feature! General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

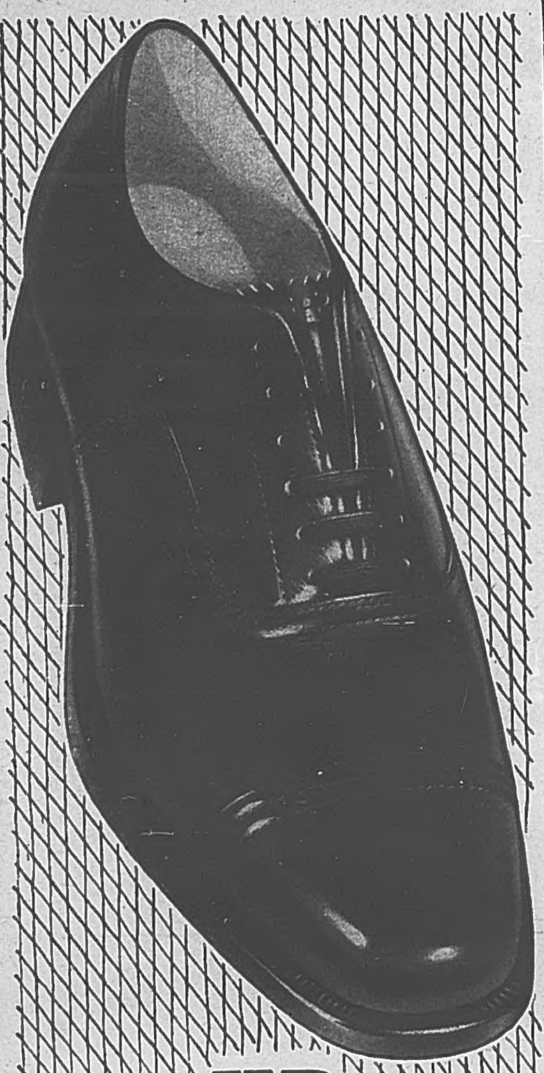
AND HERE's another G-E electric alarm clock "first"—The Tune-A-Larm!



For the first time on any alarm clock, G-E starts your day with music—if you like! Simply plug your radio into the back of the G-E Tune-A-Larm, tune it to your favorite station, flick the switches. Come rising time, the RADIO wakes you! Loud or soft music—as you prefer!

General Electric Clocks

GENERAL ELECTRIC



H·R

Holland Racine

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H-R Shoes are sold by independent dealers who are professional hands at shoe fitting; your double assurance of foot happiness.

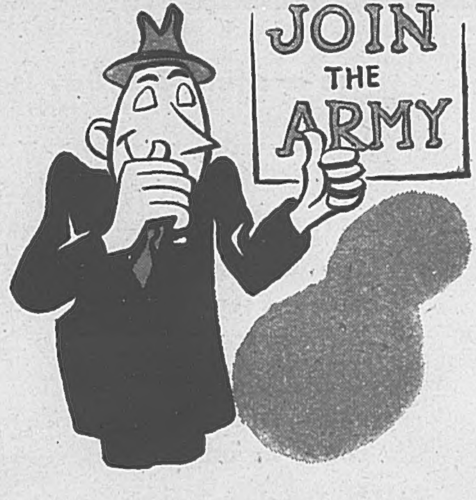
HOLLAND-RACINE SHOES, INC.
HOLLAND, MICH.
Quality first, since 1895

VETERANS' Bulletin Board

BY MATT URBAN

SOME of us who have had a taste of Army life may get a wry chuckle out of those ads Uncle Sam is running which state that being a soldier is "one of the best jobs in the world." But wait a minute! Consider the fact that for many a veteran—for you, perhaps—the long-awaited joy of civilian life never did pan out. Veterans write us every day complaining "those high-paying jobs just aren't" and "the high living costs are getting the best of us." Things like that are causing an increasing number of veterans to do an about-face and seriously reconsider making the Army their career.

Mainly, they want to know: what's in it for me? How about that pay rise? Will the Army be more democratic? Will opportunities for promotion be better than in other peacetime armies?



Wait a minute!

War Department plans at this writing are to have 1,075,000 men in the Army for the year beginning July 1. Only 150,000 of these will be buck privates. The Army is looking for men to hold the upper grades. Of course, there will be many privates first class, because any dischargee who has more than six months' service automatically becomes a PFC. Still, there apparently will be plenty of room at the top in noncom grades.

After July 1, men re-enlisting can retain their present grade if they do so within twenty days after discharge. Moreover, men enlisting or re-enlisting *before July 1* are assured a family allowance throughout their whole term of enlistment. And men enlisting before October 6 get all those benefits under the G.I. Bill.

Uncle Sam also throws in such bait as:

Option to retire at half pay after twenty years' service—or three-fourths pay after thirty years' service. A man of eighteen can retire at thirty-eight. Too early to retire? Not according to Uncle Sam.

An increase in the re-enlistment bonus to $50 for each year of active service since such bonus was last paid or last entry into the service.

Opportunity to learn one or more of 200 skills and trades taught in Army schools at home or abroad.

Over and above all this are such attractions as choice of enlistment periods from one to three years—pay boosts—income-tax reductions—furlough time—mustering-out pay—cheaper government insurance—free medical care and others.

Now to give you the situation as it stands at present: Enlistment, although record-breaking, is still falling off, with Army quotas still 65 per cent unfilled. The Ground Forces have met only a little more than 27 per cent of their goal of 670,000 men. In the meantime the Army Air Forces already have more than 64 per cent of their peacetime enlistment quota of 400,000. And the Marine Corps has more than 66 per cent of its set figure of 108,000.

The Navy is way out in front, having already more than 80 per cent of its permanent needs. Its Director of Recruiting and Induction, Captain G. R. Donaho, foresees smooth sailing in reaching its allotted number of 558,000.

There are at present 702,563 volunteers in the Army. About 55 per cent are serving three-year enlistments, apparently because that term of enlistment is necessary for choice of branch of service and overseas theater—and also for a full schooling program under the G.I. Bill.

A further breakdown shows that 67.07 per cent of those enlisting have served during the war, 14.23 per cent are men who served in the regular Army, and 18.7 per cent are young men serving for the first time.

"Good things aren't hard to sell," and therefore Uncle Sam's high-pressure salesmanship makes many of us doubt its validity. The new set-up is an ideal one—but what has to be sold to the veteran is the idea that this time the life of regimentation will be more bearable. He is cautious, for he also realizes that his signing up means he is in with little chance of an out—and he knows that the guaranty of being stationed where he would like to be is just not to be counted on.

If you keep all this in mind—and don't mind—then without a doubt Uncle Sam *is* offering you "one of the best jobs in the world."

(For vets who want to maintain some connection with the services that *won't* interfere with civilian pursuits, the National Guard and Organized Reserve Corps have attractions. These will be described in the Bulletin Board next week.)

* * *

Henry Miller, Baltimore, Md. You're right, choosing a profession is a problem for a disabled ex-service man with no definite job training. Here's one suggestion for you: The printing industry is making a public bid for trainees. Most printing jobs are highly skilled. The work is practically free from hazards to health, and jobs can be held to a ripe old age. You could, for instance, learn to be a cost estimator or a proofreader, or train for any one of a number of white-collar and management positions not closed to you by your disability. Subsistence allowance or increased pension would be paid you while learning. If you're interested, communicate with the Printing Industry of America, Inc., 719 Fifteenth Street N. W., Washington 5, D. C., or the printing association in your locality.

Interested?

* * *

Elton Hughes, Garden City, L. I., N. Y. Up to January 1, 1947, lapsed National Service Life Insurance policies may be reinstated on the strength of the veteran's signed statement that he is in as good health as he was at the time the policy lapsed. No report of physical examination is necessary.

VETERANS: The Bulletin Board is *your* department, the watchdog of your interests—written and edited by a combat veteran of World War II. Make the most of it! Write in your gripes and your ideas. No names will be used without permission. Address Veterans' Bulletin Board, c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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MacArthur's Mistakes

BY VICTOR BOESEN

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

Tokyo.

SIX months after U. S. occupation forces entered Japan, no housing program had been organized to shelter war sufferers. Prices, unfettered by controls, were so far out of hand that great masses of the poor could not afford the necessities of life. What industrial plants remained were largely at a standstill, while tatterdemalion millions wore wooden clogs and had had no new clothes since the war began. So far, the average Japanese had found little in democracy for either his stomach or his back.

That the Japanese were displaying a notable degree of co-operation in such a set-up brought two comments from thoughtful Americans on the scene. First they said, "It's mighty lucky for us." Second, "What happens if the Japs get tough, or if they're only putting on an act?"

These Americans were concerned because the management of Japan today, obviously an enterprise in civil administration, is being manhandled and mishandled by career military men who are without training or experience in civil affairs.

Six months after V-J Day, qualified experts in the Special Staff sections, selected with extreme care and trained for specific posts, found themselves in subordinate positions, usually without regard to their qualifications. Worse, they were ruled by career Army men and the old-line henchmen of Commander in Chief MacArthur's General Staff—men whose insistence on traditional military procedure often vitiated any value these misplaced experts might have had.

Typically, for example, an anti-aircraft-gunnery expert presided over Japan's economic and scientific problems. His executive officer was a parachutist. A former advertising man was directing Civil Information and Education while a full professor of education was doing clerical work. The former promotion manager of a New York daily was a "statistician," while a totally inexperienced man headed Public Relations. An author of legal textbooks was filing papers until he could stand it no longer and somehow got his release. And lawyers fresh out of school were tussling with legal knots that would have taxed the wiliest of barristers.

The military is running Japan. The experts, who know what's to be done, are twiddling their thumbs. How long will the Japs twiddle theirs?

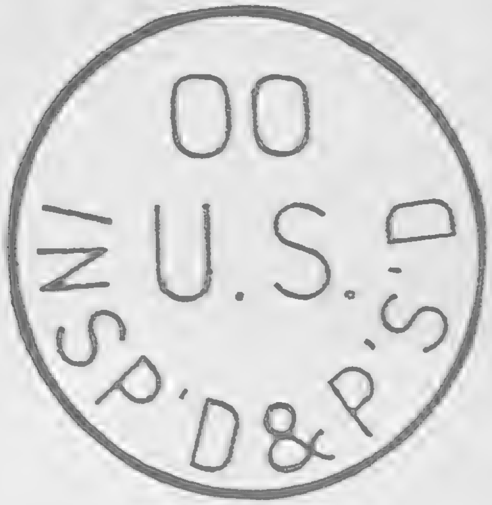
These civilian Special Staffers had volunteered at considerable personal sacrifice. They were promised the same treatment as to promotions and discharges which the Regular Army men got, and were led to believe that the State Department would take over Japan's administration six months after the war ended.

Yet promotions in the theater were virtually frozen February 1. Thereafter, only Washington could make field grade promotions, and these only for officers willing to stay on indefinitely. This ruling hit only the Civil Affairs people who are fed up and eager to go home; the regulars are in the Army to stay.

In addition, while others went home on points, those with Civil Affairs training, irrespective of points, were placed in a "critical" category

(*Continued on page 74*)

This federal grader, an expert on lamb and veal, is watching a packer's man apply the grade stamp that protects the buyer.



Look Before You Eat

BY

HARRY EDWARD NEAL

THAT little purple stamp on the Sunday roast or that leg of lamb is really a letter from Uncle Sam. And, as in many letters, its full meaning lies between the lines. Signed by the Meat Inspection Division of the Department of Agriculture, it says:

"Mrs. Housewife, this chunk of meat comes from an animal that was sound and healthy at the time of slaughter. It's fit for you and your family to eat."

That assurance is more important than ever in these days of "meatleggers" and unscrupulous butchers.

About 72 per cent of all the meat sold in the United States is federally inspected. All meat and meat products prepared in plants engaged in interstate or foreign commerce must pass federal inspection.

The vigilants whose trained eyes and skilled hands work constantly to see that federally inspected meat is fit to eat are veterinary meat inspectors (VMI) and their assistants, the meat inspectors. The 822 VMIs spread across the country must be graduates of veterinary colleges accredited by the U. S. Civil Service Commission. After five years of intensive study they must pass a stiff Civil Service examination. Besides proof of ability, each applicant must furnish acceptable character references, and even after he passes his examination and is appointed he must work under the supervision of an experienced inspector for several months before Uncle Sam considers him qualified to work alone. One mistake, one diseased carcass passed as sound, might cause serious illness or even death to many consumers.

Among the 2,157 meat inspectors, who are laymen trained to assist the veterinarians, are some twenty women. The meat inspectors do a great deal of the routine work, particularly in processing departments, but it is the VMIs who pass or condemn the steers, calves, sheep, hogs, or goats aimed at our stewpans and ovens. And few of us realize what a complex, tough job that inspection is or how important it is to us.

For instance, take a load of steers just delivered to a big packing house. Four of them are brothers named

Eeny, Meeny, Miney, and Mo. A VMI arrives with a company man to give them the once-over. He takes one look at Eeny, makes a closer examination, and shakes his head.

"What's the matter?" the company man asks. "He looks all right to me."

"This animal," says the VMI, "has a cancerous eye and is emaciated. The only thing that's holding him up is the crowd!" The inspector fastens a metal tag to Eeny's ear. The tag bears a serial number and the inscription: "U. S. CONDEMNED." Eeny is promptly sent to the "inedible tank house." He is killed, but not in the same place where normal animals are slaughtered. Further inspection confirms the fact that Eeny was so diseased that his meat is unfit for consumption, and his carcass is thereupon converted into inedible grease and fertilizer. Once an animal is earmarked "U. S. CONDEMNED," no part of him will ever be used for human food.

Incidentally, the list of diseases for which an animal may draw the "CONDEMNED" tag is as long as your arm. Heading the list is pneumonia. Emaciation is a close second, followed by hog cholera. Among the many others are tuberculosis, arthritis, and septic conditions such as toxemia.

But back to Meeny waiting in the pen. The inspector finds this steer has "lumpy jaw"—a bony growth. He tags Meeny as "U. S. SUSPECT" and fills out a card explaining his suspicions. Meeny is then segregated from the other cattle. Later he is taken into the plant, where he is felled by a blow on the head. A VMI reads the "Suspect" card and makes a careful inspection of Meeny's carcass. He finds the animal's lumpy jaw is strictly localized. He condemns Meeny's head, including the tongue. The rest of the carcass is found wholesome and passed.

The proof of the meat is not always in the eating—by then it may be too late. Far better to know good meat when you see it

Examinations of live animals before slaughter are called "ante-mortem" inspections. If such an inspection finds no external evidences of disease or other abnormalities, the animal is slaughtered and carefully inspected. That's what happened to Miney, the third brother. The whole family must have been sickly, because the inspector found tuberculosis in Miney. Had the disease been slight and confined to the head, as is sometimes the case, the rest of Miney would have passed for food, but the VMI discovered the disease in the lymph glands of the body and branded Miney, "U. S. INSPECTED AND CONDEMNED." So Miney followed Eeny to the inedible tank house.

Mo is last on the list. Mo rates an "A" on his ante-mortem tests, goes to what is politely dubbed the "operating room." After he is hung up and bled, his head is removed, tagged, and thoroughly washed with clean running water. (The federal meat inspectors make sure, through laboratory tests, that water used in federally inspected establishments is clean and safe.) A duplicate numbered tag is left on the carcass so that after Mo's head is washed it will be placed on a rack ready for inspection.

Then the inspector does his stuff. First he makes a careful examination of the head glands. He incises the muscles of the cheeks, outside and in, searching for "cysticercus bovis," which is a parasite. If a man should eat a piece of raw or underdone beef which is infested with this parasite, he would be likely to develop a tapeworm. After the inspector finishes with Mo's head, he examines the "innards." Heart, lungs, and liver get a rigid scrutiny. After all the organs and their corresponding lymph glands are inspected, the carcass is split and the inspector examines Mo's shoulders, hindquarters, and other portions, searching for bruises, broken ribs, or other abnormalities not previously detected. If he is satisfied that the meat is sound, the carcass is washed and the purple stamp, "U. S. INSPECTED AND PASSED," is affixed. The stamp isn't put on with ink, though it is indelible. It's a dye concocted by Dr. M. Dorset of the Biochemic Division of the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

THE stamp has nothing to do with the *grade* of the meat on which it appears. Meat grading, another function of the Department of Agriculture, has a history of its own. Briefly, the beef grades are Prime, Choice, Good, Commercial, Utility, Cutter, and Canner. The Cutter and Canner grades are seldom sold in retail stores, but as consumers, we should know a little about the other five. For each class the word itself is stamped on federally graded meat.

Prime is the highest grade of beef, usually available in limited quantities. *Choice* is the highest grade

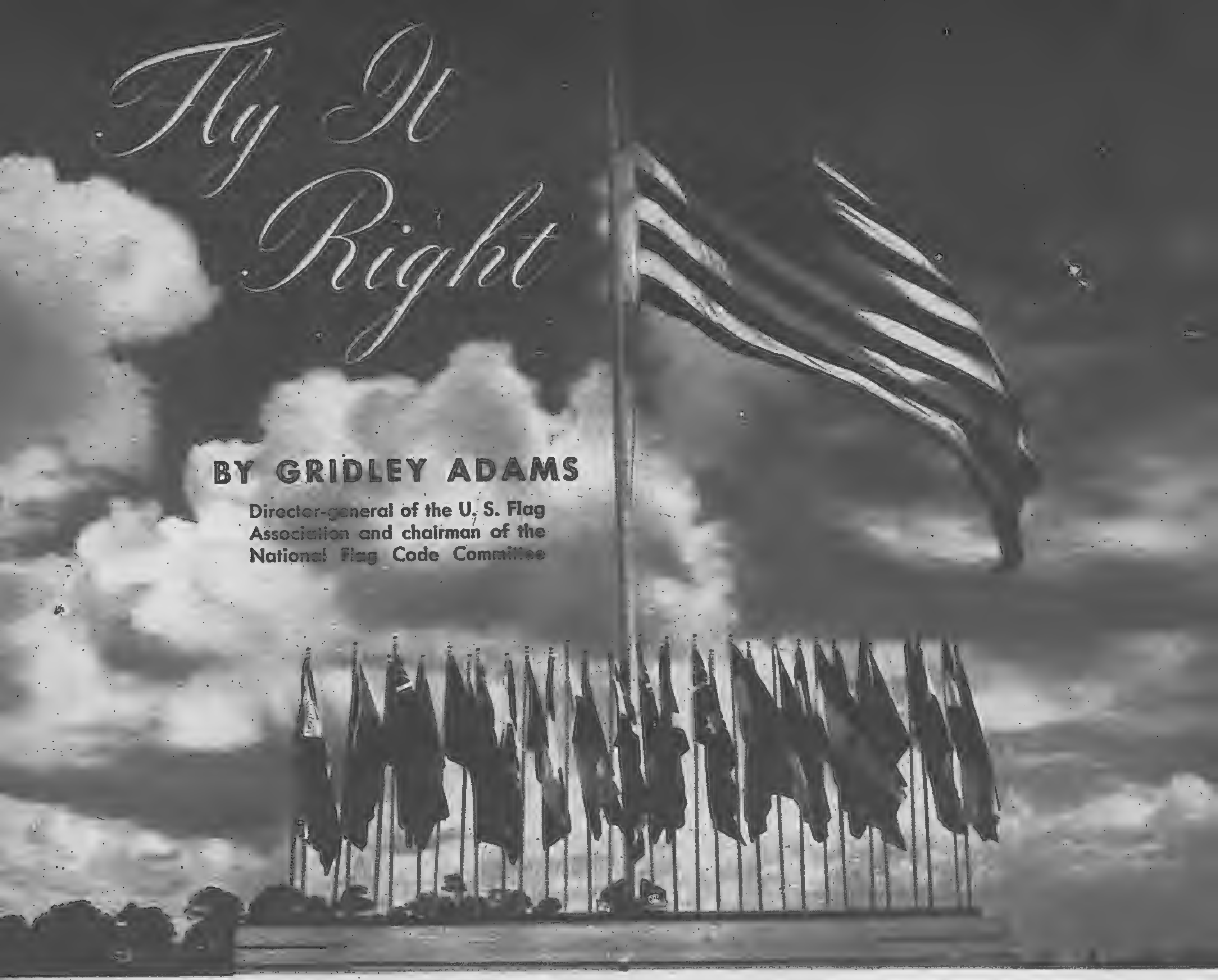
(Continued on page 80)

Unlike black-market hideaways, a packing plant under federal inspection must be kept scrupulously clean. In modern plants, inspectors examine 120 cattle an hour.

Fly It Right

BY GRIDLEY ADAMS

Director-general of the U. S. Flag Association and chairman of the National Flag Code Committee



Thousands have died for the flag, but not one in a thousand knows how to display it correctly. The top authority on the subject tells you how

DURING the war, a patriotic mother whose two sons were in the armed services kept an American flag flying night and day over her house in Tuckahoe, New York. Often of a morning she would find the flag torn from its halyard and thrown on the ground, presumably because she had left it flying after sunset.

Even an Army officer wrote her objecting to the flag being flown at night.

But, actually, those who attempted to correct what they considered a disrespect for the national emblem committed the very limit of desecration. For there is no Army rule against flying the flag twenty-four hours a day except, as the Army's Flag Circular says, "for advertising purposes."

The Army hoists the flag in the morning and lowers it at sunset to note the beginning and end of the Army's normal business day. It has no other significance.

Furthermore, if Francis Scott Key had not seen "by the dawn's early light, what so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming," we might never have had our national emblem. And for more than forty years the flag has flown night and day over the grave of Key. It is also flown night and day over the Worcester, Massachusetts, War Memorial. And when either branch of Congress holds a night session it flies over the Capitol building.

This misconception about flying the flag at night is only one of scores that have developed over the years, largely because most flag codes fail to set out fully all the rules necessary for reasonable respect to our flag.

The thousands of letters I have received over the last twenty years reveal a serious desire on the part of most Americans to be fully informed about flag procedure.

Yet nowhere in the manifold bureaus of Washington will you find a single central agency where a citizen can obtain authentic information concerning flag procedure. The War and Navy Departments, for instance, say they have jurisdiction over flag usage only within their own provinces.

It wasn't until 1942, 165 years after the flag's adoption, that Congress ventured to draft a Federal Flag Code. One of the most important changes incorporated in the code when it was amended that same year (1942) was the adoption of the Lincoln hand-over-heart salute to supplant the old extended arm salute which had been used for years in the public schools.

The Lincoln salute is supposed to have had its origin while the President was watching a parade. Beside him was a young woman who said to him: "Mr. Lincoln, whenever I see the flag pass I have such a feeling of exultation here [placing her hand over her heart]. How can I show that feeling?"

To this, Lincoln is reported to have replied: "By standing just as you are, with your hand over your heart." When I told this story to a Congressional committee working on the flag code, the committee immediately adopted the Lincoln salute for universal use.

In connection with saluting the flag, policemen and firemen, when on duty, are not permitted to remove their headgear because a part of the insignia of their office is on their caps, and to remove any part of their "office" takes away their authority. Many persons have written to me criticizing these hatted officials for their manner of saluting the flag. What the critics apparently don't know is that when policemen and firemen salute the flag they touch the brim of the cap with their fingers, which is tantamount to their saying: "I would like to remove my hat, but not being allowed to do so, I am doing the next best thing." Actually it is absurd to see a bareheaded man touching his fingers to a hat *which just isn't there.*

AS for penalties for misuse of the flag, they are provided for in the criminal codes of every state. But the Federal Flag Code is not implemented by law. It is a code and nothing more, though efforts have been made repeatedly to have a flag law enacted. Within the last three years two such bills were unanimously passed by the Senate but were sidetracked in the Judiciary Committee of the House.

Abuses of the flag in most cases, of course, are due to thoughtlessness. For instance, at the first flag conference in Washington, the late Samuel Gompers made a stirring speech. When he finished, I showed him a photograph taken sometime previously while he was making a speech in Los Angeles. It showed him *standing on the flag.* He was shocked by his own carelessness.

And, again, there was the wife of a U. S. President who crocheted a spread for the Lincoln bed in the White House. In the design she had put nine U. S. shields, and not one of them with the correct stripes. And the eagle was shown holding in his right (*dexter,* honor) talon not the olive branch but *three* (not thirteen) arrows, and in his left (*sinister,* dishonor) talon the olive branch. As President, her husband's signature to any official paper would have been worthless unless that paper had borne the impress of the Great Seal, from which the shield is taken. Yet his wife didn't know how to copy that Great Seal correctly.

A swank sporting-goods store in New York City still persists, even after being many times told of its error, in putting the flag on *both sides* of a picture or object in its display window. Recently there was a dummy dressed in a captain's uniform standing between two flags. A real flesh-and-blood captain who knowingly placed himself to the right of the flag would expect to be demoted. The only man ever permitted to stand or march on the flag's own *right* is a color guard with a rifle over his shoulder.

(*Continued on page 82*)

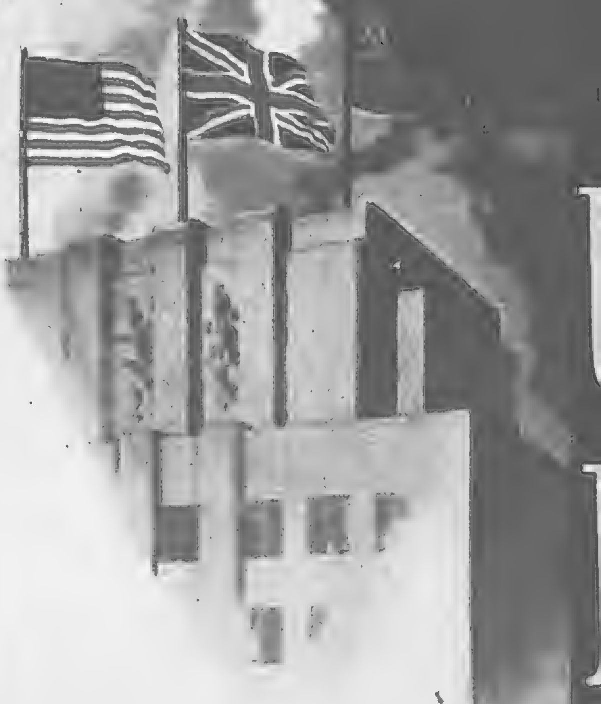
ETIQUETTE OF THE FLAG

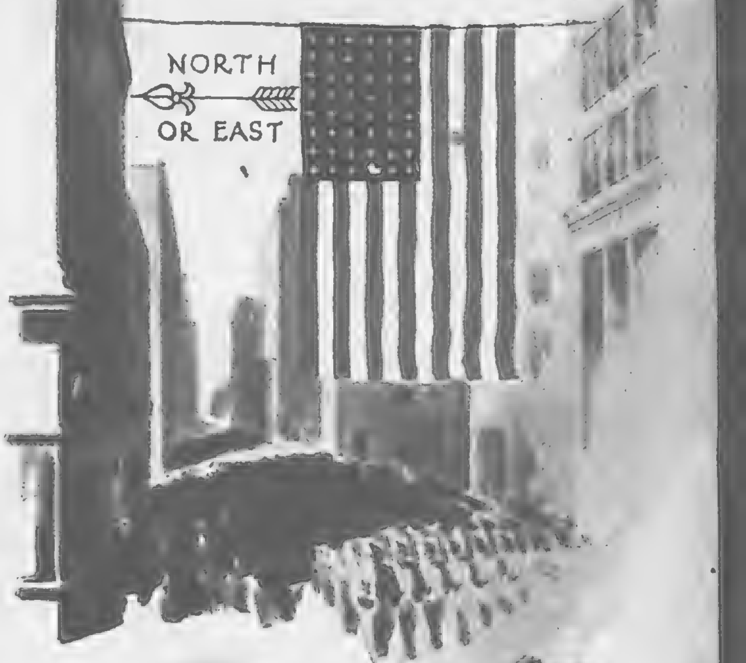
With flags of other nations, it is flown on the observer's left; it's hoisted first, lowered last.

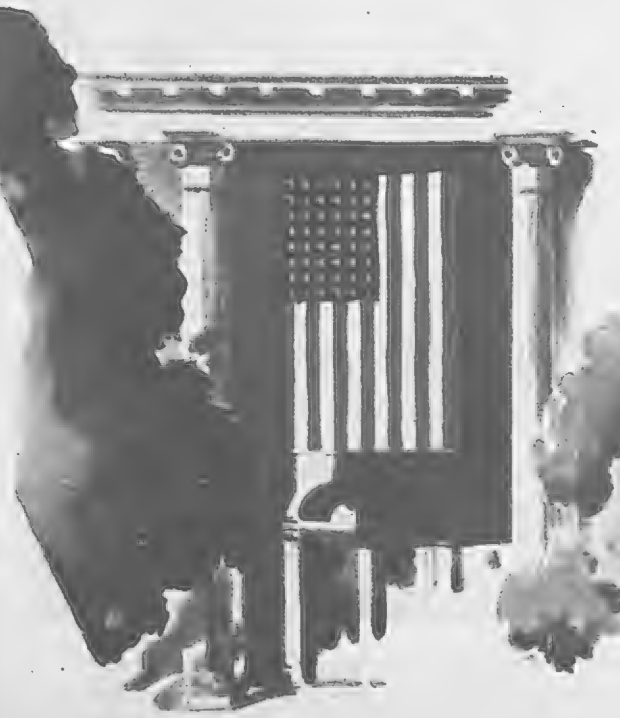
Suspended, as at right and lower left, the blue field goes uppermost. Over a street, the field hangs to the north or the east.

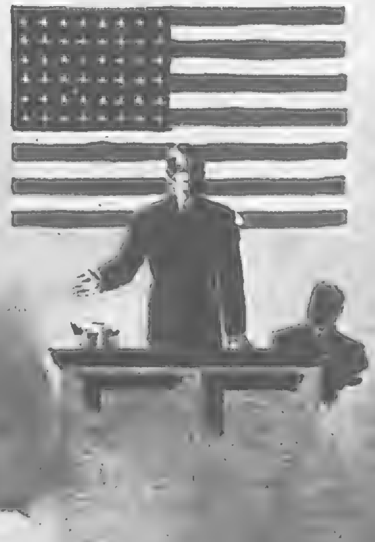
If flown at half-staff, it should be hoisted briefly to the peak, then lowered. No crepe is used.

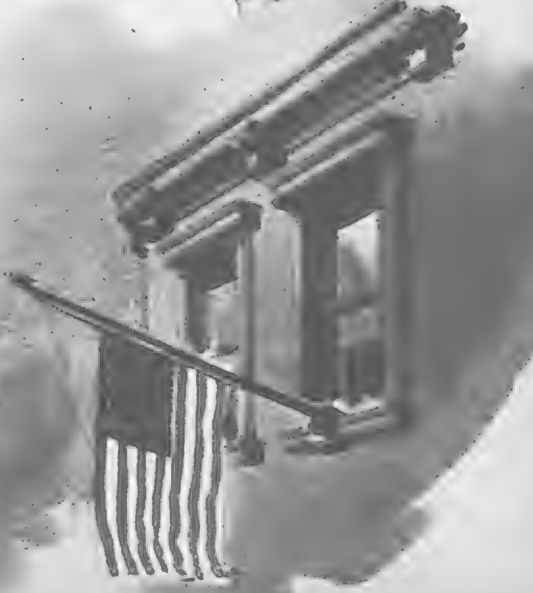
Displayed against a wall, it is above and behind the speaker.











ILLUSTRATIONS BY LAWRENCE BUTCHER

"In This Cor-r-ner. . . !"

A female fight expert casts an intuitive eye on the biggest battle since V-J Day—and maybe sticks her pretty chin out

BY MARGERY MILLER

Author of the book, Joe Louis: American

PHOTO BY MARJORY COLLINS

Fight expert at 22—the author.

Joe Louis with his training camp beard well started. A lightning-fast, unimaginative killer.

FIVE years of war have not erased from the memory of boxing fans the drama of the thirteen-round knockout Joe Louis scored over Billy Conn.

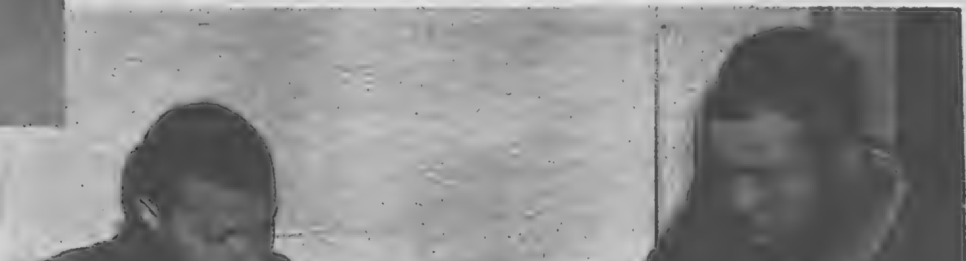
No one who saw that great sports spectacle will forget the boyish eagerness of Conn in the eleventh and twelfth rounds when the Pittsburgh Kid sent the great Joe Louis reeling before his stinging left hooks. Nor will they forget the grim purpose in Joe's bearing as he left his corner for the thirteenth, revived by a minute's rest and a whiff of ammonia, to put every ounce of the greatness in his big body into a rally that was to snatch his glittering crown from Conn's grasp two seconds before the round would have ended.

Recently Billy charged that referee Eddie Joseph never should have counted him out that night at the Polo Grounds, because he arose just at the count of ten. "I think I really beat the count," he said. "If Joseph had given me the benefit of the doubt, I would have gone on to outpoint Joe and win the title. I just got careless for a few seconds, that's all."

Billy will have a chance to prove his point Wednesday, June 19, when he faces Louis again in Yankee Stadium, New York. Conn's courageous stand against Louis, his magnificent audacity in trying to outslug the Bomber, who outweighed him by more than twenty-five pounds, have made Billy a famous, popular "almost was." Now the Pittsburgh Irish boy is confronted by an opportunity that comes to few people—the opportunity to undo the damage wrought by a former mistake and gain a reward once narrowly missed. Billy approaches the supreme test.

And thousands are not only willing but eager to shell out to watch laughing, wisecracking Billy try to outthink, outbox, and outmaneuver Joe Louis. Many of them will travel across the country to view the spectacle. Weeks before Mike Jacobs, president of the Twentieth Century Sporting Club and promoter of all Louis fights, selected New York as the site of the battle, he was receiving orders for tickets. Weeks before he priced the tickets, his offices were cluttered with checks for large sums of money. Many sent signed checks with the request that the Jacobs office fill in their own sum.

Sports fans are willing to pay a hundred dollars per



INTERNATIONAL PHOTOS

Joe plays a type of knock rummy with Norman Henry, Lighweight Bob Montgomery's secretary. He plays methodically, and never gets excited.

ringside seat for this fight, whereas they complained of twenty-five dollars top for the Louis-Conn battle of 1941. There is no doubt that this time Joe and Billy will draw one of the biggest gates of fight history. (Some are talking of a $3,000,000 gate, though as this is written that sounds pretty optimistic.)

The Louis and Conn of 1946 cannot be the same fighters who thrilled the sports world in 1941. Joe now is thirty-two, admittedly beyond his peak and old for a boxer. Conn will be twenty-nine in October and probably has passed his peak, too. As fighters, both Joe and Billy are more or less unknown quantities now, because lengthy stretches in the Army kept them away from professional boxing for long periods of time. Yet they may well be capable of producing another interesting match against each other, because the rivalry here is keen, and each is determined to win this one, no matter what may befall.

To get a line on the chances of each fighter in this match, it is necessary to review their boxing activities and living habits since they last faced each other across a canvas square. Conn resumed boxing in 1942 and won three bouts before he went into the Army. He took decisions over Henry Cooper and Jay D. Turner, heavyweights who were defeated often before and after their meetings with Conn. Then, in February of 1942, he won a hard-fought twelve-round decision from Tony Zale, world's middleweight champion, in New York. However, in none of these fights was Billy Conn a treat to watch. He took the opposition lightly, and his boxing showed it.

PHOTOS BY EMIL HERMAN

Conn opened camp weighing 190, ten pounds above his best weight. He detests the training routine.

At gin rummy Conn teases his slow-burning kid brother Jackie until Jackie blows up and they wrestle all over the room. It ends amicably.

Louis, on the other hand, scored three knockouts against fighters who were both big and capable. He knocked out Lou Nova, the Yoga addict, in six rounds; Buddy Baer in one frame; and Abe Simon in six rounds. Against Baer he was superb, flashing the same kind of deadly skill and punching that sent Max Schmeling to a one-round knockout in 1938. Against Nova and Simon he fought shrewd, effective battles.

While in the Army both Joe and Billy fought several hundred exhibition bouts, overseas and at home. Although neither of them was in top condition for most of these encounters, since other Army duties took up much of their time, they did get valuable training from the bouts. Moreover, the experience of boxing soldiers of assorted sizes, shapes, and styles week after week was a valuable one. Louis, who has confessed that he pulled his punches with much of the opposition to permit them to last the distance, nevertheless found that he had to be alert all the time lest some aspirant to fame and glory perform the miracle of the age by knocking the world's heavyweight boxing champion into an undignified shape on canvas.

Conn was less prone to take his Army boxing seriously than was Joe, and in Reims, France, he almost paid a fancy price for his nonchalance. There, overweight and slow, he tangled with Costello Cruz, a light heavyweight from Santa Barbara, California. Cruz had his eye on the next day's headlines. In the first round he cracked Conn with a terrific left hook which had the Pittsburgh Kid glassy-eyed and holding on in desperation. The bell apparently saved him. Conn, his Irish up, gained strength in the second round. By the third he had enough of his old stuff back to enable him to knock Cruz out. But it was a close shave.

That Louis took better care of himself while he was in the Army than Conn did, there can be little doubt. Although he ate more than he would while in training, Joe abstained, as usual, from smoking and drinking. The common sense which always has been his served him well while he was away from his trainer, Manny Seamon. Conn, however, enjoyed too well being a good fellow and convivial companion. He put on fat while explaining to the boys in various bars just how he would defeat Joe Louis.

Temperamentally, two men could not be much further apart than are Billy and Joe. And temperament may have a lot to do with the outcome of their bout. Conn likes to surround himself with color, noise, and crowds, none of which is conducive to the rest and relaxation he needs. His training camps for both Louis bouts have proved this point. This time Conn went to Greenwood Lake, New York, where Teddy Gleason has established a training camp. Beside the indoor training ring is a bar, and near by are tables for imbibers. A door leads to still another bar. This arrangement has attracted hordes of noisy good-time Charlies. Conn himself has trained faithfully, drunk only water and milk, and worked himself into the best condition possible. But the atmosphere in which he chose to prepare for battle is certain to leave him high-strung and nervous.

Billy's propensity for taking risks and getting into trouble was pointed up in April, when the fun-loving challenger engaged in a bit of horseplay with his trainer, Freddie Fierro. Fierro accidentally stabbed his "second Corbett" with a pair of scissors (*Continued on page 86*)

If you don't think start where other

The Hartman Mugs

THEY laugh when Grace and Paul Hartman get up to dance. They laugh before the Hartmans take their first step.

They laugh long after these talented terpsichore ticklers leave a night-club floor—be it in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, or points west and south.

That's because Mr. and Mrs. H. have perfected a head-and-foot routine which long since tipped-tapped-toed them to a top income and top entertainment billing as "international ballroom favorites," an accepted but inaccurate description that both decry. In their own book, the Hartmans are "satirists of the dance."

The team could, if the calendar permitted and they felt up to it, work twice as many weeks as there are in a year. Instead, they now cull their spots from coveys of smart hotel and supper-club offers and limit their work to two shows a night for thirty to thirty-five weeks, in five- to six-week stretches, out of each fifty-two. They ask for and get a minimum of $2,500 a week, less 10 per cent for the agent.

They have made as much as $8,000 a week and as little as ten dollars. The four-digit job was a double feature, which had them cabbing between numbers in a Broadway musical for night-club appearances. A few weeks of this at a time is all even the well-conditioned Hartmans can stand.

For the ten-dollar stint they were permitted to do four shows at a little theater across the bay from their native San Francisco. This was in their West Coast salad days, when they were vegetarians more from necessity than from desire. On a ferry coming back, somebody lifted half of it. The other five dollars was safety-pinned in Paul's watch pocket and is as good an indication as any that there will never be hat-passing or benefits for the Hartmans.

The biggest reason why the act draws the customers and the cash is that the Hartmans really get started when other ballroom teams stop. Dancing is hardly the half of it. It's also the headwork they do while dancing that has parlayed them into the select sanctum of show-world successes. Pantomime is the high-brow word for it. "Mugging" is the more colorful term.

They started to develop this rib-

mugging pays, take a twirl with the Hartmans. They

ballroom teams stop

BY ROBERT COPELAND

tickling trade-mark, along with a flair for raucous magic making, in the Orient. They were known as Hartman and Barrett then and were en route to New York from San Francisco. It took them only two years and eight months to get from the Golden Gate to the White Way. There were stop-overs in Hawaii, the Philippines, Japan, China, Java, Singapore, India, Egypt, France, and England.

Somewhere along the line—it happened so gradually they are not quite sure when—the work of straight ballroom dancing became harder and harder, added costumes heavier and heavier, dance routines stiffer and stiffer. Native audiences, ordinarily overly anxious to be nice to visiting Occidentals, were becoming plainly puzzled, if not completely disinterested.

IT being no fun to be out of gainful employment in the shadow of the Himalayas, Grace and Paul decided they would try to be funny instead of frightening, which might change the outlook on the impassive Oriental face. But how?

They couldn't just tell jokes or yell while they danced. They didn't know the local words, much less the type of humor. Finally they hit on the idea of hitching the international sign language to the unspoken thought—using the look instead of the larynx for the laugh.

Overnight, Hartman and Barrett became the Hartmans and spent more time raising eyebrows, etc., in front of a mirror than one-two-three gliding on the rehearsal floor. The noble experiment of using both the head and the feet clicked.

And it is these "look talk" lessons, first learned far from the homeland, that in the intervening years have been polished to the professional pantomime brilliance which is today the admiration of all their followers and the envy of most of their imitators.

"Many people think that to mug, all you have to do is make faces, cross your eyes, wiggle your ears, or do something equally obvious and ridiculous. But mugging is a gentle art," says Paul. "The version which pays off for us is just a thought or an idea projected from the mugger to the audience with only a slightly exaggerated expression. If this exaggeration is minutely overdone, the expression becomes a grimace. There is nothing grimmer in show business than a grimace.

"How does the pantomimist know when he has gone from mugging to grimacing? That's easy. The audience tells him with ghastly silence. People just don't laugh at a grimace, which is the true dividing line between being funny and being silly. It's a terrible feeling for a comic to know that he is just being silly. It makes him freeze up. Grace calls it getting the 'dry-ice stare.'

"From the practical side, too, our facial pantomime is our social security hedge. If and when our arches start to settle, we'll do more from the neck up and less from the knees down."

IT would be nice to say at this point that the Hartmans, when they finally landed in New York with a lot of new costume bags and Hindu magic gags to go with the mugging, were the toast of the town. But to sophisticated Gotham they were just another come-lately comedy dance team. The early '30s depression did not ease the situation.

For a short spell they de-emphasized dancing to feature magic as The Great and Greater Hartman. But rabbits, ducks, and roosters took up as much space as trunks and cost more to feed. So the Great and Greater Hartman made their live props disappear for keeps and went to Philadelphia with the old routine.

It was a hot night. Grace and Paul were done in. Paul flipped a coin and

(*Continued on page 73*)

Putting Them

This doctor is applying a cast at the Shriners' Hospital in St. Louis—one of fifteen with 800 beds in all. These hospitals have treated 100,000 patients. Waiting list, 1,200.

BY MORRIS MARKEY

You've seen the fez-wearing Shriner cutting capers at a convention. But what you may not know is how the Shriners operate fifteen hospitals which are doing amazing things for crippled children

WHEN we entered the ward, a blond and blue-eyed little fellow was sitting on a wooden stool beside a bed, gazing up into the face of an older boy who lay there. It must have been a good story that the little fellow was listening to, for it was with reluctance that he turned and watched us as we came in. The doctor smiled at him and said, "Come over here, Danny. Let's see how you're doing."

The tiny lad, who could not have been more than six, got off the stool eagerly and came toward us. His new tan shoes were heavily made and a metal brace ran upward from one of them. His foot was skewed a little, but he put it down as firmly and proudly as a grenadier marching to drums and trumpets.

The doctor said, "This is the first day in his life that Danny has really walked." And he, too, seemed proud.

Danny was the child of a West Virginia coal miner. He had been born with a grotesquely twisted clubfoot. He had been in this Philadelphia hospital for about seven months; had undergone operations and manipulations; and now he was almost ready to go home to his father and mother again—as 100,000 crippled American boys and girls have done before him within the last two decades.

This is the story of the hospital in Philadelphia and of fourteen others almost exactly like it, scattered from Montreal to Honolulu. And, curiously perhaps, it also is the story of a great and enduring philanthropy which is not asking for your money.

The philanthropy—charity, if you insist—is run by a fraternal organi-

At the Philadelphia hospital, Donald Wells keeps up his studies while he gets constant treatment for congenital clubfeet. He'll be walking straight by the time he's fifteen.

on Their Feet

Yvonne Collins came from West Virginia to be treated for poliomyelitis. A physical therapist is helping her. Patients are under fourteen, of all races, creeds and colors.

zation with a rather tongue-twisting name: The Ancient Arabic Order of Nobles of the Mystic Shrine. It is a branch of the Masons, and its members are generally called Shriners. In the early '20s these men decided they should undertake some useful work — some service which they might perform quietly, with no tub-thumping or fanfare, for the improvement of mankind's lot.

W. Freeland Kendrick, one-time Mayor of Philadelphia, convinced his brother Shriners that the treatment and repair of children's twisted bodies should be undertaken. And in 1922 the first of the Shriners' Hospitals for Crippled Children was opened at Shreveport, Louisiana.

Since then the others have been built: at Portland, Oregon; Minneapolis; St. Louis; Springfield, Massachusetts; Chicago; Philadelphia; Greenville, South Carolina; Spokane; Salt Lake City; Lexington, Kentucky; and San Francisco; in Canada, at Montreal and Winnipeg; and in Hawaii, at Honolulu.

In each of these places the Shriners have put up a handsome building. The land on which the buildings stand, the structures themselves, and the equipment in them cost approximately $40,000,000. It costs, every year, another million dollars to run them. Yet the Shriners have never asked the public for money; have never put on a campaign for contributions. It is true that the public has contributed a small proportion of the necessary funds, but only for value received, as in the purchase of tickets to the annual East-West football game at San Francisco, or to dances and entertainments occasionally offered by local Shrine organizations.

PHOTOS BY MARJORY COLLINS
A local board of governors directs each hospital. Chairman of the Philadelphia board (second from right) is former Mayor W. Freeland Kendrick. Staff members also sit in.

Here is what the hospitals actually accomplish and how they do it:

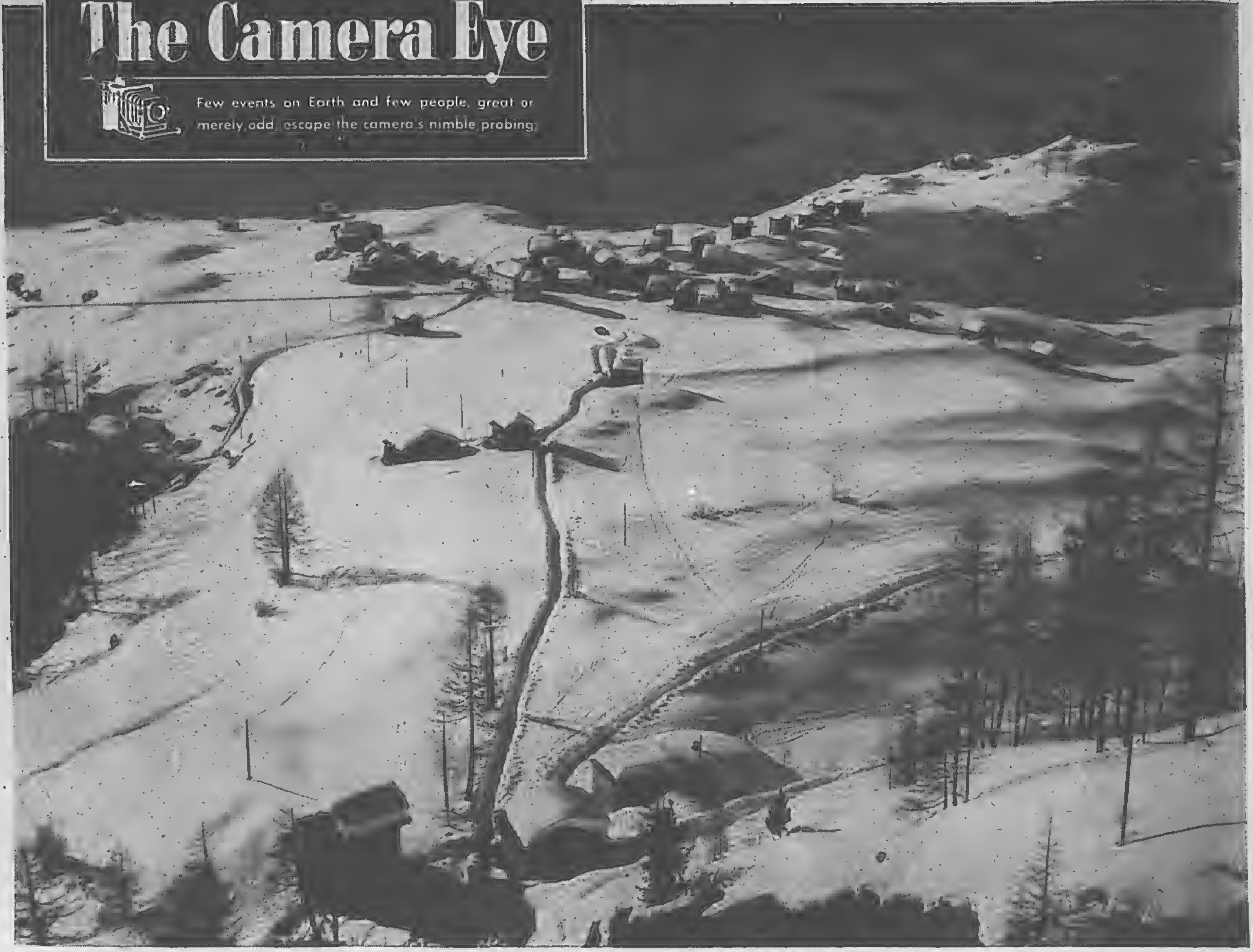
In all, the fifteen institutions have approximately 800 beds. Nearly all of these are occupied at any given time, and there is a waiting list of 1,200 children who want to come for treatment. What sort of child is eligible? Any American youngster who is (*a*) afflicted with a crippling impediment; (*b*) is under fourteen years of age; and (*c*) whose parents cannot afford to pay for his treatment in a private institution. Neither race nor creed nor color is a consideration in the selection of patients, and among the thousands who have been treated are Protestants, Jews, and Catholics, whites and Negroes.

How are the patients selected?

(Continued on page 88)

The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing



WIDE WORLD

HERE'S COOLTH FOR YOUR BROW—Now that some really hot weather has had you sweltering, we thought you'd enjoy seeing what spring is like in the upper reaches of Switzerland. This is Zermatt, near the Matterhorn. Go ahead, eat your heart out. We did.

EXTENDING HIMSELF—Bill Alcott's job is clowning in a circus, with stilts. But when he comes home to Minneapolis, his wife issues an ultimatum: "Wilyum, leave the stilts on. You've got to wash all those windows for me!"

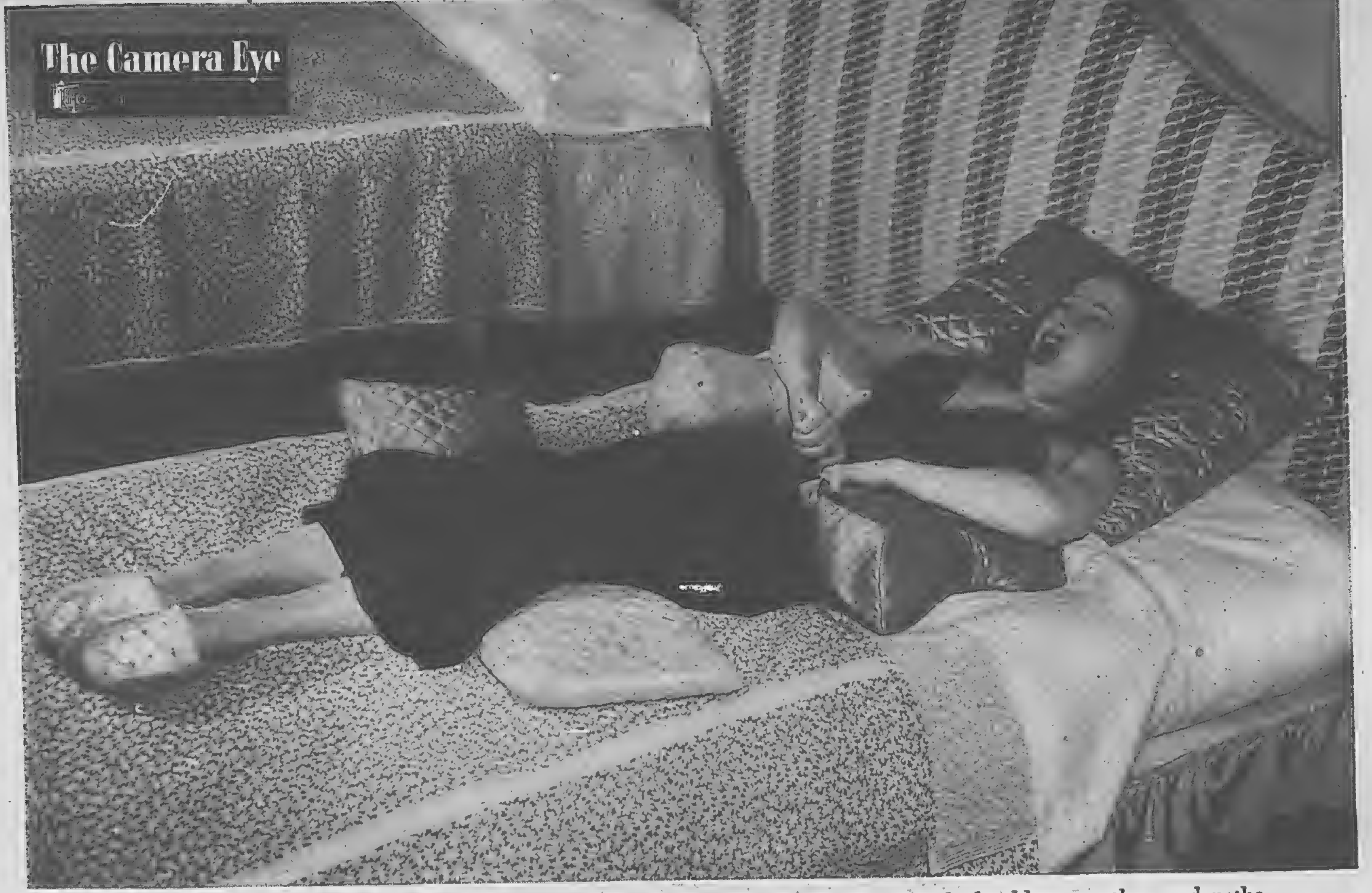
ACME

OH, LORDY!—This mother, black as a coalbin at midnight, seems to ask divine help in understanding how her kittens were born blonds. Color film would not be of much avail here.

INTERNATIONAL

PHOTO BY JACK ALBIN

THE BRIDE'S CAKE FELL!—When RKO feted Shirley Temple on her eighteenth birthday, the phony chef who brought in the cake fell on his face, and Shirley fell for the gag. He wailed that he'd lose his job. She swore she'd fix it with the front office. At this point the guests laughed, the real cake arrived, and Shirley was crimson clear up to here.



These props are devised to induce relaxation. There is one under the head and shoulders, another under the knees, and two more which hold the arms up. But what happens when you fall asleep and try to turn over?

So You Can't Sleep

A SAGE once said: "All my life I've been doing two things against my will—going to bed and getting up." From babyhood on, most people are resistant to sleep and will contrive to fight it; the youngster in bed wants a drink of water; the adult wants one more cigarette, or pretends to worry about whether the gas or water was turned off. We do not take easily to controlled unconsciousness, but, having attained it, most of us do not give it up easily, either.

The most overworked sleep inducer of them all is counting sheep. Psychologically, it is predicated on the belief that the mind will escape monotony by relaxing into sleep. The most dangerous sleep inducer is the sleeping tablet. Possibly 40,000,000 persons in this country use them now and then; no one knows how many use them to excess. The most difficult means of wooing sleep is to keep reminding yourself to relax. The easiest way is not to woo it at all; instead, let the mind roam where it will.

In the aggregate, you spend a third of your life in bed. If you are forty-eight, for example, you have spent about sixteen years in the hay. The purpose of sleep, of course, is to restore energy. Therefore it is easy to deduce that for every two seconds spent awake, we need one of complete rest. Thomas A. Edison, who in his latter years slept on a leather couch in his laboratory, needed but four hours out of each twenty-four. Why, no one has been able to explain.

This is called a heartbreak pillow. It's moisture-resistant and you can weep into it until you're unconscious.

Sleep itself is so common in our lives that few ever question any aspect of it. We get to know that dreams are the product of the emotional side of our minds and have no bearing on predicting the future or standing scrutiny as omens. One of the puzzlers used to be why we continue to breathe during sleep; what impulse makes the lungs expand and contract. Neurologists have answered that. The higher cortex, conscious of the amount of carbon dioxide in the blood, regulates breathing while we sleep.

The novelty manufacturers took a group of new sleep-inducing products, added an attractive brunette in negligee, and said, "Here's how to induce sleep." Maybe it's scientific as all get-out. All we know is the more we studied the pictures, the more wide awake we felt.

THE END

The lady has given up the props and heartbreak pillows and now tries the Lullaphone. This one bores you asleep by humming the same tune over and over again. The clock tinkles morning reveille. A hammer goes with it.

She snores when she sleeps on her back. Every time she turns over, the insidious ball makes her wish she hadn't. The snore ball could keep her flipping all night long.

Still no sleep. She's now down to trying nursery rhymes. After this she may get desperate and try closing her eyes. Kidding aside, scientists claim these gadgets help.

It's an Honor to Meet a Lady

QUITE apart from the filial respect and devotion I owed my father I was solidly aware that he was the better man. The absolute autocrat of our family of four, including my sister Jane, his whole character was cast in the rigid mold of conduct and manners proper for a gentleman in the middle nineteenth century, although he was not born until the '70s. The impression he gave was of a very great gentleman of the old school, this despite the fact that he was not a rich man, nor even a very successful one, for he was merely earning a modest living as a customer's clerk in a downtown brokerage office.

He was a handsome man during the years I knew him best, tall, with bold blue eyes and beautifully tailored cavalry mustaches which gave him something of a boulevardier air. Although generally of serious countenance, his eyes reserved an affectionate twinkle for my mother, and an occasional unexpected and booming laugh charmed whoever heard it.

He made a striking figure in silk hat and cutaway when he accompanied Mother and Jane and me to Easter services at St. Luke's for his "annual consultation with God," as the irreverent expression goes.

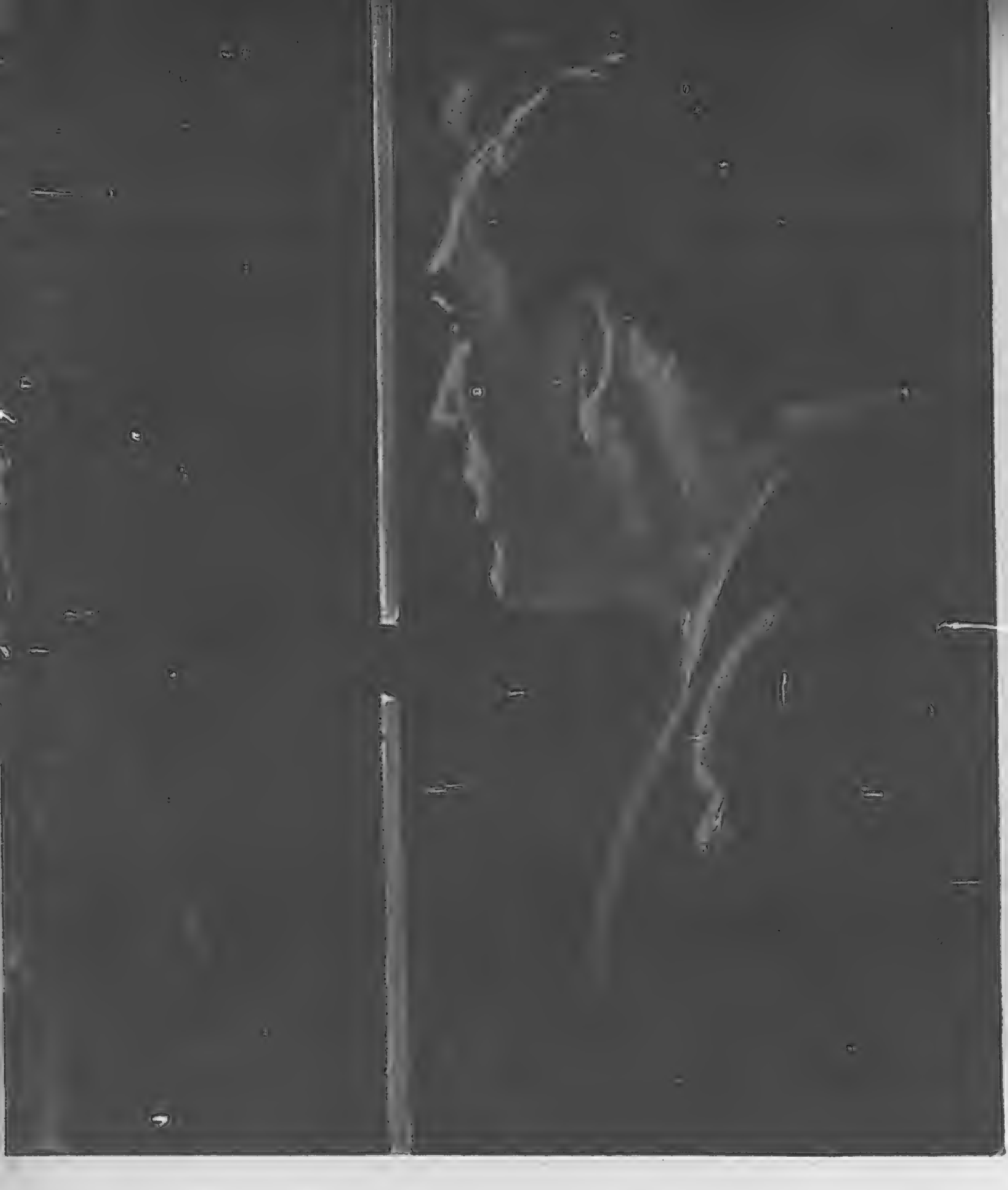
"He looks just like an English ambassador," my mother said, recalling pictures in the rotogravure.

"Why don't you wear the outfit more often, Dad?" I asked with daring disrespect. "It's a humdinger!"

But he was in one of his gay moods. "Oh, it's a very useful suit," he said, waving his cane airily.

The Brooklyn sidewalk was crowded with churchgoers in Easter finery, and I'm quite sure he was aware he cut the finest figure of all.

"There are always weddings and



"I can understand a young man making an ass of himself," my father said. "What I can't understand is—I find it very difficult to say what I mean."

There are women men don't marry who perform a greater function than any wife could. Disturbingly beautiful Maida was such a woman

BY CHARLES BONNER

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST CHIRIAKA

funerals to think of," he went on. "And christenings," he added with a wink for Jane. "And then you've got to be prepared for the day the President calls."

I sensed what my father meant. He no longer expected his dreams to come true, but he was still faithful to them.

My mother's soft brown eyes and pink cheeks were lifted anxiously. "The President, dear?"

He tucked her arm in his. "It doesn't make any difference," he said. "I have the First Lady."

I suppose he might in this day be regarded as quaint. But he had character.

Perhaps this character was a little too strong at times. Perhaps that was why Jane and I, as we grew older, began to form connections outside of the small house on Classon Avenue that we did not always report upon. Not that there was anything wrong with these friendships and acquaintances. It was easier just to say nothing about them. That was the way I began with Maida Scott.

As I look back, it seems to me that Maida's and my friendship was one of the most improbable you could think up. I met her at a "studio" party, the first such affair I had ever attended, and to which I was taken by a college classmate who misjudged my qualifications for membership in the "intelligentsia." But, as such things sometimes turn out, it was this very ineptness which led to my getting acquainted with Maida Scott. For an hour I had been quite alone in a corner, with an empty cocktail glass in my hand, when she came up.

"Are you the one who doesn't speak?" she asked bluntly.

If there was anything calculated to make me absolutely tongue-tied, it was such a remark. Moreover, her beauty alone—blinding is the only way to describe it—would have done the work unassisted. Her hair was the color of that old finish which used to be called silver gilt and her eyebrows were an unbelievable blue-black, beneath which yellow-green eyes shone out. Somehow I managed to say:

"Not quite, if you give me time."

FOR some reason, Maida seemed to think this was very clever. For some reason, it was I who took her home, although there were others who would have liked to have done so. For some reason I have never been able to understand, Maida liked me at once and continuously. When, a good deal later, I asked her to explain this extraordinary fact, she said:

"Oh, I don't know. You're not always trying to be smart. So when you do come up with something, I know it's the real thing."

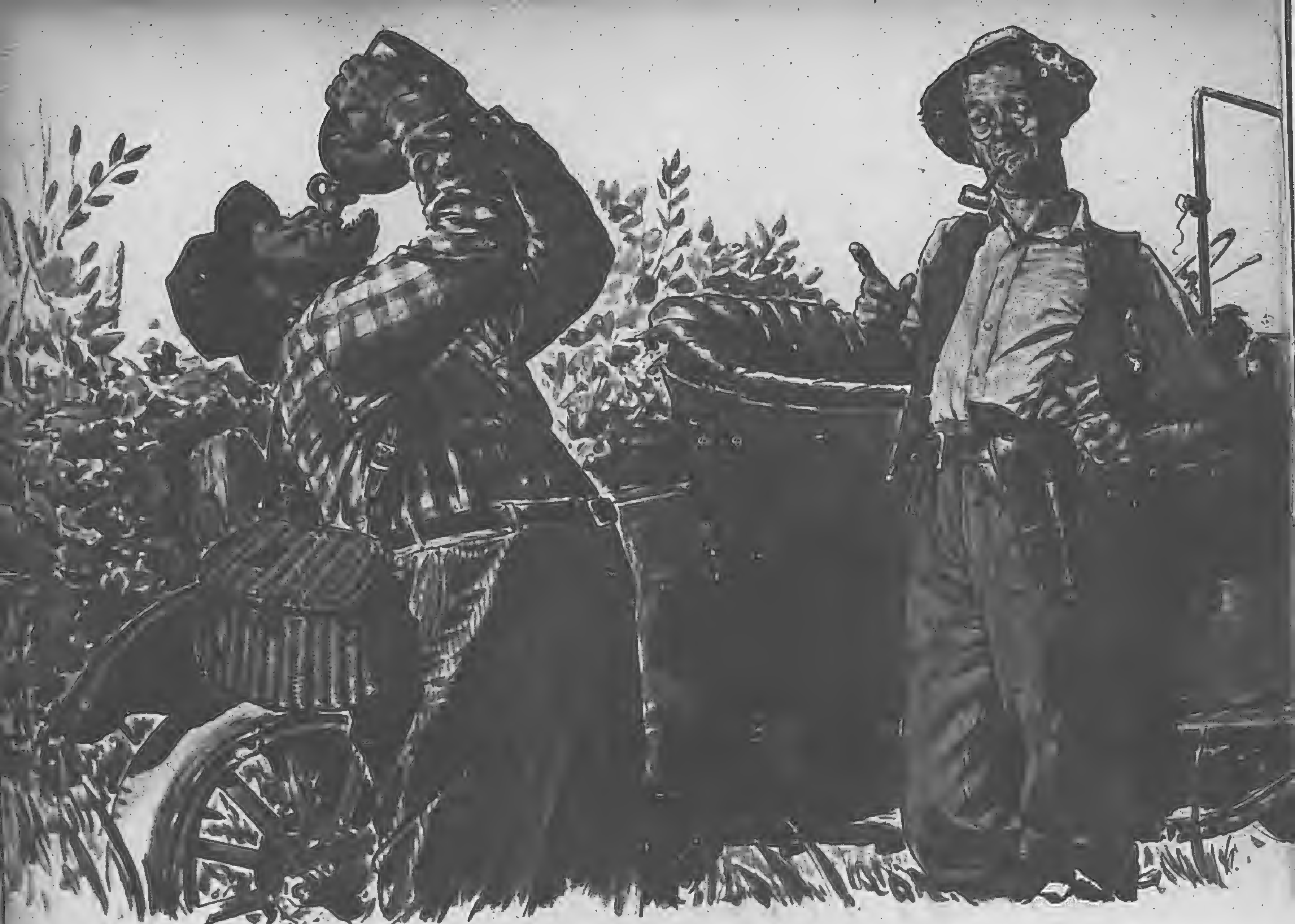
This did not quite satisfy me and I must have looked it, for Maida kissed my ear and said:

"You're comfortable in a highly uncomfortable competitive world. Don't you see, darling?"

I did not quite see. The nearest I got, and that was long afterward, was to understand that the Maida Scotts of the world have a function to perform, a highly intricate function of encouraging one person to do this and another person not to do that. They find it restful to have someone like me around, who makes no particular demand on their minds or otherwise. It was not a particularly flattering role, but I did not care.

Our backgrounds were as different as they could be. If the circumstances of my immediate family were modest, it was a "good" family with many connections in the Social Register. Moreover, because my father often went without his lunches and be-

(*Continued on page 68*)



FOR a crime as rimptious as any since Eleaser Stump tried to burn up his grammaw in a haystack, Judge Entwhistle wanted Eliphalet Dowdle brought in. Sheriff Currie realized how set the judge was about the matter when he heard his own name being bellowed from the courthouse steps.

"Pull that Eliphalet in!" thundered the judge, his whiskers blowing straight out. "Ain't another feller in Arkansas could leave tracks in the mud that large, so it's Eliphalet. Call yourself enough of a sheriffing man, Matt Currie, to find the scoundrel?"

"I'll start first thing day after tomorrow, judge."

"Why not tomorrow?"

There were prime reasons for not tomorrow. But from the swivvet the judge was in, Matt saw small use mentioning them.

"Law's law," boomed the judge, "and duty's duty. Sheriff Currie, if you belong in high public office, you'll see that that man is drug in by another nightfall."

"Reckon he's heard your war-whooping, judge, and has high-tailed fast. I might have to jug for him. How much expense money is it worth to the county?"

"Whatever it takes, I'll meet the sum myself," offered the judge, "up to four dollars."

"Hand it now, judge."

With the judge's four silver coins chiming in his pocket, Sheriff Matt felt sure of collaring Eliphalet, though the chase could be long and he was mighty put out at having to give the coming day to it. Ever since winter ice broke up on Canebrake River, he had been going to its bank to peek at a certain trout-fish in a pool below a rock, the grampaw of all trout-fish. A dozen times he and the judge had met each other sneaking toward that spot to have a look, though Matt had pretended he was only searching for ousel nests and the judge for mushrooms. They'd both tried for Big Bugeye all last summer, and now he'd really grown into something.

BUT if Eliphalet Dowdle had jumped the season and dropped a bait-wropped hook above Bugeye's nose, the sun had gone out of the springtime heavens and it was time the county authority solidly hooked old Eliphalet. In that doing, Sheriff Matt could take real satisfaction. Just the same, there were other dry-fly-hungry beauties in the stream and it did seem a shame—

"Mind," said the judge, "any materials collected by the arm of the law in the course of its duty must be handed over to the court."

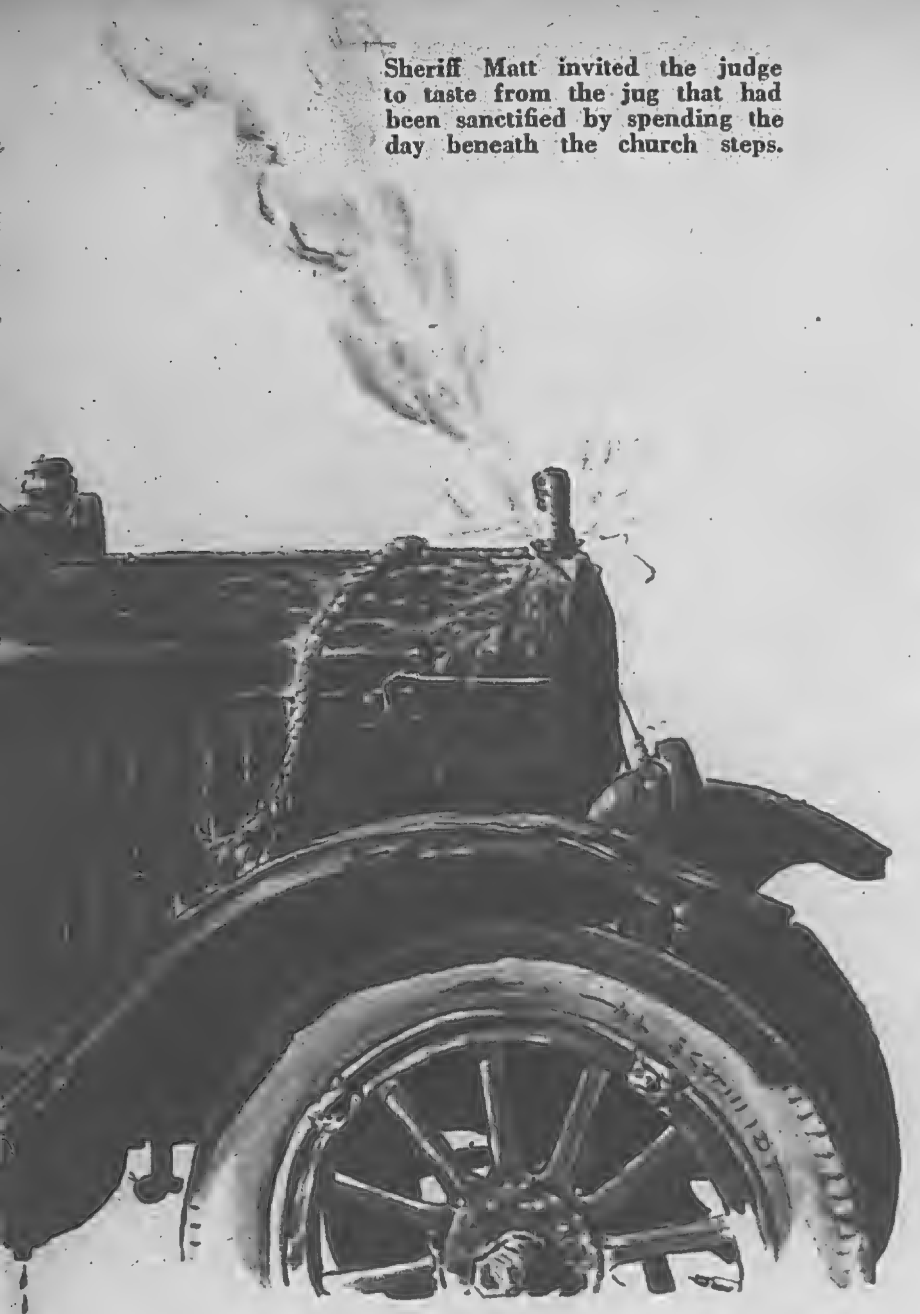
"In reason, judge, in reason," retorted Matt testily.

HE went home and looked sourly at his rod and tackle. His rising gorge tasted equally salty whether he thought of Judge Entwhistle, the fishingest lawyer in Canebrake County, or Eliphalet Dowdle, the skedaddlingest man. Tomorrow would have been a lovely day. But he rounded up three or four items needful to the man hunt and stowed them in his car.

The new day dawned fair and the sheriff felt murderous. Even with Big Bugeye to leer up at him no longer from the pool beneath the falls, he could have had a right peart time. Dang Eliphalet for turning things into such a mommick!

He drove out of town and stopped, purely as a matter of form, at Eliphalet's shanty. "Morning, Serena."

The woman in the flour-sack gown looked up from her corn hoeing. "Howdy, sheriff."



Sheriff Matt invited the judge to taste from the jug that had been sanctified by spending the day beneath the church steps.

FISHING for TROUBLE

BY NEILL C. WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

Whoever tried to jump the fishing season on the Canebrake River would have to tangle with the long line of the law

"Those are mighty spry whisky bushes you've got a-sprouting there."

"Them's strickly pork bushes, sheriff. We aim to fat up a few extry pigs."

"How do you reckon the crop will run?"

"Prayin's for twelve gallons to the acre." Serena caught herself. "For two shoats, that is."

"How was eatings on that fine big trout-fish you had for breakfast?"

"Fish?" Mrs. Dowdle turned innocent how-could-you eyes on the questioner. "Season wasn't open till today."

"Happens your man around?"

"With this corn to be hoed?" The counterquestion was unassailable.

Eliphalet wouldn't dast be fishing today, after the judge had thundered his name so loudly as a game-law breaker. He'd be flatter to ground than a hound-dog in a cyclone. Which, however, wouldn't keep him from going about his regular business. Trouble was, such business had so many branch offices. Matt poked behind the shanty, peeped through its single window, and returned to his car and drove on. Beyond the road fork leading off to the contrarious-minded hamlets of Taintright and Tistoo, he hid his car in a tangle of wild cucumber vines and took to the bush. There was no trail, the citizens of Canebrake County knowing better than to strew signs of their goings and comings into Bubbling Spring Holler when on serious purpose bent, but Sheriff Matt found his way. He snuck upward through willows, spicy chinquapins and rich-sapped maples, through whitely flowering sourwood trees and fragrant laurel, making never a sound—or so he thought. At the top of the rise he crouched low and peered down the other side.

A jay rasped from a near-by thicket, its note suddenly changing to a hoot owl's. Far below, the leafage went dancy, as if a person or persons had just left.

MATT sniffed. A nourishing smell rose from the depths. Annoyed at having been spotted, he rose to his full height, which was considerable, and strode down the wooded slope.

Beside a little brook in the greenery, under a low roof of fresh-lopped hemlock boughs, stood a copper tank on three or four mounds of stones. A fire glowed redly beneath the tank. With approval for the technical aspects, Matt eyed the dry hickory chips piled handy. For this kind of a taffy pull, there was nothing like seasoned hickory to give a smokeless fire, and a smokeless fire was the kind Eliphalet Dowdle would be sure to build. A copper pipe poked up through the lid of the tank and went on to a copper worm washed by running water. From the end of the worm a white trickle dripped into a crock.

Matt looked farther. There were two kinds of bootprints in the soil, both sizable, but neither of them remotely big enough to take Dowdle footgear.

A barrel stood under a tree. It gave off the sour-sweet smell of sugar, yeast, and shelled corn well sprouted and ground. But a sack was hooped over the top of this barrel to keep out leaves and bugs. Seeing this hygienic arrangement, Matt was further convinced that the outdoor cookery going on in this wild glen was no handiwork of Eliphalet's. Eliphalet would never fend his mash against fluttering things.

"All right, boys!" Matt shouted. "You can come back to your clambake!" A man of honor, who would

(*Continued on page 66*)

CRYBABY

BY JOHN McCLAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH CRAWLEY

No moment in their pictures could have been as tensely dramatic as this one—as two Hollywood stars waited for one Oscar

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

IT was almost midnight before they got around to giving the Oscars to the really well-known personalities. A series of guest stars had awarded the prizes to the best scenic designer, to the best special-effects man, for the best technical invention for motion pictures during the year, and to all the other people, so anonymous outside the industry, so important within it.

Now they were giving out the prize for the best short subject, and tension was beginning to mount. The man from the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences handed the sealed envelope to the well-known director who had been called up to announce the winner. The paper crackled in the microphone as he tore it open. He paused deliberately for several minutes, teasing the audience, then announced the result. There was hearty applause as the winner started for the stage to accept his statuette.

I looked around the theater, recognizing most of the important faces in the business, but not caring much. You see, I was plenty nervous. Myra Caldwell, whom I had brought to the proceedings, was sitting there beside me, and right across the aisle was Joan Weyland. Now, to get the picture properly, you have to remember that during that particular year Myra had played the sensational supporting role in The Devil Loses and had been acclaimed practically the greatest find in the history of pictures. But that was the same year that Joan Weyland had stolen a big picture called Calumet Center right out from under the nose of one of the most terrific female stars in the industry. The only other actress nominated was not given much chance with the smart money. Now, in a few minutes, they were going to announce who had won the Oscar for the Best Supporting Actress of the Year. It was the hottest contest since the big race in Ben Hur, and everybody knew it. Furthermore, it was no secret that the two leading contestants would have been delighted to boil each other in oil—win, lose, or draw. And here they were across the aisle from each other. Do you get why I was nervous?

They were giving out the writers' awards, and I was mopping my forehead frequently with a damp handkerchief, when Myra turned to me and said, in a voice that carried farther than the Consolidated Network:

"Look at Joan. Isn't she ugly tonight?"

I tried to shush her, but it was no good. Several rows of people had heard her and there was a stifled titter. Joan looked across the aisle and glared. Apparently she hadn't caught the words, but she knew they weren't exactly flattering.

Then the lights went down. They were going to run short excerpts from the pictures for which the actors and actresses had been nominated. The supporting-actress pictures were coming on, and here was Joan Weyland in her big scene from Calumet Center. The audience started to applaud as soon as they saw her.

After that they ran a short scene from Whirlwind, featuring the other nominee, a refugee actress called Tanya Braden. I had never seen the picture or the actress, and the picture hadn't made much money—but, boy, there was no doubt she could act! She played the star's mother and she made you believe it.

Then they ran Myra's big moment in The Devil Loses. After it was over I tried to figure who got the biggest hand, but it sounded to me, in my weakened condition, like a dead heat.

"I think I won," Myra said to me.

The lights went up. The elderly actor who had won the Supporting Actor award the year before came through the curtains and prepared to make the award. I didn't see how I was going to live through the next few minutes. He got the envelope from the auditor and very slowly tore it open. He was loving every second of it, the old ham. Then he looked at the little piece of paper.

"The winner," he said, then paused again, "is Miss Tanya Braden, for her performance in Whirlwind."

WELL, I'm not too sure about the sequence of events that followed. I don't remember the applause, because Joan let out a screech from across the aisle that drowned out everything else. Then Myra started to cry. I don't mean cry like the ordinary person, but I mean cry so that the mezzanine shook.

Then Joan got up and started out, and her mother went with her. But I couldn't do anything with Myra. The show was stopped cold and the whole theater was looking at her. I picked her up and carried her out.

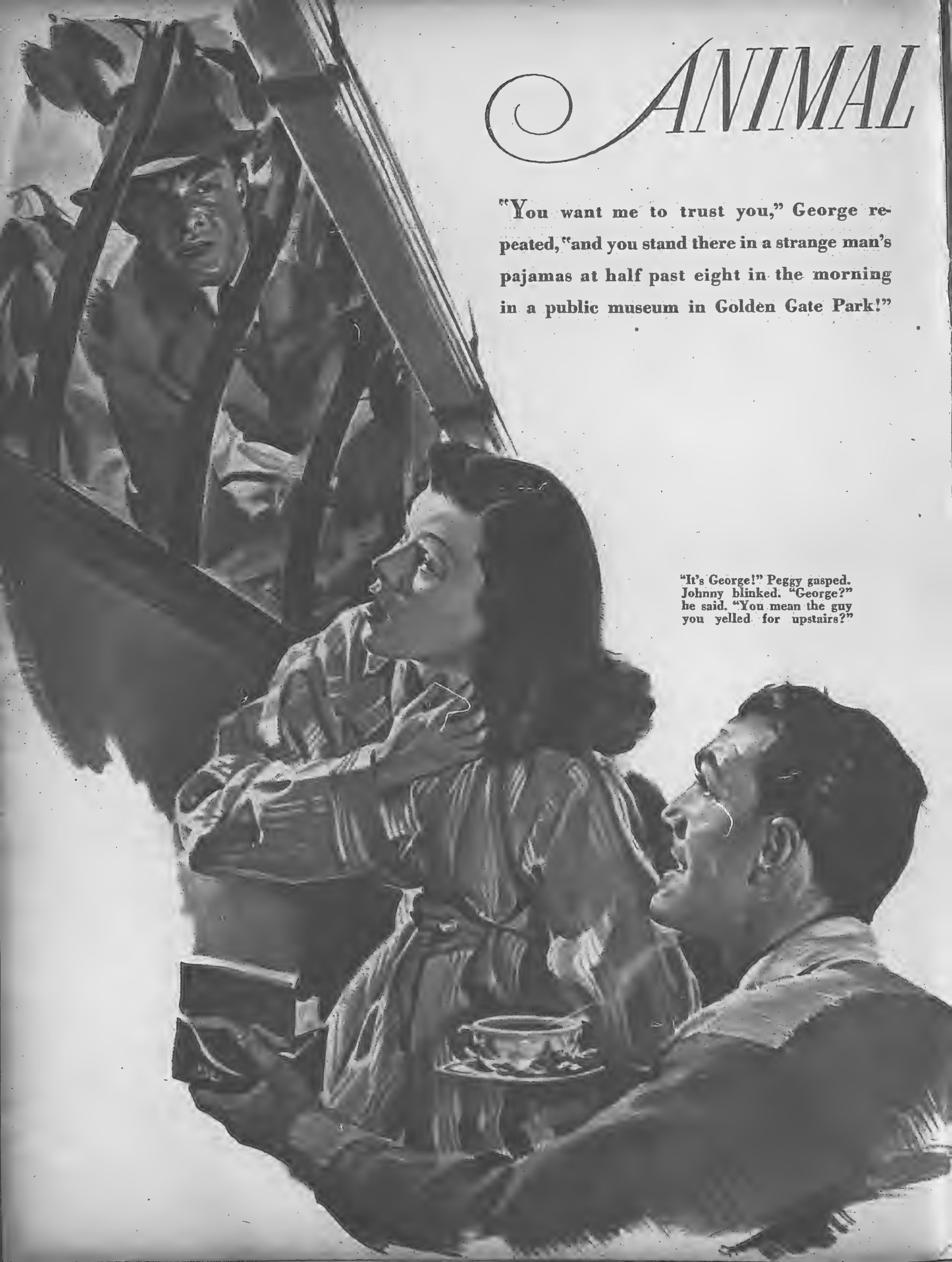
It wasn't a very pleasant performance, all in all, but I think there is some excuse. After all, Joan is eight years old, and Myra is only six, and she isn't used to being up so late. I'm a little on her side anyway. And why not? I'm her father.

THE END

The elderly actor prepared to make the award. He got the envelope from the auditor and slowly tore it open.

ANIMAL

"You want me to trust you," George repeated, "and you stand there in a strange man's pajamas at half past eight in the morning in a public museum in Golden Gate Park!"



"It's George!" Peggy gasped. Johnny blinked. "George?" he said. "You mean the guy you yelled for upstairs?"

CRACKERS for BREAKFAST

BY ALICE MEANS REEVE

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY NOURBEL

ON the broad steps of African Hall in Golden Gate Park a group of reporters grinned at Peggy Adams.

She was thinking how good it was to see the gang together again in San Francisco, back to peacetime reporting. They were all here except Spence. And Spence wouldn't be coming back.

"So you think, Peg," scoffed Torrance of the Herald, "that you can get an interview with Christopher Savage?"

"Why, Savage hates dames," declared another, "worse'n the devil hates holy water."

"So I've heard," agreed Peggy ruefully. "Which is the exact reason my boss wants a story about him from a woman's angle. And if I don't get it, he says, sez he, someone who *can* gets my job. Look," she pleaded. "After the preview, you boys crowd into Savage's office for the press conference, and I'll just make myself small behind you. Maybe he won't notice me."

Torrance gazed appreciatively at her dark hair under the zany hat with the green feather, her bright impudent face.

"That *would* be news," he said, "a man who didn't notice *you*."

Inside, after inspecting the superb animals Savage had brought back from Africa, whose preview had had to be postponed until after the war, Peggy stood for a minute before a glass case sheltering a huge gorilla. She shuddered, and then, crossing her fingers, trailed the reporters into Christopher Savage's office.

At least, she got as far as the door. Then, like a water buffalo raising its great head, Christopher Savage looked up. "No women allowed!" he bellowed. "This is for reporters only!"

"But I *am* a reporter," Peggy said, flipping back her lapel to show her press badge.

"Bah!" roared Savage. "No females, I say! Scat!"

Christopher Savage was a huge man with a curly red beard and a fringe of red hair encircling his polished brown dome. Now he leaped from his chair, pounced across the room, and slammed the office door just a fraction of an inch from Peggy's affronted nose.

A good reporter, Peggy Adams told herself, shouldn't be stopped by a slammed door or a skinned nose. She paced up and down the big hall, looking at the animals but not really seeing them. It wasn't until almost closing time that she got the idea—but it was a honey.

ONE hour later, crouched uncomfortably behind a case of stuffed gazelles, Peggy Adams wished again that she hadn't arranged to meet George at five thirty. She'd already been late seven times this month, and she was getting a little tired of George looking down his patrician nose as he said, "My dear, how can you ever amount to anything if you can't keep your appointments? Where do you think I'd be if I hadn't schooled myself always to be on time?" It was a purely rhetorical question and Peggy wasn't even supposed to answer. "Certainly," George went on proudly, "I wouldn't be at the head of Pennybaker Portable Pantries, Inc. We Pennybakers have always been prompt."

And promptness certainly paid, Peggy thought. Pennybaker Portable Pantries, Inc., starting up as a small business, had grown enormously, and George was already on his way to being rich. The portable pantries—dreamed up by George in a foxhole—were a sort of glorified K ration for civilians—small, compact, delicious, with all the food needed for trips, camping, lazy housewives, or entertaining bachelors.

Peggy knew she had a prize in George—the gold ring on the matrimonial merry-go-round. He was so handsome she had to keep touching him to see if he were real. But his big fault was a streak of conventionality a yard wide and guaranteed not to shrink.

Peggy yanked her errant thoughts back. It wasn't as if she were going to be just late this time, though. She wasn't going to meet George at all tonight, and there wasn't any way she could get word to him. She grinned to herself just to think of the expression on his dream-boat face if she phoned him and said:

"George darling, I can't meet you for dinner. I'm spending the night in African Hall. . . . No, darling, of course no one knows it. This afternoon I got booted, literally, out of Savage's office. I'm staying here so I can hide in his office before he arrives in the morning. One of the boys told me he'd see reporters again tomorrow. I should overhear enough for a swell interview. . . . No, I don't know where I'll sleep yet. I did notice a minute ago, though, that I might be able to squeeze in between a couple of jaguars and keep warm. . . . No, darling, they're dead—you know, stuffed, like shirts. . . . I am *not* crazy, George Pennybaker! Pete Small, the big bully, told me he'd fire me if I didn't get this interview with Christopher Savage, who hates women. . . . But I don't *want* to get married right away. . . . Well, I'll meet you tomorrow for lunch. We'll talk about it then. . . ."

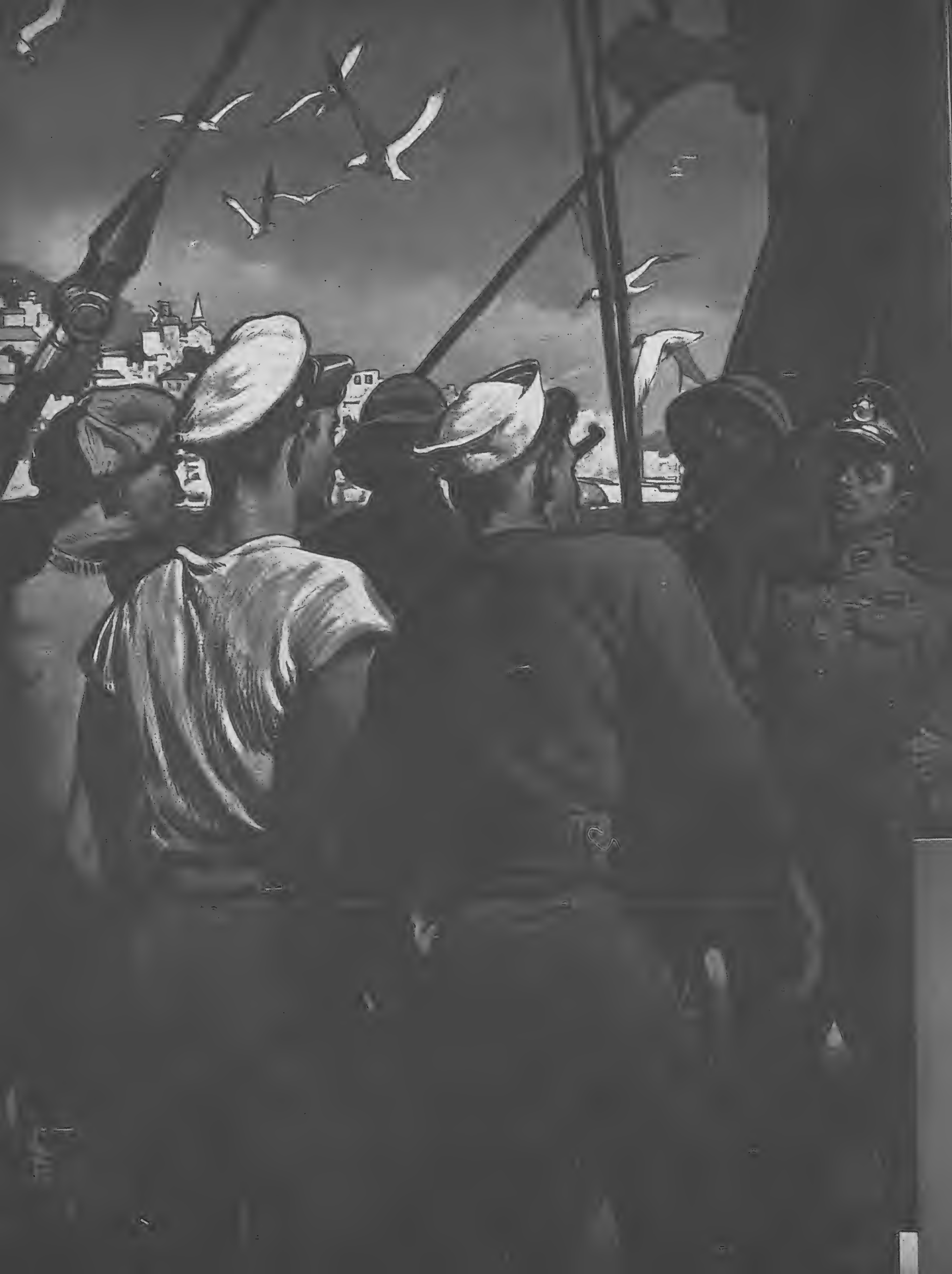
But there probably wasn't a phone in the place, and if there had been, Peggy knew she wouldn't dare tell George where she was. It would be just like him to send around a couple of hook-and-ladders to get her out. He hated having her do things that were at all out of the ordinary. Escapades, he called them.

PEGGY glanced at the luminous dial of her wrist watch. Six o'clock. Everyone had gone at five, when the place closed. She straightened, stretched her cramped young body, and came out of hiding. She wandered around the big hall, tiptoeing because her footsteps seemed to echo thunderously. There were very few windows, and it was too dark now to see much of the exhibits. It was suddenly a little scary.

She sat on a high-backed bench in the warm stale-aired hall. There in the purple dusk, letting her imagination run riot, she wondered what it would be like if all the animals in the exhibits were only sleeping, and if they should suddenly wake up and come crowding around her. Somehow, she felt she wouldn't mind any of them—not the lions or tigers or leopards, certainly not the giraffes or the soft-eyed impala—not anything except the great gorilla down in the end case, with its huge arms practically dangling on the floor. If only, she thought drowsily, it had a pencil over one ear and a green eyeshade, it would look like Pete Small.

Peggy's head sank lower and lower on the bench, and pretty soon she was lying down, and the last

(*Continued on page 56*)



Sweet Cargo

BY EUGENE SWAN, JR.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

The skipper saw dirty weather ahead—but his barometer told only half the story. Here is the rest

WE were looking for something safe and foolproof. We didn't want a cargo that had to be nursed along. That's why this fifty tons of sugar for St. Bedos seemed like just our dish. Don't ask me why they want to haul sugar to an island in the West Indies where it grows like grass. I wouldn't know. You got to go to college to figure out that stuff. Economics.

But if they want fifty tons of sugar hauled from Miami to St. Bedos, me and my partners—Kink Stewart, who goes as skipper; and Dan Higgins, engineer—don't argue that it doesn't make sense. We go ahead and haul it.

"Look," says Kink, when he comes aboard with the contract. "We can't lose on this one. It's safe, it's easy, it pays us one thousand dollars."

Dan whistled. "Hot dig," he said. "Nothing to spoil on us or get stove in with a cargo like that. Ain't that so, Pop?"

I had to admit it looked good. We could even have space to deck-load a hundred or so drums of kerosene for a little trading on our own. Kerosene goes good in these places. But I'm old enough to be these kids' father. So I have to hold up against them a little. "You seen this thousand?" I said.

"Just as good as," Kink said. "We collect it in St. Bedos C.O.D. If there is any argument, we'll hold the cargo. It's all paid for. Some merchant there named Dupuis."

I grumbled a little over the C.O.D.

"Pipe down, Pop," said Dan. "It's in the bag this time. It's a sweet cargo—both ways."

Dan's a great kid—big and beefy, the kind who wants to put the slug on anyone he doesn't fancy. But he's all business in his engine room. And he's good. We do twelve knots in the Golden Hake—all one hundred and ten feet of her—and the Navy, when they had her, never got better than ten and a half.

Kink, on the other hand, is a string bean, a tall good-looking feller. He is one of the youngest skippers with papers on the Florida coast. I've sailed under plenty of men, and I know a skipper when I see one. Kink has what it takes.

Me? I'm just a bum. The Hake's my home.

WELL, we got the sugar below decks and fueled up and picked up our kerosene in one hundred fifty-gallon drums. I had the deck crew lash the drums fast on the foredeck. In beautiful weather we coasted down past Andros Island and along Cuba. But this weather began to bother me. It was too beautiful. Kink didn't like it either. You could see too far and the clouds were too high—like streaks of snow in a plowed field. "Hurricane weather," said Kink, tapping the barometer.

"It's not the season," I said. "They don't hit here until September."

He shrugged. "Well, a lot of wind, then."

We looked up at the thin clouds.

About sundown on this day we raised Cape Maisi. The day had been hot, and I was tired. I went off watch, ate my supper, and turned in. I was still asleep when Williams, one of the Cayman Islanders we had on for crew, shook my shoulder.

"Maaster mate," he said, "captain he want you on deck, sair. Them kerosenes loose up if we not careful."

The Hake was rolling heavily. "We're in the Passage?" I said.

He nodded. This meant we were somewhere in that open stretch of sea that separates Cuba from Haiti. It is always a bad piece of water. The wind and the sea run through it like a cone.

I shoved into my shoes, thinking about those drums. There isn't anything worse on deck than a loose drum, full and heavy. It rolls, and you can't stop it. If those drums on the foredeck got free, they would smash right on through the cabin. They might even cut the rudder cables that run down and aft.

On deck, the roll seemed worse. We were about forty tons short of capacity below decks. The Hake was pitching like a canoe. I began to hand myself along the wet deck and saw the floodlights switch on forward.

The crew was already working to take up on the lashings. Every time the Hake slid off a sea, the drums shifted to starboard, and then back again to port. I yelled to undo the ropes, but not to let go of them. They could work them up tight—what we call swigging—each time the roll was in our favor. It was just at this time that a big wave hit us and climbed right up on us.

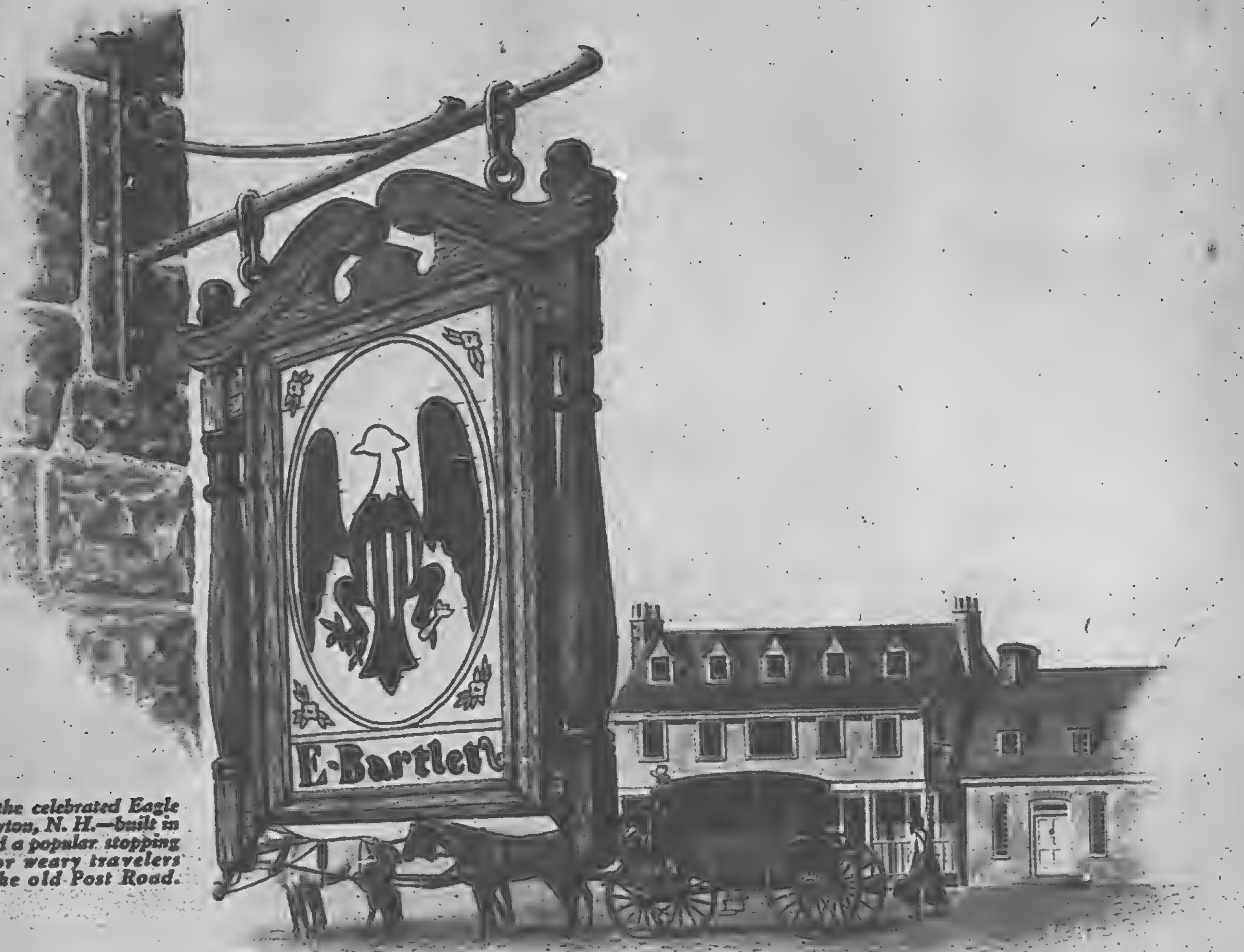
I CAME up coughing salt water and surprised the deck was still under me. I heard Williams yell. Two of the drums were loose. They charged wickedly up and down the deck. One of them smashed into the sharp angle of the hatch cover and split open, and for a moment we were ankle-deep in kerosene. But once empty, the drum was harmless.

The other one crashed into the rail and bent a stanchion double. "Fire ax!" I yelled. "Hurry up!"

Someone brought it, and we knocked a hole in the full drum, running after it on the slippery deck, and as soon as it was empty enough to handle, got it overside. Except that a corner of the hatch was splintered up some, we had

(*Continued on page 61*)

"You do not understand, captain," the officer said. "Your cargo is *already* attached."



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A
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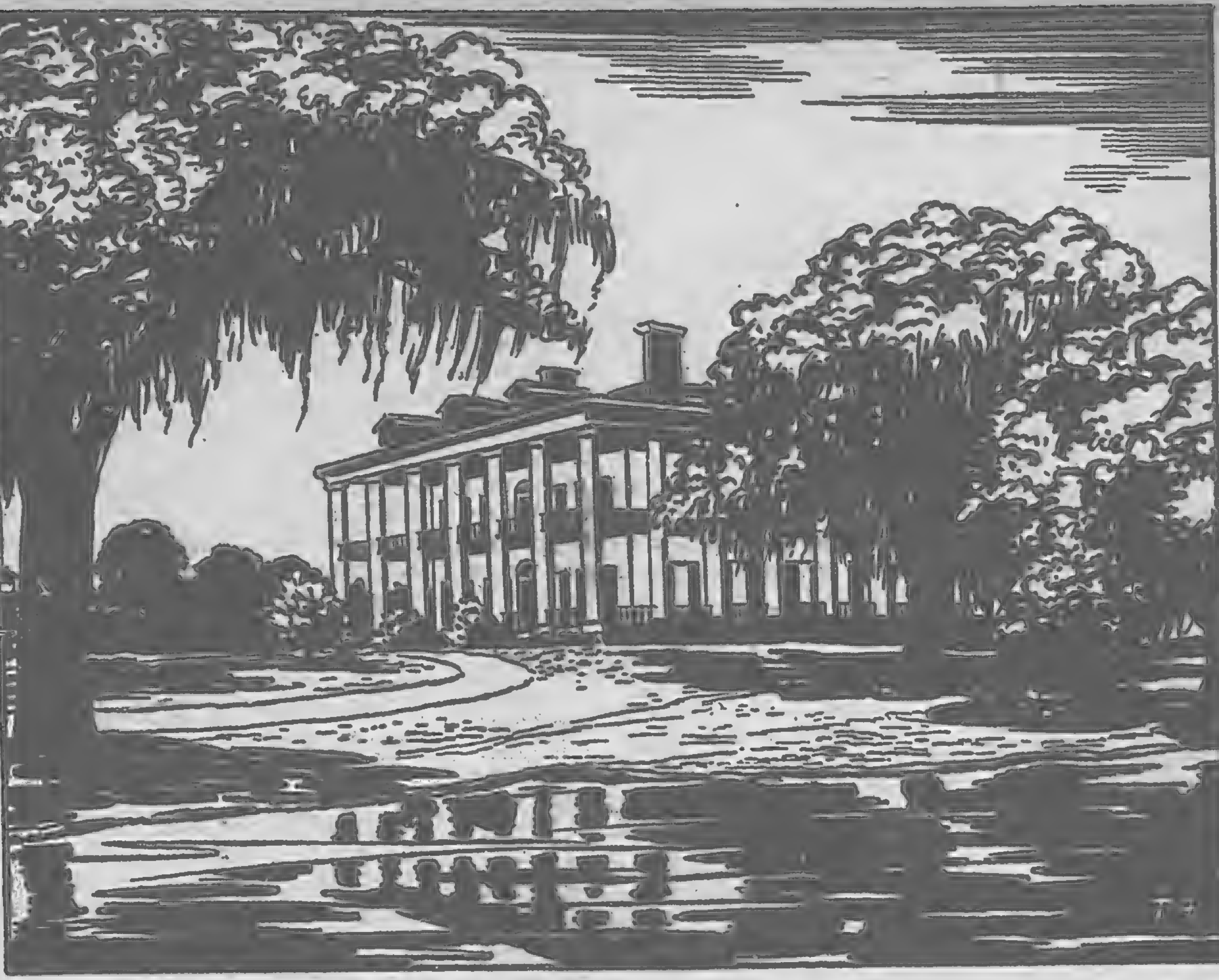
BOOK
CONDENSATION
READING TIME
ONE EVENING



This moving and colorful novel of a great Louisiana family has been enthralling readers. Here is one of the most poignant sections of the book: the tender love story of the illegitimate heir to the great plantation, Belle Heloise.

The River Road

By Frances Parkinson Keyes

Illustrated by Thomas Atwell

Summer 1930

FOR the first few years of his life Belle Heloise plantation was Vail d'Alvery's world, and to him it seemed perfect and complete.

In this world were shady groves, where you could play hide-and-seek, and wide stretches of open lawn where you could race with your brothers and sisters; a garden that was always bright with flowers waiting to be picked for Mummy and *grand'mère* and Aunt Cresside; a big friendly house, with a sweet-smelling kitchen where Lou Ida was always making good things for you to eat and a big bedroom where it was always still and dark when you were tired and needed to go to sleep.

The house was filled with kind people, white and black both, who wanted little boys to be happy.

There were four other children in Vail's family. His twin sister, Sybelle, and Phil were both fine playmates, and Joyeuse and Franchot were pretty good, too, and would be better when they grew bigger. Other playmates were there off and on. There was Riccardo Tramonte, whose father had a magnificent store in Baton Rouge right near the ferry, and a whole fleet of motor trucks besides, which carried provisions all over the state to smaller stores which he owned. Daddy and Mummy never invited the Tramontes to dinner, the way they asked other people. This was puzzling to Vail, because if he had been allowed to have his way, he would have asked Riccardo to Belle Heloise every Sunday.

Riccardo was three years older than Vail, and it was Vail's greatest ambition to be like him in every way. Sybelle also thought he was wonderful. But then, Sybelle agreed with Vail about almost everything.

There was also Frances Belle, Aunt Cresside's and

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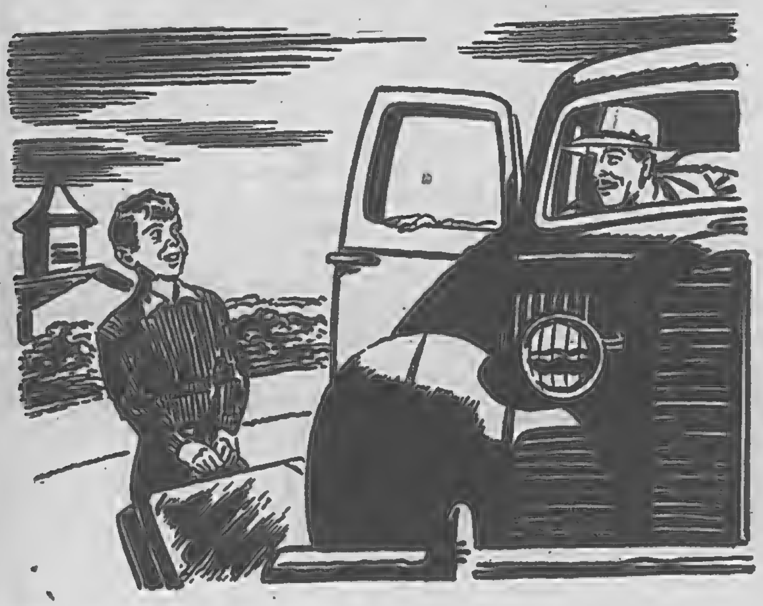
Uncle Fabian's little girl. She was a very nice little girl, though she was not quite as pretty as Sybelle. Vail was sure no one else was as pretty as Sybelle. She had beautiful blonde curls and blue eyes and the softest, pinkest cheeks in the whole world. Phil and Franchot and Joyeuse had brown hair and brown eyes and clear pale skins. Vail's cheeks were very red and his hair was jet black and his eyes were blue, not a soft sky blue like Sybelle's, but a deeper, brighter color.

Daddy had taught them all their letters, on the plantation bell, before they began with their primers in the schoolhouse, and when Sybelle and Vail did especially well, he let them ring the bell afterwards. But he let Phil ring the bell whether Phil did well or not. He even let Phil blow the whistle when grinding of the sugar cane was finished at Belle Heloise.

There were lots of places in the sugar mill that were interesting. One of these was a small square room where a Negro named Cato spent endless hours shoveling sugar and singing spirituals as he shoveled. The sugar would be piled so high that it looked like a big snowdrift, or so Miss Mittie, their schoolteacher, said. Of course, the children had never seen a snowdrift, but they had seen some pictures of them in a geography book they were going to study by and by, and they agreed with her.



Miss Mittie also had a glass paperweight, representing a snow scene. If you turned it upside down, and then put it right side up again, little glittering flakes would fall from the top of the paperweight on the tiny houses and trees underneath it, and presently everything would be white and sparkling. The children loved the paperweight, which Miss Mittie had brought with her from Salem, Massachusetts, to Baton Rouge, Louisiana, many years before, but it was not big enough to remind them in any way of the endless piles of sugar which Cato shoveled.

Daddy told them that this was crystal sugar, and that it kept going down a shaft that led from the small square room to the granulators, which would complete the process of making it into the beautiful white sugar for which Belle Heloise was famous. Daddy used pretty long words sometimes.

For a long, long time, these people and these pleasures sufficed to make Vail d'Alvery's world perfect and complete. Then it began to enlarge.

One evening, shortly after his seventh birthday, he heard *grand'mère* telling Mummy and Daddy, rather severely, that he and Sybelle had now reached the age of reason, whatever that might mean, and that it was high time they had more religious instruction, and soon after that they began to go in to Baton Rouge to catechism classes at St. Agnes'.

The trips into town which these classes involved were simply swell. They were made in the new car that Uncle Fabian and Aunt Cresside had given Daddy and Mummy for a Christmas present after the faithful old one had practically fallen to pieces; and when a catechism class was over, Vail and Sybelle always went to visit Uncle Fabian and Aunt Cresside, who took them back to Belle Heloise later on, in their own car. Aunt Cresside was Daddy's sister, and Uncle Fabian was Daddy's cousin as well as Aunt Cresside's husband. In the course of these visits Vail and Sybelle went to the movies. They went to Luigi Tramonte's fancy grocery store. They went to the Capitol and saw Daddy sitting in the Senate chamber.

But once in a while something happened that made Vail feel uncomfortable instead of joyous, and raised the first doubts in his mind about the perfection of his expanding world.

There was the time that Mr. Sylvestre Tremaine had come butting in at the Tramontes' store, just when Vail and Sybelle and Riccardo were having such a good time eating their spumone. Mr. Tremaine was married to Miss Regine Hathaway, and they lived at Hathaway Hall, a big plantation on the River Road near Belle Heloise. He had stayed and stayed that day, asking the children tiresome questions, until he had spoiled the whole afternoon. Vail was glad when he heard Daddy telling Mummy, not long afterwards, that Mr. and Mrs. Tremaine had gone to Cuba, that very likely they'd be gone all spring.

Mr. Tremaine did not stay long in Cuba, and just a few days after he returned to Hathaway, he died. But Vail had been so glad to get rid of him that when Mr. Tremaine died, it gave him a queer feeling in his stomach. He tried to tell Aunt Cresside how he felt about it and for the first time he found it hard to talk to Aunt Cresside. That was another thing that made him feel something was wrong. And for a long while, he looked in the opposite direction every time he went past Hathaway Hall. He hated the sight of that big blank empty house. He hated everything that reminded him of Mr. Tremaine and he had never hated anything or anyone before in his life. . . .

THE following summer he came across someone else whom he hated—a man who stood beside him back of the Senate rail when he and Sybelle went there with Aunt Cresside to watch Daddy, who was talking with all the other men listening to him.

Afterwards, Aunt Cresside said to Daddy, "Gervais, have you ever noticed a queer little ratlike man, clutching an umbrella, in the crowd back of the Senate rail? He's been there every time that I have lately. He sat beside us today."

"I reckon you must mean Sammy Mudge. He's always hanging around when Governor Long's on the floor, or when anything's going on that Huey wants to have watched. There's probably some kind of a body buried between them."

Vail did not like to hear about bodies being buried. He had heard a great deal of that kind of talk when Mr. Tremaine died of the bad fever, and on the day Miss Regine fell out of the window and was killed.

Vail kept thinking about the horrid little ratlike man, and a few days later he saw him again, this time at Belle Heloise, standing near the old brick stable and talking to Amen, one of the Negro boys. They both jumped a little as Vail came by and he went on without turning. Near the stable he met Daddy and told him about the man. "You didn't invite him out to Belle Heloise, did you, Daddy?"

"You're darn right I didn't. I'm glad you told me he's here, Vail. I'll have a word with Mr. Sammy Mudge myself. You go ahead and get ready for your ride."

The stable door was wide open and so were all the stable windows, because it was such a pretty evening, and as Vail saddled his pony and Sybelle's he could not help hearing Daddy talk to Sammy Mudge and Sammy Mudge scuttling off, and then Daddy questioning Amen.

Amen answered, whining, "Captain, Ah swears to God, Mr. Mudge he jes' axed me wus yo' all good friends with Mr. Sylvestre Tremaine and Miss Regine Hathaway when dey wuz alive. Ah say Ah disremembers ever seein' yo' all ever actin' lak yo' wuz friends. Ah done hear, though, a long while back, things was different."

"What was different?"

"Dat yo' and Miss Regine wuz friends, but dat when you marry Miss Merry, Miss Regine she took on 'caze she wuz mad and an' den she done stole Miss Cresside's beau away from her an' marry him."

"You told dirty gossip about your own white folks?"

"No, suh. Yes, suh. Le' go mah arm, please, Captain, suh—"

"Listen to me now, Amen. If ever I hear of you talking to strangers about the d'Alverys or any of their kinfolks, I'm going to kill you."

Again there was a sound of scurrying footsteps. Vail stood still, the same queer feeling in the pit of his stomach that had come there once or twice already, only now it was worse. He wanted to get out of the stable. He hitched Nostar and Twinkle in their stalls and started back across the yard, walking slowly, and glancing over his shoulder once or twice to see if Sybelle was coming. There was no one in sight. When he came to the house he could hear Daddy in there shouting, and Mummy begging him to hush.

"There isn't anyone else around to hear me," Daddy said. "I know that if Amen told Mudge that much, he told him a lot more. Don't you suppose I know that rat is Long's stool pigeon sent out here to dig up dirt? There's been a leak somewhere, there always is. I'll bet Amen knows, and he's told Mudge. I'll bet Long knows by now that Sylvestre Tremaine was Vail's father!"

IN the next few days Vail withdrew further and further into a protective shell. Sylvestre Tremaine, whom he had always hated, was his father. The man whom he called Daddy had said so, angrily and positively. Sybelle was not his twin, Joyeuse was not his younger sister, Phil and Franchot were not his brothers and Mummy was not his mother.

Who was? Certainly not Mrs. Tremaine, for if she had been, he would have lived at Hathaway with her and her husband. There must have been some special reason why Mr. Tremaine did not want him. Or Mrs. Tremaine. He remembered the reluctant and often cruel stepmothers in the fairy stories he had read. That must have been it; his own mother had died, and Mr. Tremaine had not wanted him, or had been afraid that his new wife would be unkind to him; so they had fixed it up that he should live with the d'Alverys. Just the same it was funny that Mr. Tremaine had never come to see him at Belle Heloise and that he should be called Vail d'Alvery instead of Vail Tremaine. . . .

Then one afternoon Vail came on Sybelle bent over a book. Vail thought he had never seen her look so nice, and it came over him that though he had neglected her these last few days, he loved her better than anyone else in the world, except his Aunt Cresside. The realization that she was not his twin after all, or even his sister, smote him afresh.

"What's the book about?" he inquired.

"A foundling," Sybelle said. "I adore stories about foundlings, don't you?"

"I don't know. What do you mean, foundlings?"

"Well, sometimes they're princes in disguise, of course. I like those best of all. But this one isn't. It's just a poor little baby whose own father and mother didn't want it."

"Why not?" Vail inquired, pricking up his ears.

Sybelle picked up the book and began to spell out loud. "Do you know what i-l-l-e-g-i-t-i-m-a-t-e means? That's what this baby was. He wasn't just a foundling, he was an i-l-l-e-g-i-t-i-m-a-t-e child—what's the matter, Vail?"

"Nothing. I've got lots to do, that's all. I can't stand here all day, talking about some fool book you've read and waiting for you to spell out long words."

He wheeled suddenly away from her and was running through the garden. Sybelle threw down her book and ran after him, but the grass had not been cut that spring and it was tall and thick. She stumbled on some stones which were hidden by it and fell down. When she got to her feet again, whimpering a little with pain, Vail had already crossed the cypress grove and was plunging into the bushes beyond it.

She never knew that he had flung himself down crying as if his heart would break.

FABIAN d'ALVERY picked up the receiver, in response to his secretary's summons.

"Is anyone in the private office right now, Fabian?" his wife's voice said.

"No. You can say whatever you want to."

"I've just come from Belle Heloise. All Gervais' notes at the bank have been called."

"I was afraid they would be. Long has been after Gervais ever since Gervais wouldn't vote for his latest money-grabbing bill. You'd like me to see Gervais straight off, I suppose?"

"I'd like you to send some kind of message to him, straight off, if you don't mind. And then go on out to Belle Heloise as soon as you can."

"You bet I will. Don't worry about it, Cresside. Anything else?"

"Yes. There's something the matter with Vail, too, Fabian. He hardly spoke to me and he got away from me as soon as he could. Merry says he's been acting up for about ten days now."

So Vail's found out, Fabian said to himself. *Well, I always knew he was bound to, sooner or later, but I hoped it wouldn't be this soon. If only Cresside hasn't guessed that's what's the matter . . . and if only a lot of other people haven't found out, too—* Aloud, he said quietly, "I wouldn't worry about that either, honey. All kids have their off times, you know. I'll have a talk with him and find out what the trouble is."

When Fabian hung up the receiver he reached for a pad of scratch paper. For a moment he sat drawing small geometrical designs on it. Then he tore off that sheet, and wrote five words on the next one, which he slipped into an envelope and sent over to his cousin Gervais d'Alvery at Belle Heloise: "How much do you need?"

His departure for Belle Heloise was unavoidably delayed. It was late afternoon when he reached there. Gervais had not come home yet, so he went upstairs to talk to his mother-in-law.

When he entered her boudoir, she sat enthroned on her sofa. Her dark eyes, which had been the greatest of her many beauties in her youth, met his with their usual dauntlessness, but he could see that her natural pallor had a gray tinge. He put his arm around her and kissed her, saying, "You knew I'd get here as soon as I could."

"I hoped you would, Fabian. But I have ceased to expect very much of anyone."

"Nonsense, Tante Isabelle. You know I'm bound to be around. Look, I sent Gervais a message this morning, and asked him how much he needed to get clear. Everything's fixed up, or going to be."

When they had finished their talk he left her and went to the upper hall, calling Vail as he did so. Receiving no response, he pushed open the shutter of Vail's bedroom door and went in. Like most small boys, Vail habitually scattered his possessions about. Now the room was completely uncluttered. Even the bureau was bare. Cresside's picture was gone from its place.

FABIAN walked thoughtfully downstairs. Following a hunch, he got into his car and drove off down the River Road. He had not gone more than two or three miles before he caught sight of the little figure for which he was watching.

Vail was trudging along the road, carrying a small suitcase, which he kept shifting from hand to hand, as if it had already begun to seem very heavy. Maud, his dog, was following at his heels, dragging her feet reluctantly. Putting on his brakes, Fabian leaned out of the window and spoke casually.

"Hello, there, Vail! Looks like we're going in the same direction. Want a lift?"

"No, I reckon not," Vail said after a moment. "Me and Maud were just out for a walk."

"I'd be glad of your company a piece down the road. I've got a long ride ahead of me. You could have your walk with Maud, going back."

Again Vail considered. "All right," he said finally. "If it would keep you from being lonesome—" Without explaining his small suitcase, he lifted it into the car, involuntarily sighing with relief as he did so. Then he climbed in and sat staring straight ahead, with Maud in his lap.

"Maybe I ought to tell you, Uncle Fabian," he said. "I didn't mean to go back to Belle Heloise tonight."

"Well, I thought you might be spending the night with friends, when I saw your suitcase."

"I'm not going to spend the night with friends—at least, not that I know of. But I thought there'd be some place—"

"Yes, of course, anyone along the Road would be glad to put you up, though naturally the folks would like to know where you were. They might worry if they didn't, don't you think? Not that you can't take care of yourself all right. They know that. It's just the way fathers and mothers have to worry, that's all."

The stubborn little mouth had begun to quiver. "But Daddy and Mummy aren't really my father and mother. Did you know that, Uncle Fabian?"

"Yes, Vail, I knew that. I've known it a long while. I knew you'd find it out some time, too."

"Well, so I don't think Daddy and Mummy would worry the same as if they were really my father and mother."

"I think they might even worry more. Because they're responsible for you to your real mother. They promised her they'd take good care of you, if she'd trust you to them and let you live with them."

Vail was silent.

"It's this way, Vail: a long time ago, someone made your real mother very unhappy. So ever since then, all the rest of us have tried to see that she wouldn't ever be unhappy again. We didn't think it was fair that she should be. And if she got upset about you—well, that would make her unhappier than anything else in the world, because she loves you more than anyone else in the world."

Vail swallowed hard. "I didn't know that. I thought maybe—" He stopped.

"You thought maybe no one would care if you ran away? Why, if you'd really figured this thing out you'd have known everyone would care. Poor little Sybelle's probably crying her eyes out this minute, wondering where you are. I think something happened at Belle Heloise that made you feel badly and you thought maybe you'd feel better somewhere else. Didn't you? We all think that once in a while, Vail. But the only way to make a hard thing any easier is to lick it. Then it never seems so hard. The way for you to lick this feeling you've got is to go back to Belle Heloise and stay there. And if you want to do a really thorough job, you'll never let on what you found out, because it wouldn't do you any good and it would make everyone else feel worse. . . . How did you find out, by the way?"

When Vail had told him, Fabian brought the car quietly to a stop. "Come up on the levee with me a few minutes," he said. "It'll be easier to have a good talk there."

WITHOUT protest, Vail clambered out of the car. As he stumbled up the bank, he wiped his eyes and his nose on his sleeve. Up on the ridge he sat down, drawing Maud into his lap, and stared at the river.

"It's this way," Fabian said, lowering himself clumsily to the ground beside Vail. Fabian had been lame since birth. "I wanted to tell you I hated Sylvestre Tremaine, too. There are some people who are a lot like snakes and Sylvestre was one of them. Sammy Mudge is another. But Sylvestre Tremaine is dead. And there are ways of taking the fangs out of snakes even while they're alive. Did you know that?"

"No," Vail said, looking up with sudden interest.

"Well, there are. So forget about Tremaine and don't worry about Mudge. I don't know how you'd look at it, but I'd be mighty pleased if you'd try to pretend that I was your father. Just to yourself, I mean, and when you and I are together. Because, you see, I've always wished I were."

"Gee, Uncle Fabian—"

"I've wished it for two reasons, Vail. First, because I think you're a fine boy, and second, because I'd be mighty proud to have a boy like you for my son. I've got the nicest little girl in the world, but I'd have been awfully glad to have a boy, too. Every man wants to have a son—you'll find that out for yourself some day. So let's pretend I have, and that it's you. Shall we? Good, let's shake on it!"

Vail extended a grubby little paw and Fabian shook it hard. Then he went on holding it.

"Haven't you always thought your Aunt Cresside was the loveliest lady you ever knew?"

"Yes," Vail muttered.

"Well, you thought right, because she is. And she's your real mother. You and I'll talk about all this again some time soon. You needn't be afraid to ask me anything you want to, and I think I can explain lots of things to you, so you'll feel better about them. But now we've got to get back to Belle Heloise, where she wanted you to stay. And we've got to keep mum about this. Because it's our secret now. Right?"

"Yes, Uncle Fabian."

"Good. Come along. Maybe you'd give me a hand while we're going down over the bank. It's hard for me to manage alone, where the walking's rough. I'm going to count on you to help me over the rough places, Vail, when we're out together, after this."

May 1936—December 1936

"Hello, Auntie! I heard Uncle Fabian had gone to Washington again, so I came by to see whether you and Frances Belle wouldn't like to go to the Plaquemine Sugar Festival with me."

"Why, hello, Vail! I think that's a grand idea! But are you sure there isn't someone else you'd rather take?"

"I'm sure. You're still my best girl, Auntie. Come on."

Vail put a stalwart arm around Cresside's slim waist, hugging her hard and kissing her soft cheek resoundingly. He had never gone through a period of self-consciousness about demonstrating affection; he always embraced Sybelle and Joyeuse spontaneously and warmly.

At sixteen he was already taller than either Fabian or Gervais, and so powerfully built that he would have looked like a man except for his tousled black hair, the youthful glow of his skin, and the immaturity of his carriage and manner. Cresside ventured to smooth back one of the unruly locks which fell over his forehead, but she did not dare to straighten his flaming necktie or button his loosened shirt. He was touchy, and he did not like to have anyone fuss over him.

"I'll collect the brat while you're fetching your bonnet and shawl," he told her.

He and little Frances Belle were waiting in the car when Cresside came out. Vail handled his old rattletrap well and kept up a stream of conversation as they drove along.

"This ought to be a good show today. They've called it 'The Sweetest Story Ever Told.' Dad thinks that's silly, but I think it's keen. There'll be eleven floats and the maids for the queen's court of honor are being chosen by the schools from the different parishes. Some academies, too. I'm sorry Grand Coteau wasn't one of them. Syb ought to have stood a good chance of being picked for a maid, and she'd have got a great kick out of it."

"Do you think Sybelle's happy at Grand Coteau, Vail? I wasn't happy at Convent," Cresside said.

"You're darn right she isn't happy. But you know the folks wanted to get her where she wouldn't run into Rick Tramonte."

"Sybelle's awfully young, Vail, to be falling in love."

"Aw, come clean, Auntie! You know that if she'd gone overboard for somebody along the River Road, Dad would have said buh-less you my chee-ild—I mean my children. But Rick won't ever be anything but a Dago peddler's son to them because that's how Mr. Tramonte started. And now he's one of the richest men in Baton Rouge, even. Say, you got to go to some of the football games with me this fall, Auntie, and see Rick in action. He was the hottest sophomore fullback L.S.U. ever had, and made All-Southern."

He changed the subject. "Usually there are quite a lot of pretty girls at the Festival." He went on in a tone of unconvincing nonchalance, "There's going to be a girl from New Roads that's a knockout. She's the winner of one of the prizes the committee offered for the best essays on sugar growing. Gosh, if I was as smart as that girl, I wouldn't have anything to worry about. I could go to Princeton, like you and Uncle Fabian want me to."

"What is this girl's name?" Cresside inquired. She noticed, now, that Vail had slicked back his hair and buttoned his shirt.

"Susannah. Most of the crowd call her Sue, though. She's Susannah Prescott."

"Any kin to the Baton Rouge Prescotts?"

"No. She's a damn Yankee," Vail chuckled. "Her folks come from somewhere in New England—Connecticut, I reckon. Or maybe it's Vermont. It doesn't matter—one of those little states," he continued with Louisianian loftiness.

"Have they bought a place in New Roads?" inquired Cresside.

"Yes, one of those nice old houses facing False River. They've renamed it Salome. That was the name of one of Sue's great-grandmothers. It makes a nice name for a place, don't you think?"

"Yes, I do—for a place."

"I reckon you'll meet Mr. and Mrs. Prescott today." He slowed down and slipped one of his hands briefly into Cresside's. "If they ask you to go to see them, you'll say yes, won't you, Auntie?" There was a note of entreaty in his voice. "Of course I would have told Mom about Sue, except that Mom is so upset about Syb and Rick already. I knew she'd say I was too young, too. . . . I oughtn't to have told you you were still my best girl, Auntie, because you're not any more. Sue's my best girl now—that is, I want her to be. I want to get a job so I can start earning money myself and be independent. And I wanted you to come to the Festival so that you could see her."

"I'M hungry," Frances Belle announced when the final float of the parade had passed. "I want my supper. I'm tired. Can't we have supper somewhere, Vail?"

Vail looked at Cresside inquiringly. "It might not be such a bad idea, you know. We could go to Breaux' Restaurant and just sit there until it's time for the concert. Sit and eat too, of course."

The sidewalk was clearing now, and their progress was fairly rapid. In the restaurant Vail paused, looking quickly around.

"Oh, Auntie, there they are! Mr. and Mrs. Prescott, I mean! . . . Why, how do you do, Mrs. Prescott? How do you do, sir? Mrs. Prescott, this is my Aunt Cresside, Mrs. Fabian d'Alvery. And this is my little cousin, Frances Belle."

His voice rang with pride. Cresside acknowledged the presentation graciously, and Frances Belle hastened to drop a quaint curtsy. In return they were greeted with cordial civility. Three more chairs were quickly drawn up for them.

The Prescotts were both courtly, if reserved, of manner, and they were both dressed in beautifully tailored clothes. Vail, though he spoke to both with more obvious respect than Cresside had ever seen him display toward his elders before, apparently knew them well enough already to be comparatively at ease with them.

"I wanted Sue and Auntie to meet each other," he said. "Do you know where she is now, sir?"

"She's just gone to some friend's house to dress. But of course she must meet your aunt later on. . . . You're staying for the ball, I hope, Mrs. d'Alvery?"

"I'm afraid that would mean keeping Frances Belle up too late," Cresside began. Then, seeing Vail's expression of consternation, she added hastily, "But I suppose that wouldn't hurt her, for once."

"Then you'll see Sue in all her glory at the Community Club. Perhaps we can sit together . . ."

The conversation went on agreeably until Vail reminded them it was time they started to the outdoor band concert.

And when the final selection had been played and the evening parade hove in sight he clutched Cresside's arm excitedly.

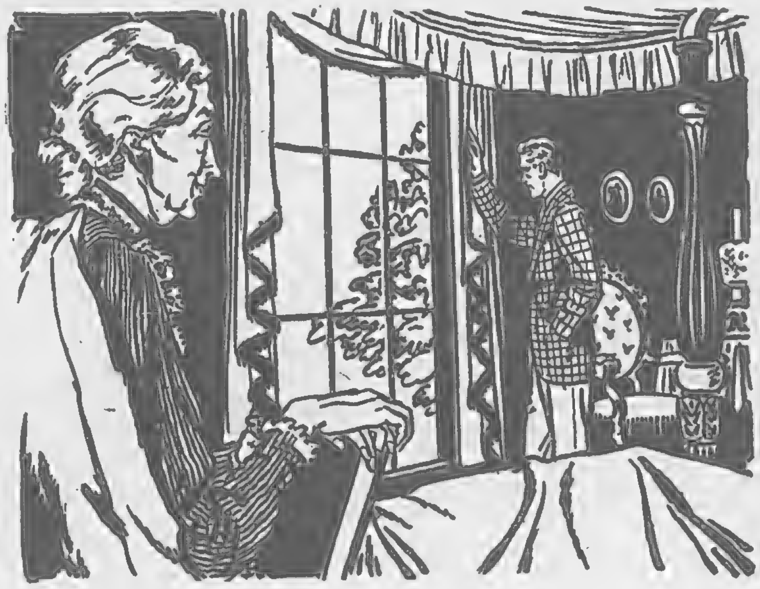
"There's Sue! Look, Auntie! Isn't she a knockout?"

Cresside murmured, "Lovely, darling!" with convincing enthusiasm, but the float had gone on before she had received more than a fleeting impression. Then Vail was no longer interested in the parade. He hurried them to the hall where the ball was to be held, lest all the best seats should be taken.

A string orchestra played while the audience was gathering, and then the Mayor of Baton Rouge made a speech which Vail obviously found interminable. At last came the presentation to the audience of each girl who had a part in the pageant.

Vail stirred in his seat and half rose, saying to Cresside, "I reckon it's time for me to be moving towards the stage. It'll be Sue's turn any minute now."

He went carefully past her and the Prescotts, nodding and smiling a little self-consciously, and edged his way along the side of the hall. He had said nothing about this part of the program, which was evidently the prelude to some sort of fancy dance; nothing about Susannah's selection of him as a partner. And suddenly Cresside felt a pang of pity for him. It meant so much to him, this meeting with Susannah, and it might mean so little to her! Vail was young to be hurt. . . .



"Miss Susannah Prescott of New Roads, representing St. Joseph's Convent. . . ." the Mayor was saying, and Cresside saw a slim girl who held herself very erect, and whose brown hair was parted smoothly in the middle. Her eyes were gray, her eyebrows and eyelashes almost black—striking in her otherwise pale little face. She had a small straight nose and a firm but shapely chin. At first she gave the impression of being very demure; but when she smiled and acknowledged her introduction, she showed bewitching dimples and her lashes curled coquettishly down over her delicate cheeks.

The curtsy she made was accomplished and graceful. Her colonial dress was of rich cream-colored grosgrain trimmed with ivory-tinted lace. Cresside guessed that both dress and lace had served as the bridal finery for one of Susannah's great grandmothers, perhaps the startlingly named Salome.

The girl walked slowly down the runway to meet Vail After that, Cresside saw nothing clearly until the Royal Dance was in progress, and Vail and Sue were circling the hall among the other maids and their escorts. They danced easily and well together, as if they had done it before and were accustomed to each other's ways. Every now and then the girl looked up with the arch expression for which Cresside was already beginning to watch, and said something which obviously pleased and amused Vail very much. Something about this carefree interchange of merriment struck Cresside as inexplicably poignant. She looked away from the dancers and belatedly turned to compliment the Prescotts on their daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Prescott commented favorably on Vail in return: he had so much vitality, and at the same time so much stability for a boy of his age. They were eager to see his twin; they had heard that Sybelle was really a beauty.

"Yes, there's no doubt of that," Cresside replied. "The younger children are delightful too, especially Phil. He's generally considered the flower of the family. But I mustn't run on like this about my young relatives. . . ."

The music came to a slow stop. Lingeringly, Vail's arm slid from Susannah's waist, and she started across the floor with him following her. When she reached the side, she faced Cresside with her bewitching smile, holding out a small shapely hand.

"I'm so glad you came to the Festival with Vail, Mrs. d'Alvery," she said. Her voice was cool and pleasant, like her parents', and she spoke with complete poise. "And is this Frances Belle? What a sweet little girl! No, please don't wake her!"

Susannah bent over the sleeping child, smoothing back a stray curl. "I've been wishing I could meet the rest of Vail's family, ever since he brought Phil to see me," she went on, straightening up again. "I hoped Phil would come to the Festival, but Vail says he wasn't interested. I'm afraid I didn't make much of an impression on him. But he did on me. I've kept telling Mother and Father that they might as well make up their minds that Phil's my fate, because I have. I'm going to wait for him to grow up."

WHEN Vail had taken Cresside and Frances Belle home he drove back into town instead of toward the River Road. He drew up at the little house behind the Fancy Grocery Store where Luigi and Netta Tramonte, in spite of their mounting prosperity, had continued to live and where their only son continued to live with them, instead of in barracks or at a fraternity house, while he attended the University. A few lights were still burning inside, and beyond an open window Vail could see Riccardo seated at a desk. He whistled. Riccardo jumped up and came to the door.

"Hello, there! What are you doing out at this time of night?"

"Hello yourself! I've been to the Plaquemine Sugar Festival. What are you doing *up* at this time of night?"

"Studying. The finals are getting too darn close for comfort."

"Hell, you should worry. You haven't got a mark below A minus all year."

"I'm not worrying. But I don't want to get anything lower than that next year either. . . . Come on in."

Vail did not wait to be asked a second time. When he did not return home from an evening's outing, it was assumed that he was spending the night at Aunt Cresside's. As no one ever brought up the question, he did not feel it necessary to disclose that far more frequently he was spending it at the Tramontes'.

"I could do with something to eat," Riccardo announced, latching the screen door. "How about you?"

"I sure could. I haven't had anything to speak of all day."

"I thought they had good food over in Plaquemine."

"Maybe they do somewheres. We couldn't find anything," Vail declared.

The two boys tiptoed to the immaculate kitchen and switched on the lights. Opening the huge white refrigerator they extracted the substantial remains of a twelve-pound beef roast, cut off thick rare slices, and made themselves bulky sandwiches. Reinforcing these with three-fourths of a chocolate layer cake, half of a dewberry pie, and two bottles of milk, they returned to Riccardo's bedroom.

"How was the dance?" Riccardo inquired, sitting down, his mouth full of sandwich.

"Swell. Aunt Cresside liked Sue a lot, too. At least she said so, and she's all set to be nice anyhow. The hitch will come with Mom and Dad and *grand'mère*. Especially *grand'mère*."

"How come?"

"I never knew it to fail. A fellow's family always says, why yes, of course she's a very nice girl, but still she isn't exactly the *sort* of girl that—"

Vail grinned, speaking in a mocking falsetto. Riccardo failed to return the grin.

"Anyway, they don't stop you from taking her to a dance," he said. "They can't, so long as her folks let her go. Now you take Syb and me, we can't even get to go to a dance together."

"I know. It's a dog-gone shame."

"I thought maybe I could take her to the junior prom this year. But I've just got a letter from her saying no soap."

"Gee, I'm sorry, Rick. If it was my say-so, she'd go with you, you know that. Anyway, it's a cinch no one can keep you from taking her to the senior ball. You're sure to be Colonel of the Corps next year, Rick, and if you choose Syb for Sponsor of the Regiment—"

"What do you mean, if? You know good and well I'd choose her. But there's nothing so certain about me being Colonel."

"Well, you're a Major already, aren't you? If you can get to be a Major when you're a junior, I don't see any reason why you can't get to be a Colonel when you're a senior."

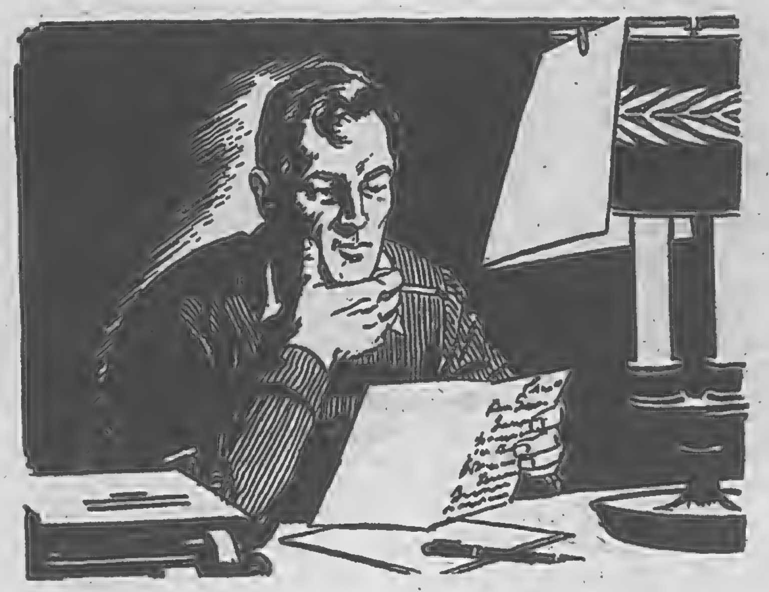
"You seem to overlook the little detail that there are four Majors and only one Colonel."

Vail did not attempt to deny it. Instead, he devoted himself to the dewberry pie.

"Anyhow, I've got one thing coming," Riccardo said. "At least, I think I have. I'm almost sure Father's going to give me a boat for a graduation present."

"Gee, that's swell. What kind of a boat?"

"Well, naturally I want a Gar Wood. I don't know whether it'll be a light cruiser or just a speed boat."



Vail whistled. "I should think a speed boat might hold you for a while, you lucky bum," he said enviously.

"Yeah. But if I got a light cruiser, then you and I could maybe go up north and bring her down the river ourselves. And maybe we could work it so as to take the girls out on it sometimes—Sue and Syb."

"Yeah, maybe we could. Especially if we could get Aunt Cresside on our side."

"You think your Aunt Cresside's tops, don't you?"

"You bet I do. There's nothing the matter with Mom though, or your mother, either."

They went on talking while they finished up their food and undressed. There were two cots in Riccardo's room and one of them was always in readiness for Vail. He was almost asleep when Riccardo, who was much more meticulous in his habits and therefore took longer to get to bed, spoke to him again.

"You know, I've been thinking, Vail. If there is a war, I'll get into it right away."

"How do you figure that out?"

"Because when I graduate I'll be a reserve officer with a Lieutenant's commission. I won't have to wait for a draft."

"Hell's bells, Rick, you talk as if you *wanted* us to get into a war."

"No, I don't want us to get into a war. But if we *do* get in—"

VAIL'S dog Maudie, a descendant of his childhood pet, came out to meet him. He put up his car in the shed and entered the Big House. It was nearly always quiet there, in "first evening," when Mom was still in the *garçonnière,* the smaller house nearby in which she and Dad had set up housekeeping and reared their family. Dad would be still in the fields and *grand'mère* would be resting.

Today it was even quieter than usual. Phil and Joyeuse had both gone to town and Franchot was in bed. Vail was very sorry for Franchot, the poor kid was sick such a lot. He decided to go over to the *garçonnière* and see if he could do anything to help pass the time for the little boy he called brother. He was on his way when *grand'mère* called him.

He went willingly enough into her boudoir. Enthroned as usual on her sofa, she indicated the Turkish chair beside it.

"Your Aunt Cresside came out to dinner this noon, Vail. She told us that you had taken her to the Sugar Festival."

"Yes, I did. I thought she got quite a kick out of it, too."

"She spoke of meeting a family named Prescott, from Boston, now living in New Roads. I am surprised you have never told us before of this new acquaintance, since apparently it is important to you."

"I didn't know it would seem important to you, *grand'mère.* If I had, I'd have been glad to tell you about it."

"It is important to me also."

"Well, there really isn't a lot to say. Except there's a girl I like and I reckon Aunt Cresside's told you that already."

"Yes. She was most favorably impressed with everything about her, but she mentioned something this girl had said at the end of the evening which seemed to me rather lacking in restraint."

Vail thought for a minute. "You mean the joke about Phil? Why Aunt Cresside didn't take that seriously! You mustn't either, *grand'mère.*"

He rose and walked over to the window. He had been glad to talk about Susannah until the subject of Phil had come up. He was slightly ashamed because he found this so irritating.

"Just hearing about Susannah isn't enough," he said. "I want you to invite her over here—with her father and mother. Aunt Cresside and Uncle Fabian are going over to Salome—that's their place—for one of the Sunday breakfasts the Prescotts have, and then I thought we could ask them all to Belle Heloise for Sunday dinner. Let's wait and talk about Sue after that, shall we?" He looked out of the window, and then he smiled. "I'll tell you what, *grand'mère,*" he said. "I'll bet you dollars to doughnuts that when you see her you'll say here's a girl, at last, good enough to be given a slip of your green rose!"

The so-called "green" rose which grew in the garden at Belle Heloise was of such extreme delicacy that its translucent white petals reflected the verdure of its foliage and actually seemed tinged with this color. The parent plant had come from a Sevillian courtyard, and there was not another like it in any garden on either side of the River Road. Vail knew that to Madame d'Alvery it was the symbol both of family tenacity and of family superiority. She had never given even a slip of it away.

THE indicated exchange of civilities between Belle Heloise and Salome began almost immediately, and a week later the two clans came together in full force, when the d'Alverys entertained the Prescott family at Belle Heloise.

By this time Sybelle was home for her summer vacation, and helped to welcome the guests. The household servants, scenting a budding romance and reveling in the prospect, outdid themselves to impress the Yankees and the city people with the sumptuous fare and skilled service to which their own white folks were accustomed. Madame d'Alvery presided in regal fashion at the head of a table covered with old lace and set with ancient silver.

The only members of the family group who did not endeavor to create a favorable impression were Frances Belle and Phil. Frances Belle was restless, and Phil was worse, he was rebellious. He had already made plans to go somewhere with his own crowd when he was informed that he was expected to be on hand for the Prescotts. Though he had stayed at home, it was with the mutinous resolution that he would show that prim, stuck-up little Yankee Vail had such a crush on just what he thought of her anyway.

Susannah, who had been secretly fearing that she would not have a chance to talk to him, was overjoyed to find that though Vail was on one side of her, Phil was on the other. Phil answered her in gruff monosyllables and spoke about nothing at all of his own accord; and as soon as dinner was over, he mysteriously disappeared for the rest of the evening.

When Mr. and Mrs. Prescott referred to it in the course of the drive home, Susannah quickly defended him. She did not believe he was feeling well. Someone had told her Franchot was not, but she thought that was a mistake; she thought it must be Phil instead.

While the Prescotts were discussing the d'Alverys, the d'Alverys were equally busy discussing the Prescotts. Sybelle told Vail, when they were alone, that she thought Sue was lovely and that she did not wonder he was crazy about her; but a minute later, her lips began to tremble and she asked him if he wondered she felt badly to think the whole family would break their necks, like this, to be nice to his girl and her family, when Riccardo and his parents were never asked to the house for so much as a cup of coffee.

"I wish I could do something to help, Syb. You know I think Rick's a grand guy. I'm going to try to work something."

Sybelle shook her head, her brimming eyes overflowing. "It's no use, Vail. I'll just have to wait. But I'll never look at anyone else, not if I live to be a thousand. And just as soon as I'm of age, I'm going to elope."

THOUGH Susannah came to Belle Heloise several times in early summer, it was Phil's company, not Vail's, for which she showed a marked partiality. Vail and Sybelle were frequently asked to Salome, but Phil was always included in these invitations.

Vail was as ready as anyone to admit Phil's superior attractions—the easy grace, the quick wit, the fluent speech, the laughing ways which he himself lacked. Phil had never gone through an awkward age. He danced well, he talked well, he wore his clothes well. There was a pleasing harmony between his brown hair and his hazel eyes and his delicately tanned skin.

During the summer Phil ceased to avoid Susannah or to treat her rudely, but he accepted her favors instead of seeking them, and there was a little condescension mingled with his carefree affability. If he and Susannah became separated from the others in the course of a sport which they all shared, such separations were either accidental, or maneuvered with great delicacy and adroitness by Susannah herself. Phil never instigated them.

In August Mrs. Prescott departed for Bar Harbor, taking Susannah with her. When she rejoined her husband in November she left her daughter with Boston relatives, to resume her studies at school.

As time went on and Susannah did not even answer Vail's letters, he grew touchy. His uncle Fabian was the only one who succeeded in reasoning with him during this period or persuading him to talk about his troubles.

"You know, I've always thought the only kind of girl who was worth having was the kind that was hard to get," Fabian said one day when the two were sitting on a log, resting during a dove hunt. "It took me five years to persuade your Aunt Cresside to marry me."

It had always been tacitly understood between them that they should refer to Cresside as Vail's aunt.

"Five years!" Vail exclaimed. "I should think you'd have gone nuts. Didn't you ever get low in your mind?"

"Lord, yes! Everyone gets low, every so often. And I didn't have anything definite to bank on for a long while. There wasn't any reason why I should have had—then or later, as far as that goes. You'd know that, just to look at me."

Fabian had never referred to his lameness since the first day he had asked Vail to help him down the levee bank. Now he put his hand on Vail's shoulder to steady himself as he rose.

"Time we were getting back, I reckon," he said. "See here, I don't want to run the subject of Princeton into the ground, but—"

"I've been meaning to tell you, I've decided to go after all—that is, if you still want me to and I can get in."

"Of course I still want you to and of course you can get in—at least you can if you really put your back to it and do some sure enough studying between now and next June. I even suggest that we cut down on all this Sunday hunting, much as I enjoy it—a good deal of work can be crammed into long week ends, as your friend Rick could tell you. By the way, I was glad to hear that he got his Colonelcy. I thought he would. I'm picking that lad to go straight on and up. But don't forget I'm picking you to do the same."

With his usual deliberation Vail turned this conversation over in his mind before he began to act upon it. Instead of plying Susannah with rambling and reproachful letters, he waited for one of her own brief and infrequent missives, and after allowing a week or so to elapse, answered it in kind.

Susannah answered it fairly promptly for her. But several weeks went by before she heard from Vail again, and she had actually begun to watch for a letter. When it finally came, it contained only a few lines:

Dear Sue:

This is just to say I was glad to hear from you, and that I would have written sooner except that Franchot is very sick and I can't seem to think of anything to say but that, because it's all I've got on my mind. You must excuse this measly little note.

Yours,
Vail.

He had a very sweet letter from Susannah in answer, and then the next few weeks were full of tragedy for the d'Alverys, for poor little Franchot did not recover from his illness. Susannah wrote again, telling Vail she had just heard about Franchot's death, and that she wanted to let him know how very, very sorry she felt for him. If there were anything at all that she could do. . . .

Spring 1937—Autumn 1943

Belle Heloise
May 26, 1937

Dear Sue:

I was very pleased to get your letter telling me about your school and everything and reminding me it was quite a while since I had written you. I know it is but I did not feel much like writing for a long time after Franchot died and Mom went away. I suppose you know she had a bad nervous breakdown and as she couldn't seem to get well at home or in a sanatorium, Dr. Champagne decided that perhaps a complete change would help and she has gone to Europe, taking Joyeuse with her, which of course leaves another hole, though we were all glad the kid could have such a swell chance.

Last week my friend Riccardo Tramonte graduated from L. S. U., so I broke down and went to the military commencement and it was quite a show. Then a review in the late p.m. and of course the military award program in the gymnasium. Rick got the highest award of all, the L. Kemper Williams saber, which is given annually to the best cadet officer. Rick has gone abroad now, the lucky bum. The Tramontes invited me to go along and Uncle Fabian and Aunt Cresside invited me too, but I figured I had better stick around here a while longer. I'll be gone soon enough anyway and the house seems pretty empty already to Syb without having anyone else lighting out of it.

To answer your question, Phil is fine.

Well, as I said before, there is really no news so I will close. As ever

Your affectionate friend,
Vail d'Alvery.

Belle Heloise
July 21, 1938

Dear Sue:

I got into Princeton after all and I'm coming East around Sept. 1st, maybe a little sooner. Uncle Fabian and Aunt Cresside are taking me on a trip to New York and New England then. We thought we might take in Bar Harbor somewhere along the line as we shall be motoring. Will you please let me know how late you will be in Maine yourself and whether your family would have any objections if we turned up? Of course we would stay at a hotel and we do not want to put you out at all but gee, it is nearly two years now since I have seen you and it sure would be swell if I could, at least I think so.

This spring Phil got through high school and Syb finished at Grand Coteau. Phil has decided to go to Tulane instead of L. S. U. He has been itching to get away from the plantation for a long time and he is crazy about New Orleans so Tulane is a logical choice. Syb is going to stay at home because *grand'mère* doesn't believe in college for girls and I don't believe Syb cared much about going anyway.

Rick is studying for his Master's at the Sorbonne. Mr. and Mrs. Tramonte are so proud of him they can hardly see straight. I go to their house once in a while to spend the night just like I did when Rick was home; it gives them a chance to talk about him, of course I might add it gives me a chance too.

Well, let me know about Bar Harbor as soon as you can because it really would be swell if I could see you there as I said before.

With my best,
Vail.

Blair Hall
Princeton University
January 12, 1939

Dear Sue:

Of course I was very much interested to get your letter saying you were going down to New Orleans for Mardi Gras. It is just my hard luck I won't be in Louisiana when you get there, but you will see Syb because she is going to spend three months with cousins in New Orleans.

I am surprised Phil didn't answer your letter, I reckon he's busy studying for his mid-years, or maybe as you say he never got it anyway, though just Tulane ought to reach him all right.

This is a grand place. I am majoring in American history, as that is what Uncle Fabian wanted me to do, but I may as well confess I seem to be getting a lot more out of the Civilian Air Pilot's Training.

As ever,
Vail.

Belle Heloise
September 4, 1939

Dear Sue:

I would have written before but I have spent most of my time lately listening to the radio at the Tramontes'. Now that Rick is back in Baton Rouge to stay—unless we get into this war ourselves, which he still says we will—there has got to be a showdown about having him at Belle Heloise and I'm going to have a try at thrashing the whole thing out with Dad and *grand'mère* after supper tonight. I have only got ten more days at home before I go back to college and naturally I want to see all I can of Rick during that time as I shan't get another chance until Christmas, and I don't propose to keep going to his house and never asking him to mine. Besides even if Dad and *grand'mère* won't consent to a formal engagement I want them to at least admit there's an "understanding" between Rick and Syb. Rick is getting a fine salary and earning it too, and Syb has had plenty of chances now to find out whether there might be anyone she would like better and there isn't. If a girl cared for me like she cares for Rick I'd be right in the seventh heaven. Of course I don't mean any old girl. I mean a very special girl and you know who.

We're thanking our lucky stars Mom didn't get caught in this European jam. She has had a swell job in Paris for two years now which she has enjoyed very much, and it has been fine for Joyeuse too; but she had quite a lot of piled-up leave so she decided to let her assistant go to the fall openings and spend her leave in Latin America. You see her work has to do with fashions and that sort of stuff and she thought it would be a good plan for her to see the native costumes in Peru, Bolivia, Guatemala, Mexico and what have you, to get new ideas.

Well, I hope I haven't bored you with all this talk about family matters, but you see I feel as if you were one of the family, at least you know I wish you were.

Phil has finally told Dad that he doesn't want to stay on the plantation. He wants to go into business in New Orleans. I thought of doing that myself for a while but it was not because I wanted to. It was because I thought maybe that would be the quickest way to make money. If I had a grand girl just waiting to marry me like Rick I might be thinking more about that, but as it is I'm not, and even if I were I know now I'd have to manage and so would my wife on what I could make at Belle Heloise because this is where I am going to stay.

As ever,
Vail.

Blair Hall
Princeton University
May 28, '41

Dear Sue:

I have just done something that seems mighty important to me so I hope it will seem that way to you too. Yesterday when I read Roosevelt's proclamation announcing an unlimited state of National Emergency something snapped inside of me and I sent in an application for enlistment in the Army Air Corps as a flying cadet. I don't believe I'll have much chance of making one of the summer courses, it's so late already. If I don't I'll go home as soon as I've taken my physicals; I have to go into New York for those—90 Church Street. Well, I don't suppose the address makes any difference to you, but somehow even that's exciting to me.

As ever,
Vail.

P.S. By the way, I don't think I wrote you before that Rick was called to active duty in Feb. . . .

TELEGRAM

ENID, OKLA.
MARCH 15, 1942

MISS SUSANNAH PRESCOTT
NEW ROADS, LOUISIANA

LEAVING IMMEDIATELY FOR ADVANCED SINGLE ENGINE TRAINING AT LAKE CHARLES. SORRY NOT TO SEE YOU ENROUTE BUT SHOULD HAVE BETTER LUCK DURING NEXT TWO MONTHS AS I SHALL BE MUCH NEARER YOU. MY BEST AS ALWAYS.

VAIL.

Gerstner Field, Lake Charles, La.
April 3, '42

Dear Sue:

I can't tell you how glad I am you're back at Salome at last. I began to think you were going to stay in Boston the rest of your life and of course I couldn't help wondering whether there might not be some special attraction keeping you there. I get one week-end off while I am here and this next one's it. Of course I'm heading straight to Belle Heloise and by the time you get this or very soon after, your mother'll be having one from *grand'mère* asking if you won't all come over and spend Sunday with us. And please remember that we mean it and that we want you the worst way.

I'm going to ask if you won't come to my graduation on the 20th of May. Uncle Fabian and Aunt Cresside are coming and bringing Frances Belle and Dad is bringing Syb and Joyeuse. It's even possible that *grand'mère* may come, so you see you'd have plenty of chaperones—worse luck, but I know your father and mother still go in for those in a big way. Of course if you like I will ask them too and I really think they might find it rather interesting. Let me know when you're coming and how many so I can make reservations at the Majestic.

Yes, Phil was drafted all right and sent to Camp Beauregard for processing. Now he's at Fort Bragg, near Fayetteville, North Carolina. I don't see why you don't hear from him direct. Rick's still at Shelby but doesn't think it'll be long now. Gosh, I wish he and Syb could have got married before he pushed off. I don't need to add I hope I can.

As ever,
Vail.

Army Air Force Aerial Gunnery School
Harlingen, Texas
August 1, 1942

Dear Sue:

Of course I was interested to hear that you had stopped off at Fayetteville to see Phil on your way North, and I agree with you that your parents have made a lot of progress towards a more enlightened viewpoint about chaperones and am glad you could take advantage of it. Just the same I'd like to have got the good of this change of heart myself and I sure was disappointed that you didn't get to Lake Charles. You see, I'd counted on having you pin my wings on for me, and though I was glad to have Aunt Cresside do it, if you couldn't, still it wasn't quite the same. . . .

Harding Field
December 10, 1942

Dear Sue:

This is Phil's twenty-first birthday and I sure wish we were together for it because he is already overseas, the lucky stiff. Somewhere in Northern Ireland, I think, but of course all we have is his A.P.O. number. I was sure I was going to get across after Harlingen, especially as I asked for overseas duty, but when my orders came through—well, just look at the top of this page and you'll see that it has taken me 13 months of the hardest kind of training to get as far as home. Of course, it's nice in a way to be near the folks and I can run out to Belle Heloise every evening. Right now I'm taking what is called an indoctrination unit course along with about 600 others. I haven't the faintest idea how long they'll keep me here; probably until I trip over my long white whiskers.

As ever,
Vail.

P.S. Don't you think you could make it over here for just one week-end at Christmas time?

Belle Heloise
September 18, 1943

Dear Sue:

It's the same old routine that I've written to you till you must be as sick of it as I am. Our squadron of P-47s is the hottest one in the entire Air Force. Maybe that's why they're keeping us here. Any time we get to Europe and Fatso Goering hears about it, the *Luftwaffe* will quit and the war will be over.

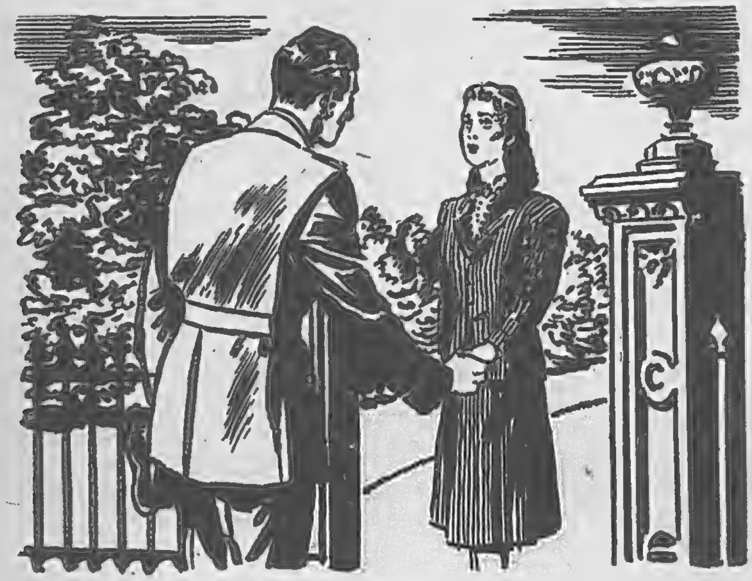
Phil is in England and no doubt has got hot and cold running girls in every shire. He's griping because his outfit missed the North African show, Sicily, Italy and all the rest of the good clean innocent fun in the Mediterranean. He should be in my shoes; then he'd really have something to gripe about.

As ever,
Vail

Harding Field
October 15, 1943

Dearest Sue:

Well, they've come through at last—of course I mean the overseas orders. I've had final physicals, made my last will and testament and now I'm getting 10 days leave. After that I'm to report to the staging area and receive my equipment. Then I'll be on my way almost any moment.



So this won't be a long letter. It's just to tell you the news and ask you if you won't marry me. Not whether you'll think it over. Whether you won't just do it, straight off. We could crowd a lot of business into 10 days, honey, if you would. I know there wouldn't be time for the kind of wedding you'd like to have. But does that matter such a lot, at least, if you care? You could wear that dress of your great-grandmother's that you wore at Plaquemine, couldn't you? Please try hard to say yes, and say it quick. Please, Sue. Please, darling. If you only knew how much I love you and how hard I'd try to make you happy I'm sure you would.

As ever,
Vail.

Autumn 1943—Autumn 1944

"This is the next best thing, isn't it, Vail?"

"Yes, it's the next best thing. But you know it wasn't the next best thing I wanted. It was the very best. Don't you think, Sue, that even now—I've still got two more days. We could get married tomorrow. We could—"

"Please hush, Vail! People are staring at us."

"Let's get out of here then, and go some place where they can't."

He rose, pushing back his chair abruptly and signaling to their waiter. They had dined at the Court of the Two Sisters and stayed on for dancing afterwards. After every dance Vail had proposed again, lightly and casually at first, more and more urgently as the evening wore on.

Susannah had answered his last desperate letter very gently. She wished she could say yes, she told him. He must not think it was because she would miss a big wedding, if she married him straight off; she knew things like that did not matter, when you really cared. But that was the trouble. She didn't really care—at least not enough to marry him. She thought the world of him and all of that. And he mustn't blame her father and mother. She had told them about his letter and they had both said they would be willing. They were very fond of him too. It was just that she didn't love him the way he wanted. And it wouldn't be fair to marry him.

Vail had gone to Cresside and Fabian after hearing from Susannah, and they had invited the girl to spend a week with them at the apartment in New Orleans they had taken because Frances Belle, their daughter, had so many friends there. Susannah had accepted by return mail and had joined them there the following day. As there were only three bedrooms at the apartment, Vail took a room at the Monteleone hotel, and he had slept there for a few hours each night; the rest of the time he had spent with Susannah. Through forbearance on his part and tact on hers they had managed, so far, to keep their association merry and casual. Now Susannah realized that it could not be kept like that any longer.

"Where do you want to go next?" Vail asked as they left the dance floor.

"I suppose I might suggest that you take me home to the apartment. We could sit on the gallery. It's warm."

"We could at that. I don't see why neither of us thought of it before."

THE pleasant stillness of the apartment suggested that no one had waited up for them. They went out on the gallery as the Cathedral clock struck midnight and the notes vibrated and trailed off into silence. Vail came closer to Susannah and put his arm around her.

"Sue!" he said imploringly.

She freed herself gently, but when he tried to take her hand, after they were seated, she let him.

"I've got to tell you, Vail, why I can't marry you, why you must stop asking me to. I hoped I wouldn't have to, but—I don't love you, Vail. I've kept telling you that all along and you wouldn't listen. Perhaps you'll listen if I tell you I belong to someone else."

"No, I shan't. Because if you were engaged to someone else you wouldn't be out here with me."

"I didn't say I was *engaged* to anyone else, Vail."

"Well, good Lord, you're not trying to tell me you're *married*, are you?"

He laughed lightly, and leaned over to give her the kiss she had so long managed to evade. She drew away.

"I've been secretly married for nearly a year."

"No one would marry you and keep it a secret. No one would want to."

"My—my husband did, Vail. He wouldn't marry me unless I promised to keep it a secret. And—and I wanted him so much I didn't care what terms I married him on, just so I could do it."

"The miserable sneak! The—"

"Oh Vail, stop—please stop! You mustn't talk about him like that! I'm—I'm married to Phil."

Vail dropped Susannah's hand and leaped to his feet. He said hoarsely, "You couldn't be! No Army chaplain would marry you secretly and no civilian priest either. Besides, you'd be using Phil's name now, you'd be getting part of his pay, you'd be living at Belle Heloise waiting for him to come back—"

"Vail, we were married by a Justice of the Peace. Phil—persuaded him not to let anyone know."

"You mean he bribed this damn rascal not to record the marriage?"

"Vail, please—it wasn't Phil's fault. It was mine."

"You'll have hard work making me believe that, Sue."

"But it was. You see, Phil knew I was in love with him. I don't mean because I ran after him. You know I did. But I mean I told him so, too. And the last time I went up to Fort Bragg, he said, hell, if I felt that way about it, maybe we better get in a week end together before he was sent overseas."

She tried to take Vail's hand, but he snatched it away.

"I told him I couldn't. I know lots of girls do go off for week ends, nice girls too, and I don't blame them, if that's the only way they can be with the men they love and they're satisfied with that much. But I wanted to know I had a right to Phil for always. So I said I was sorry, but I just couldn't. Phil made fun of me at first. But at last he said all right, if I was going to be stubborn about it, we would get married, if I'd promise to keep it a secret.

We couldn't go to a priest because it would take too long to get married that way. You see, I'm an Episcopalian. He said that the chaplain at camp was a tartar and that it was a Justice of the Peace or nothing.

"So we went to the Justice's house. It was a horrid little place. But I didn't mind. At least I didn't mind much. And then that terrible hotel. We had to sit in the lobby, because there wasn't a vacant room. We waited and waited. I'll never forget the soldiers who came in or the girls who were with them.

"Finally an M. P. came through the revolving doors and went around stopping in front of each man in the lobby. When he came to Phil he inspected his pass and then said, 'Report back to camp immediately.' Phil looked at me and muttered under his breath, 'Well, we don't get our week end after all. Not this one, anyway. And it sounds to me as if we wouldn't be getting one for a long while. Unless I'm all wet, my outfit's pushing off ahead of time. Remember, you're not going to say anything about this little fling of ours till the war's over.' "

"You mean you haven't seen him since then?"

"No. The M. P. came back and looked at me and asked if he could be of any service. Phil said, 'Thanks a lot. I'd be ever so glad if you'd take her to the station.' Then he said good-by to me right there and I didn't hear from him again for a month and by that time he was overseas. He'd been alerted right away, just as he expected. Of course he writes to me now, once in a while. But he's never said anything about our being married in any of his letters. They all come addressed to Miss Susannah Prescott."

HER voice broke and she bent her head. So she did not see the swift relief that came into Vail's face. Then she looked up again and went on unflinchingly.

"I've always loved being with you. And I thought, just these last few days, it would be all right. I thought I could do that much for you. I didn't think it would be unfair to Phil—"

"Unfair to Phil!" He seized her hands again, this time holding them so tightly that she could not draw them away from him. "Look here, Sue, you're not married to Phil. You're not married to anybody. Remember you're engaged to me and don't take any more long chances."

"Vail, you know I can't be engaged to anyone. You know I *am* married to Phil. Everything's going to be all right as soon as he gets back, as soon as I have a chance to talk with him—"

"I'm going to have a talk with Phil myself, maybe sooner than he thinks, and I'll make it mighty clear to him what he's got to do next. And don't you ever say again that you love him. If you did, I might choke you. And I'd a lot rather kiss you. What's more, I'm going to."

Susannah did not struggle against him, but she managed to withdraw her real self so completely that he embraced only its image.

"I think we better not try to talk any longer," she said. "Good night. Good-by, rather. You're going back to Belle Heloise in the morning, aren't you?"

"No, not till afternoon. And I thought maybe you'd come with me, Sue. I thought we'd go by the River Road all the way. It's a beautiful drive. You've never taken it, have you? I want to show it to you."

"I'm sorry, Vail," she said. "If we took a long drive together, you might try to kiss me again."

"No, I won't, Sue. Look at me."

His eyes met hers steadfastly. For a moment she hesitated. "Do you mean you wouldn't do it tomorrow and the next day, or do you mean you wouldn't ever do it again?"

"The only thing I'm promising is that I won't kiss you again against your will, and that I won't talk to you again about marrying me until you're convinced yourself that you're free."

"But I don't *want* to marry you!"

"You will, some day."

He spoke with complete conviction.

Susannah's latent anger flared into sudden flame. "I'll never marry you, I'll never want to. Don't try to see me again. Don't write to me either. Good-by."

"Aren't you even going to wish me good luck?"

"Yes, of course I wish you good luck," she said more gently. "The best in the world."

"Then you're wishing that I'll persuade you to marry me."

She made a small deprecatory gesture. "You see, it's hopeless to try talking. Good-by again, Vail. And—well, the best of luck to you in everything else."

Without speaking again, she went into the house.

After Vail got to his hotel and into bed, he tossed about restlessly for an hour or so; but he finally fell into a deep and dreamless sleep, and when he waked, the sun was streaming into his room. He fumbled for his wrist watch; the small luminous hands were pointing to eleven. He jumped up, shaved, showered and dressed in record time, and went down to the coffee shop for breakfast.

No use hanging around, with Susannah feeling the way she does now, he told himself conclusively. *Better have the extra time at home. I'd rather see the River Road alone than not see it at all before I leave. I might as well get started.*

He climbed into his car and waved a cheerful good-by to the attendant who had brought it around. It was just one o'clock when he came in sight of the Huey Long Bridge, and, swinging halfway around the traffic circle below it, saw the road home stretching out ahead of him. He actually forgot Susannah for a moment. He remembered only that this was his own countryside, that he loved it beyond any other part of the world.

At this moment Susannah, angrier than she had been at any time during the evening before, was engaged in futile argument with a telephone operator at the hotel he had just left.

"But Lieutenant d'Alvery can't have checked out. He told me himself he wasn't leaving till afternoon. Yes, I do want you to ring his room again. Yes, I do want you to have him paged in the coffee shop and in the lobby. You better try the garage too, he might have gone down there to see about his car. . . . All right, I will leave a message. Tell him that Miss Susannah Prescott would be very glad to meet him at Antoine's for lunch at one-thirty and that she'll drive up to Belle Heloise with him this afternoon. B-E-L-L-E H-E- oh, never mind! Just say, up the River Road. At least you must know how to spell that!"

Susannah was very seldom so rude to anyone. But then, she seldom had been so upset.

IT was a perfect day, and Vail was in no mood for haste. He wanted to loiter along, looking at every beautiful sight on the way, so that his memory of it would still be fresh and vivid when he was a long way off. He had come up the River Road to watch the lovely light on the levee; the undulating effect of the road twisting around this; the peaceful cattle grazing there and the massed clouds overhead. He had come to see the lush vegetation, the clustering cabins, the Negroes loitering along, the old limestones which had once served as filters for the muddy river water. He had come to meet the great sugar trucks, shaped like assault boats, menacing as they loomed up ahead, overladen, shedding stray stalks of cane in their thunderous progress.

But he could not go a mile without confronting some reminder that this region, once so rich that it was called The Grand Parade of the Deep South, was sinking further and further into desuetude; and with each reminder he resolved afresh, almost savagely, that once the war was over he would not rest until he had done his utmost to waken it to new life and new productiveness, and that Susannah should help him to do this. His love for her and his love for the land seemed more and more closely linked the further he went. . . .

When he neared Belle Heloise he pressed his foot down on the accelerator and went over the remaining stretch of road at unpatriotic speed. And then he was bucking forward through the crepe myrtles as he swung past the iron gate leading to the yucca-bordered path and made the sharp turn that took him up to the right of the house. He saw it rising before him in all the loveliness of its lighted windows and galleries, its gracious symmetry, its uncluttered spaciousness, its welcome warmth. What did it matter if desolation reigned elsewhere along the River Road as long as this survived?

Before he was half out of the car Sybelle had run out and flung her arms around his neck and Maudie was leaping around his legs. He kissed Sybelle heartily, gave Maudie a quick pat, and they made their way across the gallery.

"I thought Sue was coming home with you, Vail!"

"I thought so too. But she said good-by to me in New Orleans."

"Oh . . . I was looking forward to seeing her. . . . Joyeuse has gone to bed, but *grand'mère's* still awake, Vail. She thought Sue was coming with you too. She'd planned to give her a slip from the green rose."

"That's darn nice of her. She's never given one to anybody before, has she? I'll go and thank her."

"I think it would please her a lot."

As Vail approached his grandmother's room, Madame d'Alvery turned her head on her great square pillows and looked towards the shutter door. When it opened, and she saw that Susannah was not there, she turned away again, in obvious disappointment, and looked fixedly at the slip from the green rose, rising from a vase on her night table. Vail came over to her and put his hand on her shoulder.

"I'm sorry that you're disappointed, *grand'mère,*" he said. "I'm disappointed too. But you keep that slip where you can take good care of it. Some day Susannah'll be here to get it."

NEXT morning, very early, the realization that this was Vail's last day at home roused both him and Sybelle. While they were having breakfast together, Vail said, "I wanted to ask you how much longer you were going to let the family keep you from marrying Rick, hoping you wouldn't say, none of my damn business."

"I've never said that to you, Vail, have I, about anything? . . . I can't very well marry Rick, though, while he's out in the Solomons."

"His division's sure been through a terrific campaign and I've heard rumors it was going to be rewarded with a rest on Guadalcanal, and that a few men are getting sent home. 'Secret missions' I believe the usual reason is. Steady there—I only think there is a chance he *might* be coming."

Sybelle gripped the table hard. Then she leaned across it and whispered, "If he does get sent back I'll marry him straight off. Even if I have to elope with him. If I have a chance like that, a chance I've hardly dared pray for—"

He pressed her hand and rose, saying, "I'm mighty glad you told me, Syb. You marry Rick as soon as he gets here, no matter how hard anyone tries to stop you. Don't elope either. Don't—don't do it as if you were ashamed of it. It'll mean a lot to him to have you act as if you're proud of it. I—I happen to know. Keep your chin up, Syb. Be a fighting lady. Remember I'm betting on you."

"I will, Vail. Thanks a lot. And there's something I want you to remember too."

"What's that?"

"That I think more of you than of anyone else in the world except Rick."

Late that afternoon Vail went into town to see Aunt Cresside. He whistled as he went up the walk, and Frances Belle came rushing out to meet him. A young man followed closely behind her and held the door open for her.

"Hello, brat!" Vail said casually. "What's cooking?"

"Nothing much . . ." She introduced Punt, a red-headed, freckled young man with a pleasant face, whose surname remained undisclosed. Vail nodded in the general direction of the inoffensive visitor and asked, "Uncle Fabian here?"

"No, he hasn't come home yet. Mother's in the garden. She said to tell you to come on out there. . . . Look, Vail, Punt and I were just starting to a show. Will you be here when we get back?"

"I reckon not. I have to report at Harding Field in—" he looked at his watch—"fifty-five minutes."

"So long then. Happy landings!" They kissed each other casually, and she darted off down the walk with her red-headed escort in close pursuit.

Vail walked through the house to the garden. Cresside, in a white dress, was lying on a chaise longue with her hands clasped in front of her. Her face was very white too, and for the first time Vail noticed that she did not look young any more. She looked up at him and smiled.

"Hello, Vail."

"Hello, Auntie."

He pulled up a chair and sat down beside her. All day he had been trying to find time for all he wanted to say—to Sybelle, to everyone. But now, when there were only a few minutes left, he could not think of anything to say and he knew he could not have talked in any case. He had a lump in his throat.

"Uncle Fabian isn't here?" he managed at last.

"No. He's very sorry. He said to tell you good-by for him."

Suddenly Vail knew Fabian had stayed away to give them their last few minutes to themselves. Then it occurred to him that Frances Belle had gone out for the same reason.

Silence fell. Vail guessed that Cresside was remembering him as a baby. Probably she was recalling the first parting between them and telling herself she was thankful she had not known then that a still harder one was ahead.

"I'll write you as often as I can, Auntie. But you mustn't worry if you don't get lots of letters. I don't suppose I'll have much time."

"No, I don't suppose you will."

Words were sticking in her throat too. He made a desperate effort.

"Auntie, you know I think an awful lot of Susannah. I'd hoped she'd marry me before I left. If there's anything you and Uncle Fabian can do for her while I'm gone—"

"Of course, Vail. We'll keep in touch with her. She's a lovely girl. We're very fond of her ourselves."

"I'm worried about Syb too. If I only knew she and Rick could get married—"

"They ought to, of course. I'll do everything I can to help them, dear."

"Thanks a lot. Well . . . I reckon I have to be going, Auntie."

"I know, Vail. I'll walk with you as far as the house."

She put her arm through his. They went slowly across the terrace together, and she did not pause on the way or fall back, nor did she begin to cry as he had been afraid she might at the last moment. Her face was whiter than ever, but it was composed. When they reached the door he looked at her and saw that her eyes were calm too. They were very bright, as if tears were somewhere behind them. She looked at him with so much love glorifying her face that all the sadness was hidden.

"Aunt Cresside," he said softly. Words came freely at last, just before he bent his head to kiss her. "I've always wished you were my mother. Ever since I can remember. It's not that I don't love Mom too. But I feel so much closer to you. I feel as if we had always belonged to each other, as if we always would, whatever happens."

The blue-veined lids veiled her eyes, the long black lashes fluttered on her white cheeks. But in a moment she looked at him with that clear bright gaze.

"Thank you for telling me that before you went, darling."

"I had to. Good-by. . . ."

He could not add "Aunt Cresside" this time.

FOR several weeks after Vail's departure, Sybelle waited. With cheerfulness she went on with her Red Cross work, dropped in almost every day to see the Tramontes, devoted her evenings to her grandmother, Madame d'Alvery, and every night wrote a letter to Rick.

Then the thrilling news came through that Rick had been awarded the Bronze Star for "meritorious services during the preparatory training and combat action" both at New Georgia and at Bougainville; and almost immediately Madame d'Alvery received a visit from Rick's father.

Luigi Tramonte was dressed in dark, well-tailored clothes, and his snow-white hair, black brows and bronzed skin combined to make his appearance very striking. His keen eyes met hers with no evasion or abashment as he answered her coldly civil inquiry as to the reason for his insistence on seeing her.

"Madame d'Alvery, I have-a to talk to you about my Riccardo."

"Your son?" Madame d'Alvery asked still more coldly. "Is he in trouble?"

"Riccardo ain't-a never no trouble," Luigi retorted proudly. "Verra, verra good son. Credit to his mamma, too. Gooda sons, they most generally gooda husbands. Greata credit to any family. To his school and his college. To his country. How many boys you know, Majors when they make-a twenty-seven? How many boys you know getta Bronze Star for Meritorious Service?"

"I was aware that your son had won promotions very rapidly, Mr. Tramonte. But I still do not see—"

"Madame d'Alvery, you know my Riccardo love-a your granddaughter Sybelle. You know he always love-a her, ever since she was a leetla girl. You thinka my Riccardo not good enough for your granddaughter. Well, I don'ta say anything then, not for a longa time. I don't wanta my fine boy force his way any place he ain'ta welcome—I tella him so, he feela justa the same—I thinka maybe he get over loving Sybelle too, maybe when she ain't a leetla girl any more, she treata him different. But Sybelle, she ain'ta no stuck-up piece. She's a real woman. She's good enough for my Riccardo just like he's good enough for her. Sybelle and Riccardo, they waita too long already, cause the Tramontes they too proud to force-a their way places they ain'ta welcome. We done wrong to be so proud. Now you and me we gotta see Sybelle and my Riccardo getta married before he sent off to more Jap islands.

"When you gotta just one boy, you can't helpa but think whata it would be like if he didn't never come-a back. You can'ta help wanta he should getta bambino of his own before it's too late. You can'ta help but wanta he should be happy while he can. You make up your mind he's going to be. That's why I come-a to talk to you. We alla know, we Tramontes, same all as you d'Alverys, when young folks wanta get married, old folks needa talk about it too."

"Yes, under normal circumstances. For instance, if my son, Colonel d'Alvery, and I had thought it would be advisable that Sybelle should marry the son of one of our neighbors on the River Road—"

"Not so many neighbors on the River Road no more, Madame d'Alvery. Most big places been empty this long while back. I drive-a up to Hathaway Hall when I come-a here to Belle Heloise just now. My, my, does that house looka bad! And that was a fine place, finest on the River Road, when I first come-a here, selling candy from a basket on my back!"

Madame d'Alvery spoke a trifle hurriedly. "Both my son and I have the greatest respect for your industry and initiative, Mr. Tramonte, and we admire your son's character and his patriotism. We can even understand why Sybelle as a child and as a young girl should have been so much attracted to him; he is very handsome, he has very good manners and he inspires confidence. But we cannot help feeling that as she grows older she will be happier with someone whose background is like her own."

"Whata you meana by that, background, Madame d'Alvery? More money, better moral example, more family happiness than we Tramontes?"

MADAME d'ALVERY winced. It was an incontestable fact that while the d'Alverys were getting deeper into debt, Luigi had been getting richer and richer, and the Tramontes had become more and more respected. While she was groping for the right retort, Luigi went on.

"Maybe you thinka Riccardo not have nice enough house for Sybelle. I thought of that myself. Me and my Riccardo both know, ladies like Sybelle, they oughta have nice houses to live in. We're going on with the same old family traditions you thinka so much of, giving fine places to our children for their wedding presents! I take the agent for that Hathaway Hall right out there with me today, I pay him cash for it— But the deed, thata made out to my Riccardo.

"Sybelle, she'll have a nice time fixing up that place when my Riccardo's gone. But first— My Riccardo, he gonna have a short leave right away, Madame d'Alvery. I gotta telegram in my pocket, too, right alongside the deed—Sybelle, she came-a over to our house from the Red Cross this morning. She gotta telegram too. She say she ain't gonna to wait any longer, no matter if the Tramontes are proud! It's better, don'ta you think so, our children have a nice-a wedding at St. Agnes' and alla their friends coming here for a party at Belle Heloise afterwards, than they run off together and get married? You and I, we gotta make up our minds right now!"

EARLY in April Rick arrived and the wedding took place. After his brief leave, Rick had to go back to Bougainville, but he was transferred from the Infantry to the General Staff Corps. By late summer he was still on Bougainville. The operational officer returned to the States on longer leave than Rick had been given, and Rick assumed the full duties of the office. He had been awarded the Bronze Star, and Sybelle knew every word of this citation by heart, and she often repeated it softly to herself now, as she knitted for the baby she knew was coming.

From Vail there came—to Cresside—a brief note written on D-Day and another two weeks later. Then weeks went on with no word from either Vail or Phil.

At last a form letter came through from the War Department with the news that Sergeant Philogene d'Alvery had been slightly wounded in action on August 10 and was placed in an evacuation hospital awaiting transfer to a United States hospital plant in England. A surge of relief engulfed the family, and a few days later a very brief letter came from Phil himself which claimed his only worry was he would never be able to show the scar even after he got to the point where he could once more sit down in comfort.

Shortly after this communication came to Belle Heloise, Cresside appeared at an unaccustomed hour, her face preternaturally bright. Another letter from Vail had come through at last, and she'd brought it out to share it with them.

"'Dear Auntie,'" she read aloud.

"'I'm terribly sorry it's been so long between letters but I'm mighty busy these days. Of course I can't tell you where we've been or much of what we've been doing, except that our outfit and others like it have the big job of paralyzing communications. It isn't like in the old days when we had the bombers to protect against fighter opposition. By the way, I got my first confirmed enemy plane the other day, an ME-110. Also I've caught my second oakleaf cluster to the air medal, but think nothing of it. They're as easy to catch as the common cold, even in this climate. But as you'll see by the wording on the left-hand corner of this envelope, you should make a slight change in addressing your next letter.'"

She held up the envelope. "Look! '*Captain* Vail d'Alvery,' and so on and so on!" she exclaimed. "It's exactly like Vail to write about it all that way, isn't it?"

On a sunny, mellow day in late October, Vail came home on leave. He had sent no word ahead of his arrival, and he found Gervais d'Alvery alone in the house. For a moment they clung to each other wordlessly.

After the first moments of talk Gervais inquired, "You didn't hear anything from Phil before you left England, did you?"

"Yes, I've heard, indirectly." Vail spoke with extreme gentleness.

Gervais looked up quickly, with sudden fear in his eyes. "You mean he's worse? You can't mean. . ."

"He's dead. At least, I haven't any proof of it. Nobody has. Nobody ever will have. That's why you haven't heard from the War Department. There wasn't any way you could be notified, officially."

Gervais gripped the arms of his chair and turned his head away. At last he managed to speak. "I want to hear all you do know."

"One of those damned rocket bombs hit the hospital where Phil was. The record room went along with one entire wing and most of the official personnel, so there was no way to check. About all that they could do was to take a list of the names of those who were still alive."

"Then there is still a possibility—"

"I'm afraid not, Dad," Vail said gently. "I've done a rotten job of breaking this, I know."

"No, Vail, you've done the best you could. There isn't any easy way or any good way, to tell a man he's lost the only son he had"—Gervais stopped abruptly, recognizing the disclosure in his words. Vail put out his hand.

"It's all right, Dad," he said. "I've known ever since I was nine years old."

"But how—"

"We could talk about that some other time, couldn't we? Of course I'll do just as you want. But it seems to me all I need to say right now is that I feel you've always treated me as if I were your son, that no real father could have been any kinder to me or meant any more to me. And I'll do my best to carry on here, the way you'd have wanted your own sons to do it, if they'd lived. It won't be the same for you, or for Mom, of course. It can't be. But the girls won't ever know. The world won't ever know. And after all, Dad, I love this place."

"Yes," Gervais said, slowly. "I know you do. And I've every reason to feel proud of you, Vail." He paused. "This place has belonged to us a long time, though," he went on painfully. "And this is the end of a dynasty."

"But it isn't. Don't forget, Dad, my mother's a d'Alvery. So am I."

For a moment they faced each other silently and steadily. Then Gervais bowed his head before Vail's unflinching gaze.

Vail spoke to him from the door. "I reckon you'd like to be by yourself for a little while. If Mom comes in before I leave, I'll tell her you specially want to see her."

"Before you *leave*—but, Vail, you're not leaving!"

Gervais was alert again, and alarmed. He knew he should have responded wholeheartedly to Vail's appeal. Surely, at such a time as this. . . .

"Oh, not for good!" Vail was saying now. "I'm going to drive over to Salome to try to persuade Susannah Prescott to come home with me. Of course I know you wouldn't want me to bring her here, right now. But Aunt Cresside said it would be all right to take Susannah to her house. You don't mind, do you? I mean, on account of Phil? Because I want to have most of my thirty days at home, but still I want to see as much as I can of Susannah. You must know how that is, Dad."

For the first time Gervais looked back at the boy with something like a smile on his somber face.

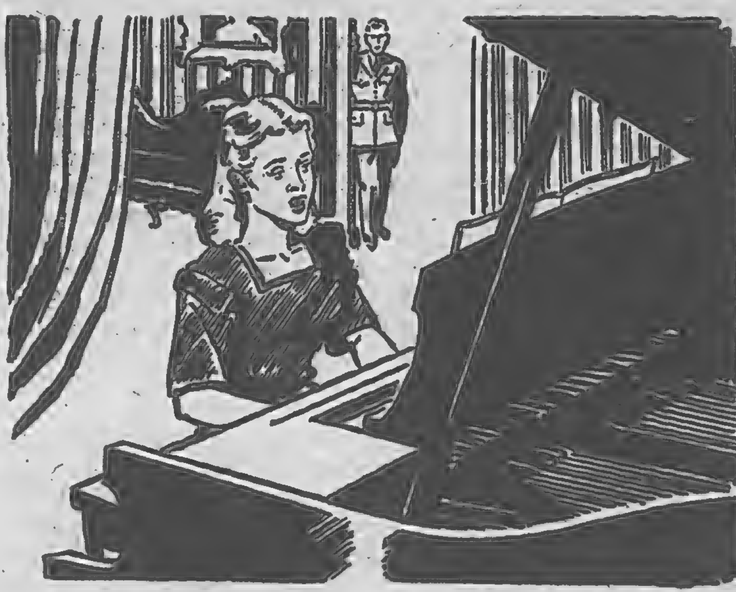
"Yes, I know how it is," he said. "And if you'd rather have Susannah stay here, after tonight, we'll do our best to make her feel welcome. She was very fond of Phil herself."

VAIL turned in between the sturdy entrance gates of Salome and wound his way quickly through the cedars bordering the drive, to the hip-roofed house, standing four-square behind its hedge of Cherokee rose. In the drawing room someone was at the piano singing an old song. Before he saw her, Vail knew it must be Susannah. He waited until she had finished before he went up on the gallery. He could see her quite plainly and beyond her the dim lines of her parents seated at the rear of the room.

Vail looked at Susannah with hungry eyes. Her face was lovely and serene. She had on a very simple blue dress, with a square-cut neck and elbow sleeves and she was not wearing any jewelry. When she finished her song she rose and moved to the front door, which led directly into the drawing room. It was almost as if Vail had called her and as if she were answering.

He spoke very gently. "It's Vail, Sue. I've come home."

"I'm glad to see you, Vail," she answered, just as quietly. "I've missed you. But not as much as if I hadn't always known you'd come sometime."



Through all the days and nights since her frantic and fruitless telephone call from Cresside's apartment, Sue's honest mind had gradually shown her that her marriage to Phil had been in no sense a marriage. She knew now that Phil had merely fascinated her, that she neither trusted nor respected him. But Vail. . . .

She moved across the gallery and gave him her hand.

"I just came in this afternoon. I've got thirty days' leave," he went on, holding her hand fast. "I hoped you'd go back with me tonight, so I wouldn't miss any of the time I might have with you. I don't mean to Belle Heloise. I can't take you there just now. I mean to Aunt Cresside's."

"All right. I'll be glad to go. Come in a minute and say hello to Father and Mother while I put some things into a suitcase."

"In just a minute. There's something I've got to tell you first, Sue." His hold on her hand tightened. "It's about Phil. I never said those things to him I told you I was going to say. I found out where he was and went there to do it. And I couldn't. Because he was dead."

This time it was he who waited and she who tightened her handclasp.

"You can tell me about it on our drive," she said. "That is, everything you feel like telling. I suppose you've had to tell your family already today. It must have been awful for you, Vail, to be the one to bring such bad news. But as far as I was concerned, Phil died a long, long time ago. . . ."

Cresside and Fabian had both stayed up for them. There were highballs and lamb sandwiches, which were Vail's favorite. He had forgotten, until the moment, that he had not eaten any supper, but Cresside had not overlooked the possibility.

"Why don't you stay here tonight too, Vail?" Cresside said after a while.

"I think it's a swell idea. There's no earthly reason why I should go all the way out to Belle Heloise tonight and then back here the first thing in the morning, using up gas."

"It was your uncle's idea," Cresside remarked. "Shall we go and have a look at your quarters, Sue?"

"Yes, and I think I'll say good night now, too. Shall we have a breakfast date, Vail? Nineish?"

"Eightish. I couldn't sleep till nine to save my soul. I've been on Army hours too long."

"You ought to be turning in pretty soon yourself," Fabian said when he and Vail were alone. "You must have had a fairly rugged day. But we might treat ourselves to one more drink first." He refilled their glasses and settled back in his chair. "Incidentally, there's something I might say to you."

"All right, then. Shoot."

"I don't want you to feel as if you were stepping into a dead man's shoes in taking over at Belle Heloise. If Phil had wanted it, which he didn't, you could have stood aside and let him have it, if that was what you felt like doing, for sentiment's sake. But he wasn't the heir to it. I bought Belle Heloise when you were nine years old. It's belonged to me, to all intents and purposes, ever since then. Naturally I didn't want it for myself. I bought it for you. You're the heir to it. It would have been lost to the family if I hadn't stepped into the picture."

Fabian had put his arm around Vail's shoulder.

"Belle Heloise is yours," he said with a strange triumphant tenderness. "I know you'll never do anything to remind Gervais of this, as long as he lives. Now you've only got to get the girl to go in it. You picked out the right one, a long time ago."

"LET'S not stay in the garden, Sue. Let's go up on the levee. It's a mighty pretty evening."

"All right, Vail. I'll be glad to go," Susannah said.

She had not wanted to decline when Vail asked her to spend the latter part of his leave at Belle Heloise; but she knew beforehand that she would feel like an intruder and an impostor in this house of mourning.

At the word "levee" Vail's dog Maudie had already bounded towards the front door. Now she stood there expectantly. Vail threw open the door.

Maudie shot down the walk which was bordered in spring time with the scarlet amaryllis and the white yucca, and waited for Vail to unfasten the iron gate leading into the driveway. When she reached the ridge, she stood still, awaiting the coming of her master and his other companion. Maudie recognized a rival in this slim, lovely girl, who walked with such quiet assurance beside Vail.

They sat down on the ridge, where they could see the river on one side of them and the road on the other at the same time. Susannah gazed at them both.

"You love it here, don't you, Vail?"

"Yes. I belong to it. Usually land belongs to a man. Here it's the other way around."

"I know what you mean. I think you're right, too."

"But I love you more, Sue. I said I'd never live anywhere else. But if you'd be happier in some other place—"

"It's not a case of being happier in some other place. You ought to know that by now. I could have easily loved Belle Heloise too. But you see—"

"You thought you were going to live here with Phil. You can't get used to the idea of living here with me instead."

"It sounds terribly bald when you say it that way, Vail. But—yes, I suppose that is the trouble—the root of it anyway. I thought I loved Phil so much."

Her lips trembled and Vail took her hands.

"Darling," he said. He spoke quietly, and he did not try to draw her closer to him. "I'm going to say something that may hurt you, but if it isn't said now, I'm afraid it'll rise up and hit us later on. Phil never loved you. Not even the day he married you. He was flattered, he couldn't help being, because you showed how you felt, in the loveliest sort of way. But love has to be two-sided to be perfect and complete. And Phil never found that out. He got killed before he had time. If he hadn't been, if there had been time, he'd have found out eventually that he loved someone else. He must have had it in him to love someone. And that would have hurt terribly, Sue, a lot more than what I'm saying now. . . . You're not crying, are you, Sue?"

"No, I'm not crying."

"Yes, you are. Are you crying because you think I'm unfair, or because you know what I've said is true."

"Because I know what you said is true."

"Well, if you know it, can't you face it? You're made of strong stuff, Sue—not just fine stuff, but strong stuff. That's one of the reasons I love you so much. There are lots of others. Shall I tell you what those are too?"

He smiled down at her, adoration in his face.

"Not—not just now, Vail."

"All right—some day I think you'll like hearing it. Sometimes people just fit and sometimes they don't. I know you and I do, or will, exactly the way I know you and Phil never would have."

She made one more protest. "I shouldn't think you'd want a girl your brother didn't want, a girl who ran after him without getting anywhere."

"I want the girl I know is mine, the one my brother didn't recognize as his because she wasn't. And you never ran after him. You offered him your love—all the love you could have given him or any man then. But it's nothing compared to the love you could give me now."

"Vail, when you talk to me like this—" The little hands that he was holding so fast had grown warm. "I like to listen to you. I—you're wonderful, Vail. You make me see things differently. Phil did hurt me, the way you said. I knew he'd have hurt me more and more, all the time. It took me a long time to find out how much you meant to me, but once I did—"

She stopped again, unable to go on. This time Vail put his arm around her. "There, darling. That's all I needed to have you say. We can start out together, on that. And we can keep on. It isn't going to be easy traveling, Sue, on the River Road. It never has been. It's been so hard that most people have given it up. But we're not like them. Syb and Riccardo aren't, either. They're made of fine stuff and strong stuff too."

"They'd like to hear you say that. Sybelle thinks you're wonderful, Vail. She's prouder because you're her twin than she is of anything else in the world."

"Nonsense. She's prouder because Riccardo's her husband and she is going to have his baby. Just the same, I'm glad she thinks she's got something to be proud of as far as I'm concerned."

THERE was a subtle change in his voice. For a moment Sue thought something had sobered him. Then he was looking at her again with eyes of love, and suddenly something stirred, deep within her, that she had never felt when she was with Phil. It was not merely the yearning of the flesh, it was the soul's sincere desire. She caught her breath.

"What would you think of riding into town with me after supper to tell Aunt Cresside we're really engaged at last?" he asked. "Uncle Fabian too, of course. We'll tell Mom and Dad before we go, and *grand'mère*. *Grand'mère's* got a present for you that she's waited a long time to give you. Oh, nothing much in itself! But it stands for a lot. Later I'll drive you over to New Roads if you like, and we'll tell your father and mother. But don't count on staying at Salome. I'm going to keep you with me till the last minute this time. Then while I'm gone you can be seeing if your great-grandmother's wedding dress still fits and all that. Because on my next leave—"

The very thought of referring to anything connected with a tragic past was repugnant. But he went on.

"Of course we know you were never really married to Phil. All the same, there hasn't been time to deal with that Justice of the Peace yet. A marriage can't be annulled in a minute, without any red tape at all. If you don't mind letting just one person in on your secret, I'm going to ask Uncle Fabian to attend to that matter for us— He'll understand. He's always been just like a father to me. I've been mighty lucky that way, having him and Dad both—" He spoke without reservation.

"Just for added security, I suppose we also ought to wait till the War Department has made an official announcement of Phil's death. But it won't seem so long, will it, Sue, after all the time we've waited already? Of course if it hadn't been for these complications, I'd have made you marry me the day I got back."

"You wouldn't have had to make me, because I'd have wanted to do it."

He bent his head and she lifted hers

THE END

Puzzle 6/15/46 37

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By Helen Greenwood

R. V. C. BODLEY, who lived for seven years in the desert with Arab nomads, was the perfect person to write a life of Mohammed. **The Messenger** will do a great deal to clear up Western misunderstanding of the Moslem creed.

Today the Moslem religion is almost exactly as it was in 632 A.D., for Arabian life has not materially changed since then: "A Moslem of the seventh century," says Bodley, "returning to that region of Arabia, between Mecca and Medina, where Mohammed lived, would find little to surprise him. . . . The face and build of an Arab today, of thirteen hundred or of three thousand years ago have not gone through those evolutions which refashioned the Anglo-Saxon and Latin races. The way of dressing has hardly altered at all."

R. V. C. Bodley

Mohammed was born about 570 A.D. His father, a prosperous merchant, died when he was a child and he was raised by an uncle, with whose caravans he traveled. When he was twenty-five, a wealthy forty-year-old widow, Khadija, fell in love with him, and two years later proposed to him. Their marriage was a happy one: "During the twenty-one years they were married she received his undivided attention, and that in a country where polygamy was practiced and recognized."

Not many Westerners realize that Mohammed did not reject Christianity or Judaism. He believed in himself as a Messenger of Allah, the one God, but "never led anyone to believe that he had supernatural or divine gifts." One of his last requests before he died was: "'Oh Lord, let not my tomb be ever an object of worship.'"

Mohammed was forty before he had his first revelation. However one may feel about the validity of the Messenger's religious experiences, it must be remembered that he united a handful of rival Arab tribes and made of them the foundations of one of the most powerful empires of the world.

R. V. C. Bodley has written an amusing book as well as a highly informative one, After the death of Khadija, The Prophet took a number of wives, and harem intrigues were numerous. Perhaps there is something to be said for polygamy, however, for in the Koran is one of the wisest things that has ever been said about women: "Be charitable to the women sprung from your ribs. If you try to straighten a rib you will break it. Accept women as they are with all their curvatures."

Doubleday & Company, Inc., New York. Price $3.

ALOHA is **Armine von Tempski**'s continuation of that fascinating autobiography of a childhood in Hawaii, Born in Paradise.

After their father's death, Armine and her brother and sister decided to turn their home into a guest house and to take tourists on pilgrimages up to the crater of Haleakala. The guests were a varied lot, but the most touching was little crippled Miss Tibbett, who had spent her life scrimping and saving so that she could one day see the House of the Sun on Haleakala, the ruins of Angkor, the Taj, and the Pyramids.

Armine von Tempski

Aloha lacks the special haunting quality of the previous autobiography, but it is an inspiring story of an adventurous spirit.

Duell, Sloan & Pierce, New York. Price $2.75.

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

By Ted Shane

W	I	L	D	R	I	C	E	■	P	A	C	T
A	L	A	■	O	D	O	R	■	E	R	I	E
V	E	N	U	S	■	N	A	T	A	T	O	R
E	X	E	R	T	■	S	T	A	R	S	■	R
■	■	■	N	E	S	T	O	R	S	■	T	I
P	H	I	■	R	U	E	■	N	O	R	S	E
R	E	N	D	■	E	L	L	■	N	E	A	R
O	A	S	E	S	■	L	I	V	■	D	R	S
T	R	■	C	H	E	A	P	E	R	■	■	■
O	■	F	L	I	N	T	■	S	O	N	I	A
C	H	I	A	N	T	I	■	T	W	A	I	N
O	A	T	S	■	R	O	A	R	■	Z	O	O
L	E	S	S	■	E	N	D	Y	M	I	O	N

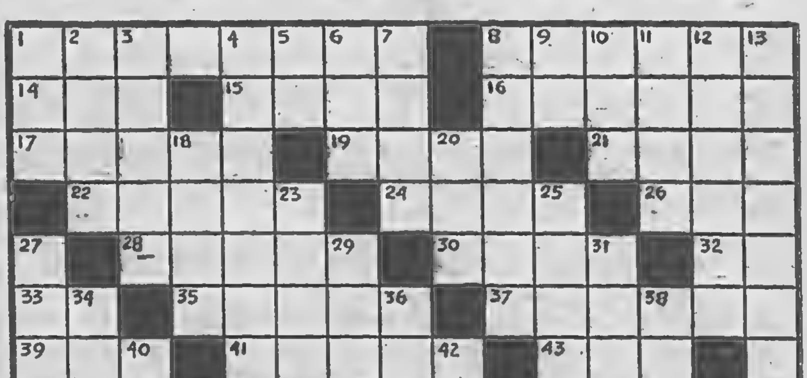
Last week's answer

HORIZONTAL

1 Chief gas vent of Allen's Alley (It's no joke, son!)
8 Day lost week-ends begin on
14 Robot blood
15 There's millions in it
16 Kind of distant
17 When dehydrated, this disappears
19 It has an unusual slant on things
21 Skiniche
22 New York's elevated highways
24 What the old cluck did and did
26 It takes a jerk to throw this
28 Rabble festivals
30 Nag and nag and nag, like a radio commercial
32 Personal Odor; *i.e.*, refined B.O. (abbr.)
33 Silent radio commercial (abbr.)
35 What Big Chief Trainwhistle asked his gal to call him
37 Least scented with neuroses
39 New-fashioned mug
41 Nuts to you!
43 Number on the Old-Time Hit Parade
44 What inhabitants of the Tower of Pisa do
46 They got rhythm
48 William Big Mouth
50 Barber the outdoor green carpet
52 Col. President and ex-Gen. Nuisance
54 Woman noted for her frivolity
55 Young Scotch tomatoes
58 *Ici on parle français*
60 Word often before the People
61 28 2/7-per-cent average (abbr.)
62 Gal's name
64 Hot burning marital kisses
66 Murphy with sweet disposition
68 Dirty dirt
70 What the bright child does at school
72 Brand of Lamb popular in the last century
74 This st——ks!
76 Senate without its head
78 Remember when a gal did this to her stockings?
80 Loyal in an old-fashioned way
82 Prince of fellows
83 These should be wiped off the face before trying to please people
84 It's being used in the red smear campaign

VERTICAL

1 If this speeded up production, we'd have more butter
2 Romancer
3 Marital induction center
4 Whale spit
5 Organ entrance
6 This can expose the hidden man
7 Best thing to do to the baby in the crib to keep it from falling out
8 The highways of tomorrow
9 Masculine laugh
10 Small thing, born with horns and tail, always up to some mischief
11 It's on the house in all Scotch saloons
12 Removes the vital vestments for art and stands around in one's glory (fem.)
13 Person who never loses a week-end
18 Time turned back
20 Part of the tree that Mortimer Snerd is
23 What female Boers do to conquer
25 Kind of controls twin fliers use
27 What the war between the U. S. and Mexico is over
29 Scotch razor factory
31 A bite on a wing
34 It falleth on the first
36 What prices in mountain resorts are
38 What men of vision have
40 Nylon displayers
42 Old-fashioned device for making kids smart
45 Horn no press agent can blow for you
47 *Roses'* thorns leave them (anag.)
49 This took the wildness out of the West
51 Trades a diamond ring for a nasal one
53 Juke-box operators
56 Where the song writer met his love
57 Devices for keeping locks in place
59 This will just hold one man, woman, or animal
63 *Ida* becomes a help (anag.)
65 Turkish cavalry
67 Thousands of feet or four laps
69 Remove the worries and lie around in the loosened mental galluses
71 Backward canary crunchers
73 Burp water
75 A piece of Brazilian brass
77 Non-college fraternity man
79 Hesitater
81 Wire service (abbr.)



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

“So that’s why they took time out between sets”

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ANIMAL CRACKERS FOR BREAKFAST

Continued from Page 35

thing she remembered thinking was that it was awfully queer the hall didn't smell of animals.

THE next thing Peggy knew, she was sitting up, with her heart sounding off like a machine gun. She heard a slow measured shuffling. Far down the end of the hall was a light. She saw, lurching toward her, a gigantic gorilla.

Her mouth opened suddenly and, without knowing she did it, she shrieked "GEORGE!" For the first time in her life, Peggy Adams fainted.

After a dark, timeless space, a cup of steaming coffee was shoved under Peggy's nose and a deep pleasant voice said, "Drink this."

Obediently she took a sip or two. Then she sat up and looked around. She was in a comfortable, masculine-looking living room with hunting prints on the walls and pipes and books scattered cozily around. Then her eyes focused on the mahogany-tanned hand that held her coffee cup. She raised her eyes and looked into the anxious face of a tall, tanned young man.

She gave a little start of recognition. Why, this was the face that had launched a thousand quips at her expense several weeks ago, when she'd come to get a story about the two new seals in the pool in front of the aquarium, which was only a stone's throw from African Hall. People had been lined up four deep watching the seals cutting capers. She'd been right against the railing, very busy taking notes, when one of the seals filled its mouth with water and, with unerring aim, shot a stream straight at her new red hat. This same young man who had been standing beside her at the railing had begun exchanging wisecracks with her, to the delight of the bystanders, until she'd gotten over her pique at the seal and had laughed too. And somehow, later, they'd drifted over to the Oriental Tea Gardens together, and laughed away an hour or so over tea and almond cakes without even thinking to exchange names.

Now the young man grinned. "Say," he said, "I see you found another hat just as screwy as the one the seal expectorated on."

Suddenly she smiled. His was the kind of face you couldn't help smiling into.

"Gosh," exclaimed the young man, "you had me scared! I thought for a minute there you'd busted a couple of lungs!"

"Did they catch it?" Peggy whispered.

"What do you mean—it? Rollo?"

"R-rollo?"

"The gorilla. I was pushing him down the hall to a different case, when you let out that unearthly yell. It's lucky I've got strong nerves!"

"You mean Rollo's dead?"

He nodded, grinned. "You probably didn't notice my hands clutching him around his hairy middle."

"Where am I?"

"Quarters under African Hall—Museum of Natural History in Golden Gate Park. And don't tell me you haven't been in the hall before. Because only last week when I was explaining the exhibits to a bunch of school kids, you followed me around and asked me more questions than they did."

"I was getting a story for my paper," Peggy said with dignity.

"Oh, shucks! And all the time I thought it was my big blue eyes that made you follow me around. I was going to ask you out for tea again later, but you'd disappeared."

Peggy knew she was blushing furiously. "Still in African Hall," she said. "Swell! And who are you *really*, Irresistible?"

"Johnny O'Connor, a man of all work — animal mover, general factotum, and picker-upper of young ladies who sleep on museum benches. What's the matter—housing shortage got you?"

Peggy swung her slim legs from the couch to the floor. "Nope, I'm here tonight to save my job."

"I don't get it. What kind of gag is this, anyway?"

"Christopher Savage won't let me in his office with the other reporters," Peggy burst out, "just because I'm a woman! My city editor said he'd fire me if I didn't get an interview. Now, if I can spend the night here, I can hide in Savage's office in the morning and overhear enough for a good story when the reporters come back!"

"H'mm," said Johnny O'Connor, "a likely story!"

Peggy's dark eyes flashed. Then flared wide. The window behind the Venetian blind at her back was partly open, and from just outside a bull-like Irish voice had bellowed suddenly to someone, "Sure, and what do you think you're doing at that window?"

"Looking for my fiancée!" came the startled answer. "That is—er—officer—I'm certain I just heard her voice in there!"

Peggy slid off the couch and with one swift movement rolled underneath it. "It's George!" she gasped.

Johnny O'Connor blinked. He said, "George? You mean the guy you yelled for upstairs?"

"Shh!" Peggy pleaded.

"And just what," the bull-like voice outside was roaring now, "would your fiansay be doing in that museum at this time of night?"

"Well, I don't know," admitted George Pennybaker's worried voice. "But she was supposed to be there this afternoon, and she didn't meet me for dinner. She's a newspaperwoman, and she does odd things."

"Well, listen, young feller," threatened the night watchman, "if you don't quit trying to peek in windows, somebody is going to pepper your pants with buckshot!"

AS the arguing voices drifted away, Peggy crawled out from under the couch and brushed herself off.

"Why," asked Johnny O'Connor reprovingly, "if you're engaged to George, do you avoid him?"

"He's got conventional ideas," she explained. "He'd try to make me go home."

"But if you marry him," Johnny pointed out, "you'll have to live with those conventional ideas."

"I know, but George is sure marriage will change me."

Johnny raised one eyebrow skeptically. "Did George give you a star

HARDTACK
BALL PARK
Reamer Keller
LIBERTY

sapphire for an engagement ring?" he asked.

Peggy gasped. "How did you know? Only, I don't wear it to work. Pete Small would bust a gusset if he thought I had my mind on anything but my work. He was glad enough to have me during the war, but now that he can get all the men reporters he wants, he'd pick on anything to get me fired."

Johnny went on musingly, "And George will have his secretary order orchids for you on every wedding anniversary, and when you've been married ten years he'll buy you a mink coat and a diamond bracelet. He'll turn his car in every year, as soon as they make enough of them, because he believes that it isn't the initial cost, it's the upkeep that—"

"*Stop* it!" Peggy jumped to her feet. "You have no right to make it all sound so dull and—and stodgy!"

"You amaze me! Do you actually think such a nice, safe, conventional life is stodgy?"

"Oh, go west till your hat floats!" Peggy flounced around and stared unseeingly at a hunting print. What right did this nosy animal man have—the third time she'd ever seen him—to go stripping down her private life to its bare dull bones? There were more important things in life than adventure and romance, weren't there? More important things than laughing and wise-cracking. She heard Johnny O'Connor go out of the room, and a minute later he came back. She heard a fizzing sound.

"Ginger ale," he announced behind her, "and animal crackers. It's all the food I could find. I eat out most of the time."

Peggy was still angry, but she had missed her dinner, and she was hungry. She turned around slowly, said, "We—ell—"

She sat down, took a long drink, and bit off a giraffe's head. When they'd finished, Johnny picked up the tray and said suddenly, "All right. You can spend the night here. Just a minute. I'll be right back."

WHILE Peggy was suddenly wondering whether she hadn't better just give up the whole idea and slip out of the building—jobless—Johnny returned. He had a pile of bedding and a pillow in one arm, some towels and something brown in the other.

Very efficiently he began to make up a bed on the couch for her. "This should be fairly comfortable—at least as good as the bench upstairs. And no gorillas to annoy you." He extended the brown things. "Here's a pair of my pajamas. A bit large, but if you don't think George would object to your wearing them—"

Peggy snatched the pajamas out of his hand, for some reason unaccountably furious at his bringing up George again. "Of course he wouldn't mind," she snapped. "George's not quite as narrow-minded as you seem to infer."

"*I* infer?" He chuckled, then handed her some towels. "Hot and

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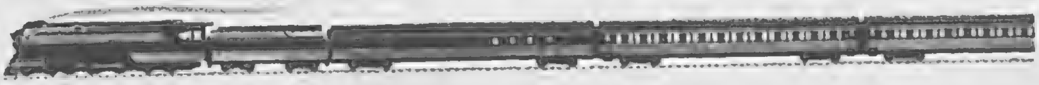

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cold water, second door to the right. No extra charge for soap. I'll be sleeping down the hall."

"Thank you," Peggy said softly.

"Skip it." He started out the door. "I'm sure George'll understand all this when you explain it to him," he said. "A husband and wife should always tell each other every—"

But he didn't finish, because just then one of Peggy's small alligator pumps caught him right on the shoulder.

THE May sunlight slanting through Venetian blinds awoke Peggy the next morning. For a minute she didn't know where she was, but she lay there, feeling completely at peace, listening to the birds chirping and singing outside. The most heavenly flower fragrances drifted through the open window.

Then she remembered and sat up with a jump. Why, she was right in the middle of Golden Gate Park! She rolled up the blinds, and by standing on her couch she could lean her elbows on the window sill and look out.

"Umm!" said Peggy aloud, breathing deeply, "what a day!" Spontaneously she started to sing " 'Oh, what a beautiful morning, oh, what a—' "

Suddenly she saw a pair of masculine legs stealing by through a clump of rhododendrons. She was about to duck down out of sight, when the owner of the legs caught her eye and gave an amazed gasp.

"Peggy!"

"George! Fancy finding *you* here!"

George's handsome face turned an unbecoming beet red. He stared at the top of Peggy's unmistakably masculine pajamas with the rust-colored J. O. on the pocket.

"I knew that was your voice I heard last night," he accused. "That's why I came back this morning. And now I find you in a *man's* pajamas!"

"Would you rather I'd sleep raw?" asked Peggy.

George gulped.

"These are just some old p. j.s I found here anyway," Peggy prevaricated. "I don't even know who they belong to."

She didn't hear a knock at the door behind her. She didn't hear the door open, or hear Johnny O'Connor walk across the floor with his light graceful tread. But she saw George's shocked eyes suddenly bulge. She turned around, saw Johnny standing there by the couch with a cup of coffee and a handful of animal crackers.

"*Good* morning," he said cheerily. He looked through the grillwork at the meticulously dressed young man with the furious red face. "Ah, friend of yours, Spitfire?" he asked cordially. "Why don't you ask him to come in and join us in a cup of coffee and some animal crackers?"

"It's George, you half-wit," hissed Peggy.

"Oh," said Johnny. "Glad to know you, George." Then to Peggy, "Just explain everything to him. He'll understand perfectly."

FOUNTAIN PENS
PEN & PENCIL SETS

"Give me one that writes for four years!!"
LIBERTY

George said, "If you think you can explain, Peggy, go ahead. After all, you certainly owe me an explanation!"

"I don't owe you a thing, George Pennybaker, and you know it. If you weren't so darned suspicious and so —so"— she turned around and gave Johnny a defiant look—"so—*conventional,* I wouldn't have to try and explain. If I told you this was all in the line of duty, that I was just trying to keep my job, you'd probably say 'Pooh!' "

"Pooh!" said George, very red-faced.

"You see!" cried Peggy furiously. "You don't believe a word I say. You don't trust me!"

"*Trust* you!" George repeated. "And you stand there in a strange man's pajamas at half past eight in the morning—in a public museum in a park, and you say I don't *trust* you! Who is that man anyway?"

"O'Connor's the name," said Johnny, bowing slightly. "Perhaps I can clear things up. I found your fiancée here, sleeping on a bench. She woke suddenly and was terribly frightened by a gorilla, and I brought her down here to resuscitate her with a cup of coffee."

"A likely tale!" sneered George.

"My very words when I heard her story," Johnny recalled.

"Listen, you two!" screamed Peggy. "If you don't get away from here and let me get dressed—I'll—I'll get dressed anyway!"

"All right," said George, backing hastily away, "I'll go. But of course you understand that any idea of a marriage between us now is impossible. You may keep the star sapphire as a sort of—er—balm, shall we say?"

He was looking very big-hearted and magnanimous now.

"Oh, put an egg in your shoe and beat it!" said Peggy. "You'll get the sapphire back just as soon as I can send it to you."

George Pennybaker flushed once more, muttered, "Animal crackers for breakfast—that's the last straw!" and turning, walked rapidly away.

Peggy was surprised that she felt nothing but a boundless relief. She was free, free as a bird, and she'd never have to explain anything to anybody again as long as she lived. She jumped off the couch, at the same time taking up her morning song where George had interrupted it. " 'Oh, what a beautiful morning, oh, what a—' "

As she landed lightly on the floor, she just missed knocking the cup of coffee out of Johnny's hand.

"Are *you* still here?" she demanded, glaring at him. "I have just about as much privacy as a guppy!"

"I only wanted to tell you," he said, "that Savage'll be here in twenty minutes. You'd better drink this coffee, get dressed, and hide in his office."

"Oh, my goodness!" Peggy pushed up the long sleeves of her borrowed pajama coat, grabbed the cup, and gulped the coffee down. "I'll be there!"

TEN minutes later, looking as if she'd just stepped out of a bandbox, Miss Adams met Mr. O'Connor outside the museum office.

Johnny was looking frightfully amused. He opened the door and they went in. "You can hide behind that big chair in the corner," he directed, "if you crouch down." He let Peggy squeeze in, then pushed it back again.

"Couldn't you ask him a few leading questions?" Peggy pleaded from her corner. "After all, you lost me a husband. The least you can do is get me a story."

"Sure," Johnny promised, grinning at the prospect, "and when I think you've heard enough, maybe I can maneuver him outside long enough for you to make your getaway."

Suddenly there was a loud bellowing out in the corridor. "O'Connor! Hey, O'Connor!"

"Good luck!" Johnny whispered. Then he strode to the door and flung it open. "Here, Chris, in your office."

The burly Mr. Savage cat-footed into his office. "Morning, O'Connor," he bellowed. Then, sniffing, "Phew! Smells like powder. Female reporter almost got in here yesterday." He flung up a window.

"By the way, Chris," Johnny said, sitting on one corner of the desk, "what makes you hate women so?"

Savage snorted. "Flibbertigibbets. Always afraid of something. Mice! Or snakes! Or *me!* Put a scare into that female reporter all right yesterday. Said 'Boo!' and she high-tailed like a scared rabbit!"

Johnny's grin spread to his ears.

"Women! Rabbits! Never saw one yet who's stand up to a man. Now,

(*Continued on page 60*)

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(*Continued from page 58*)

look, O'Connor—getting down to business—you've *got* to go to Africa with me on this expedition. You're the best damn animal photographer in this country—gotta have you."

"Can't do it, Chris. Sorry. I traveled around the world enough while I was in the Army, to cure my wanderlust for the rest of my life. I like being staff photographer of the Hall here. And besides, just now, there're things here in the city that I'd miss in Africa."

"What things?" roared Savage.

"Well, one thing anyway." And then suddenly Johnny's face began to beam. "Why, gosh," he explained, "I'm going to get married!"

"Married!" Savage snorted.

BEHIND the big chair in the corner Peggy's pencil stopped writing. Johnny—going to be married. But what possible difference could it make to her what he did—Johnny with the lean brown face she knew would wear so well?

Savage yanked at his red beard. "I'm offering you a chance to get pictures of a white giraffe—there's one there and I'm going to bag it. And you say," Savage mimicked in a scathing falsetto, " 'I can't go. I'm going to get married.' "

Johnny just grinned.

"You can get married any time," Savage roared. "Go with me now and get married next year."

"Somebody might grab the girl while I'm gone."

Behind the big chair Peggy was wishing she's never seen Johnny O'Connor. Because if she'd never seen him, she wouldn't feel so lost and empty now—wouldn't feel that almost irresistible urge to run out into the room and cry, "Johnny, don't go away! Don't marry someone else! We could have so much fun together!" She forgot she was supposed to be taking notes on the great Savage, forgot she was hiding. Her pencil slipped out of her hand and dropped to the floor with what seemed like the noise of an exploding bomb.

Savage bounced to his feet. Johnny watched helplessly while Savage, with noiseless catlike steps, went toward the big chair.

"Hey, Chris," Johnny exclaimed, grabbing a photograph wildly from the desk, "look at this picture!"

But Savage didn't hear him. He was in his element—stalking something. He pulled the big chair out from the wall with a sudden lurch.

"Hah!" he barked triumphantly, as he saw Peggy kneeling there. Then, as he recognized her, "*You!*"

Peggy darted into the middle of the office.

"Maybe next time you'll be polite to women reporters," she taunted, waving her notes under his nose.

Savage made a grab for the notes.

With a quick movement Peggy stuffed them down inside her blouse.

"Gi' me those notes!" Savage roared.

"Try and get them!" defied Peggy, planting her five feet two in front of him. He reached out a huge paw toward her. She didn't even duck.

"I bruise awfully easily," she warned, "and, of course, anything you do now will be used in The True Story of Christopher Savage."

Savage drew back, quivering with fury.

Johnny O'Connor, watching the show from one corner of the desk, was shaking with laughter.

"Do you know what I think?" demanded Peggy, under Savage's nose.

"No!" he thundered.

"I think you're afraid of women. You're pretty good at teasing tigers, but you're simply scared to death of women. And won't *that* make a swell angle to my story!"

Savage's brown forehead was beaded with perspiration.

Johnny tried to erase the grin from his face. "Hey, Chris," he said suddenly, "changed my mind. Think I'll go on your expedition after all."

"Thank the Lord!" exclaimed Christopher, dropping into a chair and mopping his brow. "Just get this—this female wildcat out of here, O'Connor, and we'll talk things over."

"Wait," Johnny said. "I'll go only on one condition."

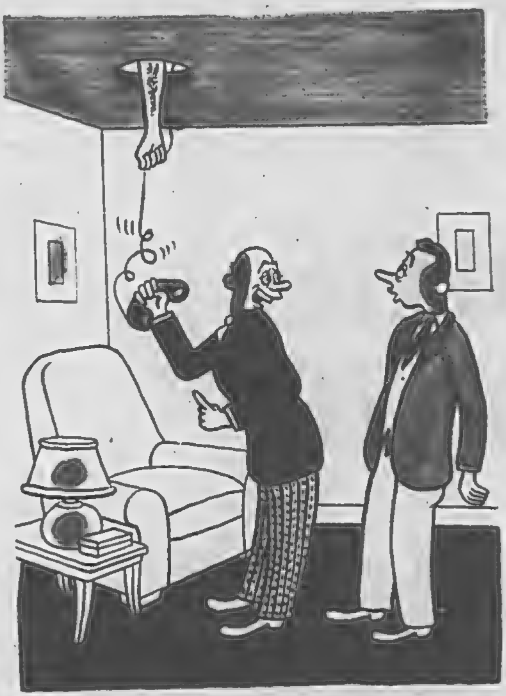
"Sure, sure," Savage said, "anything—but get this—this—"

"I'll go only on condition that I can take my wife with me," Johnny said.

As he rocketed from his chair, Savage gave a realistic imitation of a bull sitting on a bee. "No!" he roared. "No females on any expedition of mine!"

"Don't let him take his wife," Peggy was saying over and over to herself. "Don't let him go."

"O. K., then," said Johnny firmly. "It's your expedition. Just count me out."



"I share the phone with the people upstairs!"

LIBERTY

"But, O'Connor—big game and females—they just don't mix."

Johnny shrugged. "All right. You're the doctor."

Turning to Peggy: "Come on, Spitfire, let's go."

Savage muttered something into his red beard. "Got to have you. All right, all right, you win!" Then, glowering at Peggy, "But I still hate females, d'ye hear?"

"I can't help but hear when you bellow like that," Peggy said. All she wanted to do now was to end something that had become almost intolerable. Johnny was going to be married. Johnny was going to take his wife to Africa. . . .

"Thanks for everything," she said, turning toward the door. "I've got all I need. I'll get back to the paper and write my story."

Johnny jumped off the desk. "Wait!" he exclaimed. "This'll be a scoop—Savage taking a woman on one of his expeditions. Why don't you phone it in?"

He thrust the desk telephone into her hand, and automatically her finger dialed the city editor's number.

Savage bounced out of his chair, glaring, and backed away from her.

"Hello, Pete," Peggy said. "This is—"

Pete Small gave a snort of recognition. "Where you been?" he demanded.

"Getting the life story of Christopher Savage. It took all night, but I've got it. Listen now, Pete—"

Christopher Savage made a choking sound. He roared at Johnny, "It's lucky *she* isn't the woman we're taking along! I'd tie her out for bait on a lion hunt!" He started toward her, then suddenly threw both hands up in disgust and avalanched out of the office.

ABOVE the racket of his retreat Peggy was shouting to Pete Small, trying to tell him all she'd learned about Savage. She added, "And get this. Johnny O'Connor, animal photographer, is going along to get pictures of a white giraffe, *and* he's going to get married and take his wife. Get it, Pete? Christopher Savage, woman hater, takes a woman on his expedition to Africa!"

There was an excited chortle from the other end of the line. "Her name?" Peggy repeated. "Wait, I'll find out." She half turned to Johnny, but wouldn't look at him. "Pete wants to know your fiancée's name."

Johnny began to laugh. "What's *your* name, Spitfire?" he asked.

Suddenly she started to put down the receiver. She could still hear Pete Small bellowing.

"I say what's the na—"

"Never mind the name, Pete," Peggy shouted, with flushed cheeks and starry eyes. "I'll tell you something else, though. I'm resigning."

"Resigning?"

"Going on a long trip, Pete—to help take pictures of a giraffe."

THE END

SWEET CARGO

Continued from Page 37

gotten out of it easy. Those drums could have made succotash out of the foredeck.

I changed out of my kerosene-soaked clothes, and four hours later it was daylight and we were under the Haitian coast and the sea was almost calm. Dan came off his engine-room watch, and the three of us had breakfast. I took quite a beating about the loose drums.

"What's the matter, Pop?" Dan said. "You getting too old to tie up something so it'll hold fast?" He helped himself to a stack of Sunny's pancakes that would have filled a bucket.

"It's that lousy sisal rope," I said. "You couldn't tie a knot with it that would hold a day-old baby."

Kink chuckled and Dan grinned as much as he could without losing a faceful of flapjacks. They get a great kick out of kidding me. Always have.

Noontime we ran into a school of tuna. We used to talk about a time we would be able to take things easy and go fishing in the Hake. "No time like now," said Kink. "This sugar's in no hurry. I'm going to get my tackle and we'll troll back through them."

We fished for three hours. "I bet that's more fish than the old millionaire who owned the Hake when she was full of walnut paneling and champagne ever caught in a week," said Dan, when we quit. Kink stretched out his long legs and yawned.

"If we have sense enough to stick to simple cargoes like this one, we can fish for the next twenty years," said Kink. "Now all we have to do is to pick up a return cargo in St. Bedos."

"Not a chance," I said. "They don't have a thing on St. Bedos but fruit, goats, and the largest apiary in this part of the world."

"Apiary?" said Dan. "You mean they keep apes there?"

"Apiary means for bees, dope," said Kink. "They export a lot of honey from there."

Dan looked cheerful. "Well, honey can't be more trouble to haul than sugar. Why not a cargo of honey?"

"Could be," said Kink. "Now hand me that knife while I get at this fish."

KINK leaned out of the wheelhouse and looked down at the dingy launch that bounced out toward us soon after we had dropped the hook in St. Bedos bay. "Quite a crowd," he said, noticing the figures bunched in the launch. He picked up the speaking tube that connected him with the engine room. "Hey, Dan," he said into it, "come on up. We've got the mayor's welcoming committee on their way out. They'll want to shake your greasy hand."

The tube made a loud razzberry.

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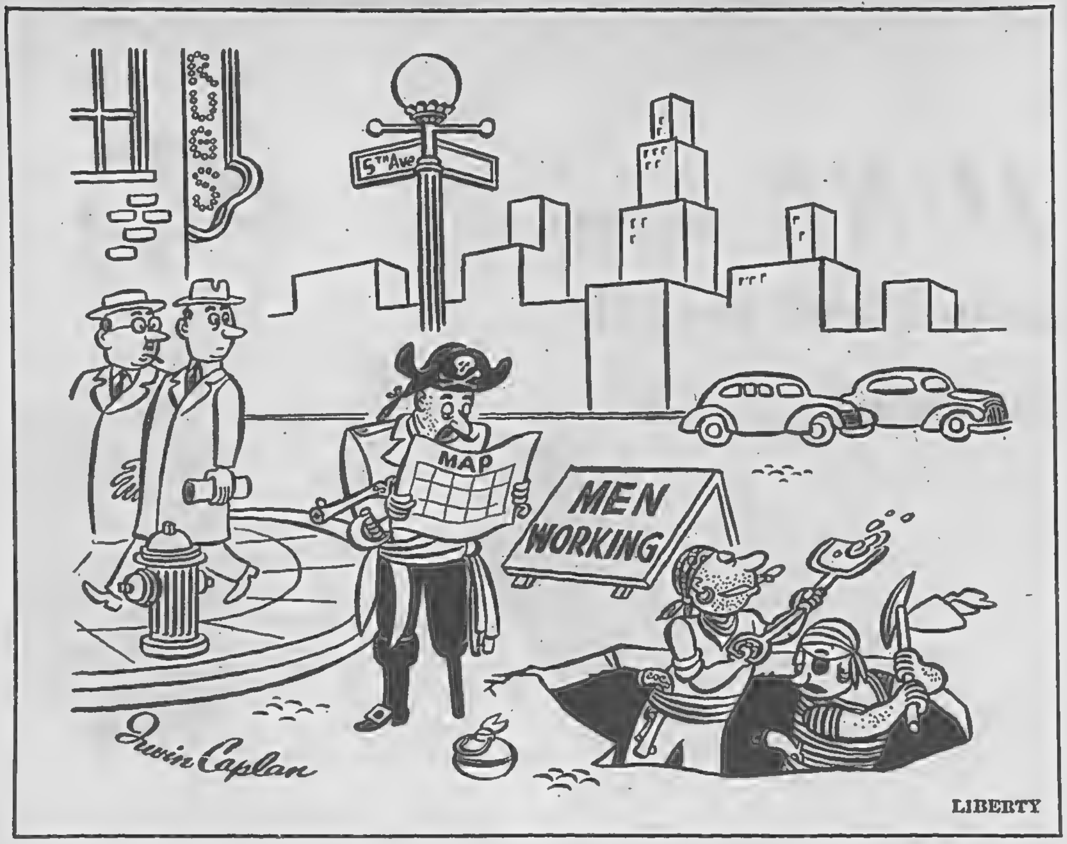

I focused the glasses on the launch and saw it was full of uniforms. The kids could joke, but I didn't like all this khaki. It meant one of several things could be up, none of them pleasant. The launch made fast by the starboard ladder, and in it we saw six or seven men in khaki clothes and white pith helmets. They were armed with rifles. An officer stood among them giving orders.

Kink looked at me anxiously. "It could be anything," I said. "Revolution, most likely. Whatever it is, they'll be after our cargo. They'll rig up some way to steal it legally. We'll just have to take it easy."

The officer and his men were on deck now. They were big, black, capable-looking fellows. I noticed one especially, because he was so ugly. His nose had been broken and he was badly marked up with smallpox scars. Kink gave him our papers.

"Captain *Stewart*," he said, coming down hard on the end of Kink's name, "you have a consignment of sugar for the merchant André Dupuis, *n'est ce pas?"*

Kink nodded.

"Then you will not unload this at the wharf commercial, captain, but at the government wharf. You understan'?"

Kink was poker-faced. "Why not the commercial wharf?" he said.

We waited while the officer handed back our papers and lit a cigarette. Dan had joined us by this time and I could see him shift his weight around angrily. I was thinking: It is revolution on shore, then, and this is their first move at confiscation.

But I was wrong. The official blew out smoke. "You must have heard about M. Henri Moise, our benefactor and financier here," he said. "No? Well he is not one to make a monkey with. It is to regret very much that Dupuis, the merchant whose sugar you have in your cargo, thought he could. He borrowed much money from M. Moise. Now he cannot repay it. M. Moise does not wait any longer for the repayment. So he attaches this cargo to pay for the debt."

Kink took his cap off and put it back on his head again very carefully. "This cargo has a C.O.D. on it," he said steadily. "One thousand dollars. Shipping charges. I don't move to the wharf until I have my money."

The officer frowned. "A thousand dollars," he said. "Zut! But this is no affair of M. Moise. So you will move to the government wharf as requested. As I said, this cargo is attached. It does not belong to you."

"I heard you the first time," said Kink, "but I have not yet officially entered this port. You can't attach this cargo. It hasn't even arrived."

The officer smiled grimly. "You are very stubborn, captain. You do not seem to understand facts. Your cargo is *already* attached. *Voilà!"* He pointed to the black guards lined up on deck. "Now you will do as requested. You will proceed to the government wharf without further delays."

Dan would have made a brawl out of it. "Why, you—" he began, but I grabbed his elbow and shoved him toward the engine-room hatch.

"Don't be a cluck," I said. "They've got us." I went forward to break out the anchor, wondering what chance we had of just breaking even on this voyage now. Kink went by on his way to the wheelhouse. "The cargo without any headaches," he said bitterly.

WE tied up at the government wharf, but the guards stayed with us. Kink went ashore to see if it was as bad for us as it looked. He was back for chow. All he had learned was that Henri Moise ran St. Bedos like it was his own fruit stand. He owned everything. Everybody was afraid of him. "Including us, I suppose," said Dan. "I suppose we're going to let him rob us of our thousand dollars without even a squawk."

"Oh, shut up," I said, "unless you got some brilliant idea to get this money we're owed. Squawking won't help."

We sat there getting nowhere. Finally Kink said, "It's a pretty feeble chance, but I met a couple of guys ashore who will pay four thousand dollars for the sugar we have on board. They don't like Moise. They think he gave Dupuis a dirty deal, and they don't want him to have this cargo. If we can talk Moise into taking three thousand cash instead of the thirty-five hundred he's owed, we stand to clear a thousand and whatever we can do on the kerosene."

"If we have to raise three thousand between the three of us, it'll clean us out," said Dan. "Suppose these buyers of yours fade? We'll be stuck with the sugar."

WE talked it over backward and forward, and in the end we took the chance. We went to find Moise, and by the time we were through the big iron gates of his place and had walked through the orange trees and climbed the steps of his pink palace, I was wondering what three thousand measly bucks could mean to a guy who had all that.

Henri Moise had a broad yellow face, very small, fat, toady eyes, and a dab of a mustache. He wore a green silk suit, yellow polo shirt, and braided shoes. He spoke English from England with a French accent.

"So you want this sugar, captain?" he said, stroking his chin. He looked at Kink out of the top of his eyes. "You want this four thousand dollars' worth of sugar for three thousand. Bah! Do you think I am able to afford this"—he indicated the estate about us— "by being philanthropic to strange sailors?"

After that, I was ready to go. But Kink didn't make any move. He got the subject around to Moise's bees by telling how he used to keep some himself when he was a kid. Moise began to thaw a little after that, and rang a small silver bell on the table, and the boy served us drinks. We listened to him explaining, as though we really cared, while he told us how his bees liked orange blossoms and how this being a poor year for blossoms, the bees were half worn out traveling so far.

Moise took us down into the corner of the acres of orange trees and showed us around. "They like anything sweet," he said. He chuckled slyly. "I have just now a complaint from the hotel in town. The manager says, 'So many of your bees are coming in the dining room to look for the sugar and the desserts, all my patrons go away. They do not want to be stung. Your bees are ruining me. I will put poison out for them. You must do something!'" Moise laughed and banged the table. "You tell me, captain, how he can put out the poison without killing his patrons? Ah, you see, it is impossible. Exactly so. So he is very angry with me. Especially," Moise added with a wink, "as I hold the mortgage on his place and he loses money every day."

It was just a story, but it didn't seem very funny. I could see Dan's ears getting red.

We finished the tour. When we came back, somebody in uniform was waiting on the porch for Moise. When the uniform stood up, I saw it was the guard with the broken nose. The Hake! I thought. Something's gone wrong on board. But he only wanted to see Moise, and they went into the house.

"I've smelled skunks," said Dan, when Moise had gone in, "and this is one."

"When you're as hard up as we are," said Kink, "you do business with anybody. I've got him softened up, I think. I'm going after that cash settlement again when he comes back."

The *flap-flip* of Moise's coconut-braid shoes came over the tile. I took a breath.

Kink did not waste time. "About that cash offer we made you," he said. "You want to reconsider it?"

I saw the sly flicker in the fat eyes. "Thirty-three hundred," he said.

Dan fidgeted, afraid Kink would take it. But Kink had seen that flicker in Moise's eye and he knew it meant he would settle. "Three thousand is our top," he said.

Moise rubbed the back of one hand across the palm of the other. "All right," he said.

GOOD old Kink. He had done it again. It was too late to shift over to the commercial wharf and begin unloading our sugar that afternoon, but we drank nearly a case of beer that night, celebrating.

In the morning Dan and I went to work on the cargo. We rounded up a couple of gangs of stevies and began to unload the kerosene while Kink went ashore to find his two customers.

We got the kerosene ashore and began on the sugar. It was in one-hundred-pound bags.

The first couple of bags up I didn't notice. But then one of the stevedores called me over, pointing to the bag he had just thrown down. "Hey, Blanc," he said, "you smell for me?"

I bent down close to the bag and smelled it. Then I ran my fingers over the burlap and smelled them. I stood up. I was feeling sick. The black flat face of the stevedore stared into mine.

I stooped and smelled the bag once more. There was no mistake. *It was soaked with kerosene.*

I called Dan. "You sick?" he said, when he looked at me. "You better get out of this sun."

I shook my head. I took a machete

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and split the bag. "Taste this sugar," I said.

He tried it and made a face. I began talking, explaining how it must have happened, just as though Dan didn't know. "It leaked through somehow," I was saying. "When the drum split, it leaked through." It didn't make any sense to talk like that, but I felt so bad. I'm the mate, see, and the security of the cargo is the mate's job. I felt terrible.

"How about the rest of it?" Dan said. "It couldn't have all got ruined."

"No," I said, but I didn't believe myself. A little kerosene can taste up a hell of a lot of stuff.

We got more bags on deck and slit them and tried the sugar. If anything, it was worse. We got about half the bags on deck and had sugar all over the place before we admitted the cargo was a total loss.

DAN had stripped to the waist by the time we gave up. He was running with water. His big beefy face was red as a fire bucket. He leaned on the rail and panted and swore. He kept saying the same cuss words over and over. Then he thought of something and he jumped up.

"Moise!" he said. "What about Moise, Andy? If I thought that so-and-so knew the cargo was a loss and still took our three thousand, I'd go up there and beat him cold."

"No," I said. "We didn't even know it ourselves. How would *he* have known?"

But all of a sudden I did know how he had found out. It was that guard with the broken nose who had been on the porch waiting for him when he came back from the apiary. The hatches had been open all that day, and somehow the guard found out about the kerosene. He had probably been in the hold trying to steal a bag of sugar. I remembered it was right after the guard left that Moise had changed his mind about our offer. I tried not to let what I was thinking show in my face. If Dan knew how it was, he would go on up to Moise's place and it would be worse trouble than we had now.

Then Kink came back. He had found his buyers and he had a wide smile. I told him, and he turned kind of white around the lips. He stood staring at the mess of spilt sugar that was gritting on the deck under our feet. A few bees had already found the stuff, not seeming to mind the kerosene in it. "Look!" said Dan. "Even his damn lousy bees got to rob us."

As soon as I could, I told Kink what I thought about Moise.

"You think there are such stinkers as that?" he said.

"Kid," I said, "I've flatfooted up and down the port towns of the whole lousy world for nearly fifty years. The worst bums in the world are always in the ports."

"We'll call him up, anyway," he said. "I'll tell him what happened. He'll kick at least some of it back to us. You'll see. We've got to have the thousand on the C.O.D. anyway. We don't even have money now to buy oil."

Instead of telephoning, we went to see Moise. You can hang up too easy on the phone. When Kink told him what had happened, I saw that slyness come into his face strong. He knew even before we had said a word what we had come for.

"A calamity," he said. "But what would you have me do, captain?"

Kink told him. "You won't even feel it," he said. "If I hadn't blundered down here with this sugar you would never have collected that debt. We need that money bad. You don't."

Moise frowned. "A matter of opinion, captain." He sighed. "I am afraid you are a child, my young friend," he said. "We made a business agreement—a perfectly legal mutual agreement. You asked me to take a loss of five hundred dollars. I took it. Now you come back and want me to take a loss of three thousand more. It is not possible."

It didn't end there. As I say, we were desperate. But finally Kink lost his temper and we started back to the Hake. We were licked.

On the Grande Rue there was a commotion on the sidewalk ahead, and there was Dan, plowing along with one side of his head swelled out twice its regular size. He was swearing so you could hear him a block away. The natives were hopping out of his way and giving him plenty of clearance. He saw us and let out a roar. He looked as though someone had hit him with a plank.

But it wasn't a plank. It was bees.

"There must be millions of them!" he bellowed. "All after that putrid sugar. You can't see the deck. You can't even see the railings. Look what they done to me already. What the hell are we going to do?"

WE walked back to the wharf, and it was like Dan said it would be. Only a little worse. If anyone had gone on that deck he would have been stung to death in five minutes.

Dan spat out of the side of his face that was still working. "A nice easy cargo," he said. "A sure thing. First we don't collect on it. Then, when we get a chance to collect, the stuff is spoiled. And now we can't even come on board our own vessel and get it out of here where we can dump it."

Kink looked at the bees and he didn't say anything for a while. Then I was surprised to hear him chuckle.

"Wouldn't it be tough if something happened to all of these bees?" he said. "Suppose something happened to them and they died. It sure would be tough on Moise, wouldn't it? His business would be ruined."

"You got an idea?" Dan cried. He looked almost happy.

Kink took his pipe and packed it carefully as though he was in a mood to enjoy himself. He found a box in the shade of the warehouse and sat down. "The meek," he said, "do not inherit the earth—especially in the West Indies. Fire must be fought with fire. It's an eye for a tooth every time."

"Come on, come on!" cried Dan. "We know you got a college education. What you got figured out?"

"Come along," said Kink. "I'll show you."

We followed him to a telephone. He got Moise on the wire and gave him hell about the bees. He even threatened to sue him.

Dan and I were disappointed. "That doesn't get you anywhere," I said. "There isn't a lawyer in St. Bedos would touch a suit against this guy. You know that."

Kink nodded. "Right you are," he said. "But tomorrow we put the Indian sign on Moise—ourselves."

That was all we could get out of him. He wanted to go aboard and get some sleep.

"Are you nuts?" said Dan. "You forgot about them bees?"

"They'll have gone home," said Kink. "They have a union. Don't work after dark. But they'll be back tomorrow at dawn."

THEY came back all right—at dawn. The deck roared with them. "This is too much!" said Kink, grinning. "We'll have to call on Moise and let him know how mad we are. Let's go. We've got a lot to do today."

Moise came down finally in a purple bathrobe. It took a little shouting at his servants to make him believe we really meant to see him at five thirty in the morning.

"Very sorry," said Kink, sitting down without being asked, "but we're worried about your bees."

Moise didn't say anything. He kept on scowling at us.

"I remember what you said about the bees eating anything sweet," Kink went on, "like arsenic. It's sweet, and I thought if there were any around, it might do some damage."

Moise looked at him sharply. "Arsenic? It would be fatal. I had some last year that—" He stopped short. "Why arsenic?"

"We're putting out fifteen pounds through that spoiled sugar this morning. The sugar's ruined anyway, and we thought it a good time to destroy the rats on board. I was afraid your bees—"

"This morning?" said Moise. "You're putting it out this morning?" He dropped suddenly into a chair. He laughed shortly. "Don't be ridiculous, Captain Stewart. I can't call off my bees as though they were a pack of dogs. You'll have to wait until tomorrow. I'll close the hives tonight."

"It's too bad you couldn't have done it last night, when I asked you to as a convenience. Now it does not suit my convenience."

He was not a dope, this Moise. He saw, just as Dan and I were seeing, that we had him. He made a grab toward the table where the silver bell was with which he called his servants. But Dan was too quick for him. He knocked him back into the chair. "Make a sound," Dan hissed, "and I'll knock you cold. Now you listen to the captain here."

Kink told him: "You'll pay us back that three thousand plus the C.O.D. charge," he said. "You'll buy the kerosene at our figure and you'll give us that cargo of yours that is now on the wharf. You'll give us a fifty-per-cent advance on the shipping charges. If you don't want to do any of this, we start the rat hunt this morning. And maybe next time you won't be so grabby."

Moise's face was something to watch.

When the sun went down, our fuzzy friends with the tail-gun assemblies went home again and we fell to unloading the sugar. Then we hosed down the decks. We worked two gangs all night, and by daybreak we had Moise's cargo under hatches. We were under way when Sunny called us to breakfast. He had made flapjacks. We had them the way we like them best—with honey.

THE END

RETURNED VET GETS DOUBLE BREAK, WHEN ...
GET SET, YOU GUYS. THIS IS IT!
THAT'S NOT BACKFIRE. THAT'S SHOOTING!
HI-JACKING ... M-10 ... JENKIN'S CORNERS ... SEND ANOTHER CAR!
THOSE RATS AREN'T SO TOUGH. I WAS AT BASTOGNE
COME UP TO THE HOUSE ... MY DAUGHTER WILL FIX THAT HAND
STOP AT THE POST ON YOUR WAY THROUGH TOWN
THAT'S A NICE JOB. THANKS A LOT. YOU'RE SWELL!
YOU'VE BEEN DRIVING ALL NIGHT. WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO SHAVE AND HAVE SOME BREAKFAST?
THIS BLADE'S A HONEY. SLICKEST SHAVE I EVER HAD!
YES SIR!... THIN GILLETTES SHAVE YOU EASY AND LAST A LONG TIME
WHEEEE!... HE LOOKS SMOOTH
I COULD CHANGE THAT DRESSING... IF YOU'D DROP IN WHEN YOU DRIVE BACK TOMORROW
IT'S A DATE!
SHAVE WITH A THIN GILLETTE BEFORE YOU GET HERE, PAL
THIN GILLETTES ARE THE EASIEST-SHAVING LOW-PRICE BLADES... AND THE LONGEST-LASTING... YOU EVER TRIED. YOU USE FEWER OF THEM, GET REFRESHING, GOOD-LOOKING SHAVES EVERY TIME AND AVOID THE HARSHNESS AND IRRITATION OF MISFIT BLADES
Gillette
4 10

FISHING FOR TROUBLE

Continued from Page 31

never arrest hard-working mountaineers like Bije Calland and Sam Lucas for one sin while he was sleuthing Eliphalet Dowdle for another, he toiled back up the slope and returned to his car.

After bumpy travel he came to Bethany church. Weekday silence and drowse hovered over the Baptist stronghold. The woods came close. He put his car in the buggy shed and struck out through the sycamores in back for the long ridge dominated by Rednipple Mountain. He climbed this steep soul-straining ridge, clawing his way upward through beeches, brambles, and perfumed dogwood.

Puffing and sweating and wishing heartily that Judge Entwhistle could share his journey—the judge had a portly frame, whereas Matt's lank form fitted his pants like a fork in a pickle jar—he neared the top of the world. He peered down into Beegum Holler.

A blue line of smoke rose from the bottom of the ravine.

"No," said Matt instantly to himself, "this wouldn't be Eliphalet's barbecue."

Such bad craftsmanship was almost certainly Rich Loftus's and Mendorem Jones's. To teach them a lesson, Matt cut loose with three lusty turkey gobbles, and when he caught sight of Mendorem dashing for his shotgun, followed that gamy call with a string of catamount cries. The upscuddle that resulted down below was something to enjoy. Rich and Mendorem streaked from tree to tree, hiding behind each, but not for long, and when they chanced to bump behind the same trunk they frantically grappled. Sick with laughter at the mullygrubs he'd thrown the two 'shiners into, Sheriff Matt crept away.

BACK in his car again, he pondered. He could always jug for Eliphalet, and had probably better start doing so. But as the day was only nooning, he decided to look in on one more hideyhole.

Before setting forth, he took from the rear of his car one of the man traps he had brought along, placed it beneath the church steps, and baited it. He cut a few laurel boughs and laid them in the road, the trimmed ends pointing to the church. Any local resident, chancing by, would know what that meant and would pass the word to the interested party. He continued up the rutty pike.

On a fence post some miles beyond, he placed another trap, with cut boughs pointing from the road. On the rail of Rocky Ripple bridge he placed a third.

He approached Stony Lonesome schoolhouse. As this was a Saturday, no murmur of reciting came from the four windows. But there wouldn't be any l'arning going on in yonder today anyhow, Matt remembered wistfully—it was the first of May.

He got out the fourth of his traps and placed it atop the schoolyard pump. He jounced onward, and tucked his car away behind a dense pungent clump of sumac.

He threaded more forest, worked his way through sweet-scented basswood, through birch thickets, upward through sugary-smelling azalea and rosiny spruce, and at last knelt, looking down into Bear Waller Holler.

A sound like the drumming of a springtime-gallivanting grouse, but slower of beat, came up from the green well of the wilderness.

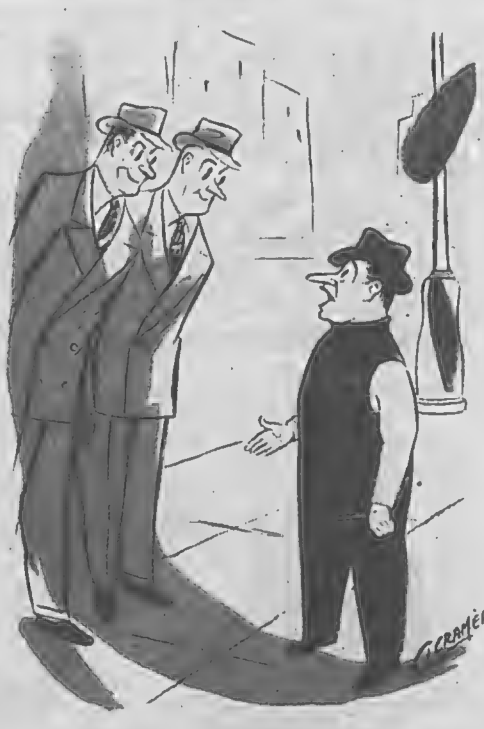
IT WAS a sharp disappointment to the man tracker. Here was one of Eliphalet's favored spots when the yen was on him to run a batch of dandelion tea. But not this week-end. Eliphalet was a double-cooking man. When he toiled at the art of his fathers he was patient and silent. He was not a thump-kegger, hustling two stages through in one and notifying the federals clear to Washington that his sassafras was b'iling.

Matt shook his head. Whoever was at work below, there was not even a lookout up here chopping wood with a dull ax to drown that thudding.

There was not even a boy making sounds like a peckerwood bird to call the ear away from that steamy rumble. A man of the law just about had to take notice.

THE sheriff rose and whooped, as if to a posse, "That way, men! There they go, over the mountain!" He rattled some dry branches and rolled down a few large rocks.

The thump-thump down in Bear Waller Holler abruptly stopped. The fire, he knew, was quenched, and the kit—or anyway part of it—was a-traveling on several backs in several directions, and not being slow about it, either. He gave his constituents time, then worked down into the holler.



"I couldn't get a suit in my size."
LIBERTY

The b'iler had sure enough been snatched up and toted off. So also the twin-walled copper condenser. The telltale keg that had stood between the two, partly full of water, was still on hand. Matt regarded this newfangled notion sadly. It shortened the time of witchbrew by half, making of no need the double cooking so wasteful of good dry hickory, but Matt didn't hold with it. Give him, for choice, an old-fashioned rig that didn't boom out like a church bell about what it was up to. Give him a copper worm leading to a sosh in a cold creek, and a man in charge who had a Christian objection to hurrying nature, and in the end you'd have a product.

He lifted a gourdful of the liquid that stood in a washb'iler and sniffed it. Flowerlike and innocent. Wrapping his arm around a tree for safety, he sipped. Popskull. Plainly no work of Eliphalet's.

Matt climbed out of the ravine and back the way he had come.

The day was wasting and he, so far, had nothing to show for it. Luckily he'd put out his line of traps. He reached his car a spent man, and retraced his way down the pike to Stony Lonesome schoolhouse, where the stone jug he'd placed atop the pump stood awaiting him.

Matt halted with a squeal of brakes. He got out of his car and crossed the schoolyard and lifted the jug from its pedestal. The silver dollar he'd left on the cork was gone. The jug was pounds heavier. Canebrake County's distribution system was in flourishing order.

He touched tongue to the contents. His tongue leaped back as if seared. Not even thump-keg stuff. Singlings.

He poured some out. It was white and clear as branch water.

He dumped out the rest. Whoever had swapped this for his coin was not Eliphalet.

AT Rocky Ripple bridge he stopped and reached for the next of his jugs. The silver dollar that had capped it was likewise gone. This jug, too, had gained in heft. Matt poured out a few drops, watching them glint.

They were brownish. That could come from honest aging in a charred keg. Or it could come from burnt sugar or from more evil things.

He tasted, and his face screwed with pain. Did this merchant, too, take him for a tourist? Here was rank watered-down eight-gallons-to-the-bushel soup fit only for stump blasting, its color and sting provided by chopped tobacco, pepper, and buckeye juice. Eliphalet had certainly not been here. Matt started to pour the purchase between the bridge planks, took mercy on the minnies, and dumped the wet fire into the red clover of the bank, which would never again be the same.

Sheriff Matt drove on.

He came to the fence post where he had set up another of his traps. A glass jug, this one. Its silver bait also had been taken. He held the container up to the sun. Amber brown. And when he shook it, a beautiful bead swam up into view.

Sheriff Matt began to feel a thump-keg of his own between his ribs. Was the chase ending? He took a large sustaining drink—and exploded it from his lips with vigor.

It was goods aged in a barrel, all right, but in a thrice-used barrel. The flavor of charred new wood lately kissed by the sap was lacking. Someone was using the same barrel over and over. And a-building up his bead with strong lye soap.

Clearly, Eliphalet had not been here.

Sheriff Matt Currie drove on.

The spire of Bethany church beckoned. Still silent, still adrowse, the little structure squatted in the shade of its elms. The jug Matt had placed beneath its steps was there. It had grown heftier too.

Like the fence-post jug, it was of glass. Its contents were a reddish brown. Matt shook it. The bead was prime. He tasted with caution.

His soul sang hosanna. Beyond question, Eliphalet had been there.

Rapidly Sheriff Matt and his car rattled back to town. He knew now where Eliphalet Dowdle was currently dispensing to customers, and he could come back as soon as he got another silver dollar, bait a second empty with it, withdraw to cover, lie low, and in good time leap out and grab his man. But he felt he'd gone far enough, for one day, to satisfy Judge Entwhistle. There was still something left of the afternoon. The best part, if he hurried.

HE SNATCHED up his rod as he drove past home and made quick time getting to Canebrake River. Two hundred or more men and boys were there, as they had been all day. They were whipping the pools and riffles up and down stream for miles. Judge Entwhistle was not the least busy of these.

"Got old Eliphalet by the heels?" asked the judge, bringing his rod to vertical, flicking his wrist and sending the line out wickedly and far.

"Same as," said Matt. "All I need is another dollar."

"How do you know it's Eliphalet?"

Sheriff Matt led the judge to his car and invited him to taste from the jug that had been sanctified by spending the day beneath the foot-washing Baptists' own church steps. Judge Entwhistle took the jug in his two palms like a rare old book, shook it for bead, held it up for color, uncorked it, touched his tongue, then swung the vessel upward for a healthy swaller.

He lowered the jug at long last with a reverent sigh. "Two gallons to the bushel, strained through a shirttail or a calico apron, twice run, aged two winters in a charred new white-oak barrel in a warm manure pile

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and rocked two summers, starting three, in a wind-swayed tree," he pronounced. "It's Eliphalet's."

"Judge," said the sheriff, "I'm thinking."

"So am I."

"Somewhere up yonder in the mountainy forest, lashed in a tall tree like you say, rocked by the breezes and the storms, is the sweat of Eliphalet's brow in a sweet oak barrel. We'll never find his barrel. But if we lock up Eliphalet, what'll be left for spring tonic?"

"It's a point," agreed the judge, "well taken."

"Judge, it was a very sinful thing Eliphalet Dowdle done, dropping a hook—prob'ly worm-wrapped—over Big Bugeye's snout the day before trout-fish season legally opened. But to err is human, judge. To forgive is, under some circumstances, real divine. Do you suppose, judge, you could let old Eliphalet off on the game-law charge?"

"Why not?" crooned the judge. "Specially as I've caught Big Bugeye."

"What?"

The judge opened his creel. There it lay, the saddest-eyed trout-fish Matt Currie had ever seen, and the biggest.

"Judge Entwhistle! Then Eliphalet — Why, I thought—"

"Eliphalet didn't catch him yesterday," said the judge pleasantly. "He just tried to. I knew dang well for sartin he'd try again today. That's why I yelled his name from the courthouse steps and sent you scuddling after him. It kept you both away from the river," said the judge, refreshing himself from the jug again, "and, as you say, to forgive's divine. I feel divine. Sheriff Currie, why don't you drop your line in that ripple yonder? There's a nice one-pounder there, just about your size."

THE END

IT'S AN HONOR TO MEET A LADY

Continued from Page 29

cause of some surreptitious needlework taken in by my mother (I discovered all this years later), I had been given the benefit of a college education at Columbia, although I lived at home and was not able to afford a fraternity. Now I was a junior clerk in a bank downtown, following in the family tradition of finance.

Maida was something altogether different. I have never been quite certain where she came from—I think somewhere in the Midwest, a section of the country I have always been a little vague about. Whenever I asked her, she would put me off with such nonsense as:

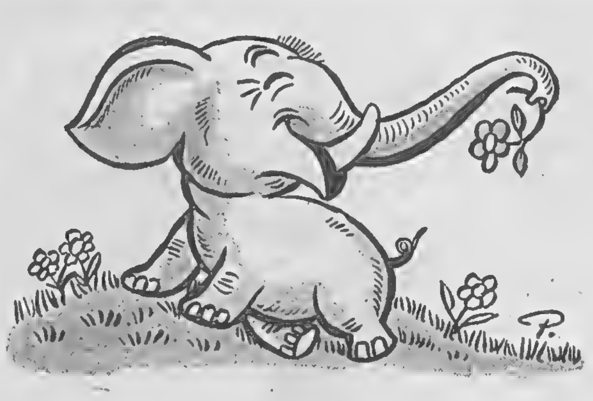
"Oh, I was born a little to the left of the town pump."

And Maida was "bohemian." There was no question about that. She was what my father would call (and did), with an air of disapproval, a "bachelor girl." She was a reporter on the Press. She wrote about anything and everything—fires, murders, politics, fashions, music, the theater, cooking.

"I haven't the least bit of creative intelligence," she used to say, "but I have a stenographic mind. All you have to do is give me a pencil and turn me on."

Although she wrote about cooking, she did remarkably little of it. Her flat in Charlton Street was equipped with a kitchenette, but she bought most of her food at the delicatessen.

It was a charming flat, for all it was four flights up. One of its features which interested me most was the studio skylight which filled the north wall and part of the ceiling and created an atmosphere which reminded me of a French book I had



COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

EL-LAUGH-PHANT: A grinning pachyderm.

AIR-ROPE-PLANE: A towed glider.

IDIO-SINK-CRASY: Peculiar way of washing dishes.

N-ERSE: Irish hospital attendant.

OB-JACK-TIVE: The quest for dough.

PRESBY-TEARY-AN: A crying elder.

FAB-BRICK-CATE: To build a chimney.

MAT-TRICK-ULATE: To enroll in a school of magic.

AXLE-ERATION: Making the wheel go faster.

GONDO-LEER: A sinister-eye talian.

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once read called Scènes de la Vie Bohème. The apartment consisted of only one big room, with the addition of a bath and a tiny kitchenette at one end, concealed by a large Chinese screen.

I must confess to a little embarrassment when I first visited Maida's flat because, after all, you might say it was just a girl's bedroom. For there, in plain sight, was Maida's day bed, although it was tastefully covered with a batik print and decorated with a number of sofa cushions in solid colors with contrasting pipings. Still, it was a bed. Of course there were also several chairs, large and small; Maida's desk, very untidy; a nice little black marble fireplace which burned cannel coal, a Sheraton mirror and console table, and some good Japanese prints on the walls.

Despite the fact that the character of the apartment, as well as its location in Greenwich Village, might be considered unconventional from my father's point of view, I believe I spent some of the happiest hours of my life there.

This was not easy. Shortly after meeting Maida at the studio party I formed the habit of leaving Wall Street at the close of business and going up to Charlton Street for a pleasant hour before taking the subway home to Brooklyn. But sometimes I cut the connections a little too fine and I arrived late for dinner.

I CAN see it all now—my father glancing up from the head of the table in his patriarchal way and leveling at me a suspicious and reproving eye. I can see Mother, plump and pretty and little, pretending to be interested in nothing more important than passing the Delft-blue gravy boat to my sister Jane, whose giggles would never betray her blonde sixteen years. I can see, through the parted velour curtains into the living room, my mother's needlepoint chair and my father's Morris chair and the rosewood sofa. The log flames shone on Mother's collection of brass fire utensils.

As I took my chair, my father removed his hunting-case watch from the waistcoat with the narrow white piping.

"The dinner hour is seven o'clock, Joseph."

"Yes, sir," I said.

"It is now seven nine," my father said precisely.

"Yes, sir."

"I won't ask you for an explanation," he said, "since you have volunteered none, but I am well aware that Wall Street offices close at five o'clock."

Mother looked away and Jane shook with heartless giggles. There was nothing further. I might have made some excuse about working late or meeting a friend or going to the library for a book. But by anticipating any such explanation my father had neatly put me in the wrong.

But it was characteristic, also of his old-school code that, after dinner, standing spread-legged in front of the fireplace, he offered me a cigar, cleared his throat, and said:

"It is quite all right for a gentleman to drop in for a beer or two with a friend after work, but, damn it, boy, punctuality at meals is of cardinal importance. It is inconsiderate and discourteous to your mother to be late."

Consideration of Mother was always of cardinal importance to him. And I was quite certain that the "friend" he had in mind, was nobody like Maida Scott. It was some time before he found out about Maida Scott, and I've never known to this day how he did.

NATURALLY, I continued to see Maida. It was difficult to say just what made our friendship so interesting and valuable to both of us. Certainly it was one of the most innocent of relationships, and yet I cannot say that we had any great intellectual bond. Sometimes I would play the phonograph records of some such classic opera as Louise, or Maida would read from the current literary sensation, An American Tragedy. And the brief hour would pass all too soon. On the rarer, long evenings, when I might legitimately explain to my family that I was going out with a college friend, we would sometimes play mah-jongg, or perhaps we would just curl up on the long window seat and look out on the colorful passers-by in this magic section of the city. We never talked much; at least Maida did not seem to care to; once I asked her why.

"Sh, Joey boy," she replied, "or you'll spoil something fine."

I had my head in her lap and her cool fingers were stroking my hair.

"Maybe I'll get to think you don't find my conversation very interesting," I said.

"Silence is golden. The interesting people understand that."

"I don't see what you see in me," I persisted. I was clearly fishing.

"You're just comfortable," she said.

Maida often said that to me and it gave me a kind of satisfaction, but I was man enough to realize that I could not be thus satisfied forever. I knew that I was already in love with Maida Scott and the day would come when I would ask her to marry me.

But there were a lot of obstacles to overcome before then. First was the fact that I was earning only twenty-five dollars a week and in no position to ask a lady to be my wife, although I had sufficient business sense to see that Maida's earnings would help if I would consent to that. The second was my father and his rather outmoded ideas of the "class" into which a gentleman should marry. And the third was Maida herself. Maida did not believe she was "the marrying kind." I learned this in the course of a rather unusual episode.

One evening, I *had*, in fact, gone to dinner with a college friend, Tom Moultby, and leaving Tom around ten o'clock, earlier than I expected, it occurred to me to drop in at Maida's for a few minutes on my way home. It was a fine spring evening. As I walked along, my heart beating a little faster than usual at the expectation of soon seeing Maida. I stopped and bought some chicken salad and two bottles of ginger ale, and then turned into Maida's block.

Crossing the street, I could see that Maida' lights were on and the

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big skylight windows open to catch the wonderful air. The front door being open, I did not bother to ring, and mounted the stairs. Reaching Maida's room, I was quite out of breath, but nevertheless it seemed quite some time before her voice answered to my knock.

"Who is it?" she said.

"It's I," I said, breathless but gay.

"Who is 'I'?"

"Joey, of course, bearing gifts."

"Oh."

It struck me for the first time that her voice sounded a little cross, and I thought perhaps I had interrupted her at work. But I forgot everything in the pleasure of seeing her lovely face as she opened the door. She was dressed in green batik pajamas, considered rather daring at the time, and I have never known her to look more entrancing.

My first surprise came when she did not kiss me; my second when my glance fell across the room. There, lounging on one of the big easy chairs, smoking a cigarette and with a highball glass in his hand, was Jack Trent.

Now, I had known Jack Trent for some months; he was one of Maida's large group of friends, a newspaperman like herself, and I suppose I had no reason to be surprised, not to say a little stunned, as I was. But the fact was I had never seen him at Maida's except in a party. I never knew he came alone, or anyone else. I had thought I was the only one. I just stood.

"Well?" Maida asked.

I still remember the cross note in her voice. But then she laughed suddenly in that charming throaty way of hers, and it was gone. She patted a place on the day bed beside where she had seated herself.

"Park it here, Comfortable," she said.

That was one of the new terms of the day, though it didn't sound vulgar coming from Maida, and I did so, still holding the chicken salad and ginger-ale bottles in my arms.

I don't remember all the details of the next hour except that they were pretty uncomfortable. Jack Trent seemed annoyed, although that didn't worry me, and Maida kept up a rapid fire of conversation trying to "pull" the party together, which proved difficult, as Trent and I had absolutely nothing in common. His interests seemed to run chiefly to newspapermen's beefsteak-and-drinking parties and he cared nothing for fine music like Louise, and, on the subject of An American Tragedy, he said that, as a writer, Dreiser was all feet.

I HAD a couple of highballs and once or twice the arguments grew fairly acrimonious.

Eventually he left and, as the door closed on his back, Maida faced me with a quizzical expression in her yellow eyes and a funny smile on her lips. She shook her head a little.

"I'd never have guessed it," she said.

"Guessed what?" I said somewhat sullenly.

"That you had the stuff."

This sounded like a doubtful compliment, and I said nothing.

"Don't you realize you outlasted Jack Trent? I don't think that's ever happened before."

This brought up the exact point I had on my mind. "Maida," I said, "there's something I must speak to you about. I—"

"Before you do, Joey boy," she broke in, "there's something I must speak to *you* about. I love to have you come here, better than anyone else, but don't ever do so without letting me know first. That's Maida's unwritten law. Maida has to see people and do her work."

But I wasn't really listening. I wasn't to be put off. "Maida," I said soberly, "are you interested in Jack Trent?"

Her dark eyebrows went up. "Interested?"

"I mean," I said, "do you intend to marry him?"

She stared at me with amazement for a few seconds and then her lovely laugh rang out again. "Of course not. Whatever gave you that crazy idea?"

I was immensely relieved at her declaration but I had to go further. I had to get to the real bottom of this matter. I could see that the most important thing in the world just then was to give Maida the love and protection she obviously needed.

"He was here alone with you," I said, "and for your own sake, I don't think—"

Suddenly she put her arms around my neck and her cheek against mine, and her cheek was wet with tears. It gave me a lovely and painful feeling in my heart.

"Sh, Joey boy," she said. "There are a lot of things you don't understand. Maybe I'm not the marrying kind."

"Of all the nonsense!" I said, and I almost "popped" the question right there. But I remembered in time that I did not yet have any real right. "A beautiful girl like you—"

"Sh, Comfortable. You're sweet. You're different. Maybe some day—" And a second later she said, "Wouldn't it be a wonderful joke on them!"

"A joke on whom?" I asked.

"What?" she said. "Oh, I was just thinking something about my job."

I walked to the subway on air, and the tube ride under the river, which I had never cared for, seemed like a gallop on Pegasus. And I didn't mind at all hearing my father's door shut just as I reached my room. I went to sleep to the most wonderful refrain: "Maybe some day—"

NOTHING more happened to interrupt the smooth course of Maida's and my enjoyable relationship until one evening in the following August. I went on seeing her as often as possible, despite the increasingly caustic remarks of my father when I came in late to dinner, although he stuck to his code of demanding no explanation. I knew the day was approaching when I should ask her to be my wife, money or no money, and I rather thought she was looking forward to it, too, and was eager to make the suggestion that our combined incomes would give us a very adequate living. But that was against all my standards and traditions. Far better a long engagement.

That August evening, however, changed everything.

It was the evening Maida asked me how I liked what she called her new "hair-do." She was standing in front of the little Sheraton mirror above the Sheraton console table, turning her head this way and that.

"It's called a shingle, darling," she said, after I had silently studied the

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new effect, "and you *must* have an opinion about it."

I remember it all as if it were yesterday. The mysterious, slightly sinister atmosphere of an August evening in New York. The sound of taxi horns heralding couples bound on one knew not what exciting adventures. The soft laughs wafted up from the street below. Far away, the tinny music of a hurdy-gurdy. The whistle of a peanut vendor's machine. And especially the thrill of being in a lovely woman's apartment while she admired her new hair-do in the mirror.

But I did think it a pity to have cut off so much of that lovely silver-gilt mane. "It will grow out again, won't it?" I said.

Maida turned sharply and I could see an unusual look of vexation on her face. "Joey boy, don't always be so naïve. Let me give you a valuable piece of advice. Never even hint your dislike of any part of a woman's get-up, whatever you may think!"

I WAS surprised at her vehemence, and perhaps a little hurt, for her manner instantly changed. She put her hands up to my face in a characteristic way she had.

"I take it all back," she said. "Don't pay any attention to me. Stay as you are, darling. That's the shrewdest thing you can do. There are enough men in this world who are clever without being fundamentally shrewd."

"I don't want to be either," I said. "I just want to go on loving you."

Maida laughed as if I had said something especially bright, but I was thinking that this was the boldest step I had yet taken.

It was at that moment the doorbell rang.

"Oh, bother!" Maida said. "Who the devil can that be? I wanted this evening quietly with you."

I knew she meant it, but nevertheless she pressed the buzzer and I could hear the clickety-click of the door latch far down the stair well, followed by slow measured steps on the stairs. Then occurred some of the most confused and uncomfortable moments of my life.

A knock sounded on the door.

"Who is it?" Maida asked.

"Mr. Joseph Harrington, *Senior.*"

My father. My heart seemed to stand still.

But Maida was equal to the occasion. With one quick glance at my face, she motioned to the Chinese screen which sheltered the bath-kitchenette. I hardly knew what I was doing, but trusting blindly to her judgment, I tiptoed behind the screen. Once there, I realized the indignity of my position; it was all like a French farce, though it was far from amusing to me. It was too late to back out or come out, for Maida was even now opening the door. All I could do was to put my eye to the crack between the leaves of the screen and view the little drama being played.

My father entered with characteristic dignity, carrying his Malacca cane over one arm of his conservative blue serge suit, removing his bowler hat and bowing slightly with that courtesy which could be so forbidding.

"I have the honor of addressing Miss Maida Scott?"

Maida was wonderful. The inclination of her head was as regal as his. "Yes, Mr. Harrington. Won't you sit down?"

The points of my father's mustaches were never more cavalry.

"Thank you, no. My business can be very brief. It will be a kindness to both of us to come quickly to the point."

"Please do, Mr. Harrington, although I can't imagine what business there can be between us."

"You are acquainted with my son, are you not?"

"Joey? Of course."

I could see my father wince at the diminutive Joey, but he went on stiffly: "I have come to ask you to release him."

Maida's fine eyebrows went up in a perfect pretense of surprise. "Release him? But I haven't the slightest claim on him."

MY father indulged in a familiar throat-clearing. "Come, come, you're a woman of good sense. Please don't tell me that he hasn't been seeing a great deal of you during the past years."

"I won't tell you anything of the sort. Both Joey and I have enjoyed it."

"Would you mind, as a favor, not calling him Joey?"

"Joseph," Maida said gravely.

"Miss Scott, I appeal to your better nature. I am not a wealthy man, but Joseph is my only son—"

It was all something out of Camille, and I was in agony.

"Mr. Harrington," Maida said with quiet reproof.

My father's face was suddenly pink with embarrassment. "I apologize for the suggestion."

Maida bowed her head.

"But you cannot deny my son intends to marry you."

"Intends is a word with two barrels, Mr. Harrington."

"I don't understand."

"It expresses inclination and ability to carry out that inclination. I have no intention of marrying Joey—Joseph—if he should ever ask me, which he hasn't." Maida seemed to level carefully her next remark: "Or anyone else, for that matter."

"What! You mean—"

"I mean, I'm not the marrying kind. Not every woman is. There is other work to be done."

My heart sank as I heard her words, but my father seemed to be suffering more. His blue eyes stared and his face was very red. In his philosophy, it was unthinkable that any woman who could, shouldn't trap her man. It was not decent.

"If you'll excuse me," he said, "I'll

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be damned!" And he added with something like awe: "The new woman."

"Oh, no."

"Harrington is a very old name with many fine connections. And what is wrong with my son, please?"

"Nothing. Quite to the contrary. He's a darling. He's comfortable and simple and straightforward. But principally comfortable. Haven't you noticed that, Mr. Harrington?"

"No, I can't say I have."

"Well, you get to value it among all these clever young men—this lost, lost generation."

"I couldn't say. I don't know any of them. Joseph isn't like that. He's a good boy."

My father halted and Maida looked at him with sympathy.

"Of course he is, and so I won't marry him."

"Well, I'll be damned!"

"I'll go one better," Maida said. "I'll promise not to see him any more."

My father suddenly looked weary and a little older than I'd ever seen him. He took out his breast-pocket handkerchief—the one scented with eau de cologne—and actually mopped his forehead.

"May I sit down?" he asked.

"Certainly, Mr. Harrington," Maida said. "Can't I get you a glass of sherry? I'm afraid it's bootleg, but—"

"No, thank you," he said. "It isn't that. There's just something I'm trying to understand."

Without looking, he lowered himself carefully to Maida's bed. I was struck by the incongruity of the act. Maida seated herself on a straight chair beside him.

"You'll excuse me," said my father, "if I talk quite frankly. I can understand a young man making an ass of himself. I can understand his wanting to elope with the leading lady or touring the country with the whole corps de ballet. There isn't any news in that. It's been happening to sons—and their fathers—for centuries. But what I can't understand is—I find it very difficult to say what I mean."

"You mean, you find it hard to understand that the leading lady won't elope with the son?"

"Well, partly that." He stopped, and after a moment went on: "I suppose every boy of Joseph's age finds the place in which he was born and bred pretty stuffy at times. Not that he doesn't love it deep down. But perhaps he does need a sort of home from home. If only—"

"If only," Maida said gently, "the patriarchal father were sure it were the right one."

MY father looked up with a quick smile of gratitude. "I hope—you won't give up seeing him."

"I'll treat him like a mother," Maida said.

With a slow sense of shock, the declaration went spinning through my brain: My world fell apart.

My father rose and, very formally, they shook hands. "It's always an honor to meet a lady," he said.

When the door closed and I came out from behind the screen, everything was the same. Maida and the new hair-do and the Sheraton mirror and the sound of taxi horns and the tinny music of the hurdy-gurdy far away. And yet it wasn't. I moved toward my hat.

"Darling," Maida said, raising her hands to my face, "don't look so unhappy. Didn't I save the situation? Haven't I made it possible for you to come to see me whenever you want?"

Then, suddenly, looking into her eyes, I experienced a profound sense of shock. For if, a few moments before, I had been humiliated by Maida's maternal attitude, the change in her which I now saw put my heart, my mind, my whole being into a state of wild confusion.

Her voice was warm, caressing, throaty. There could be mistaking its meaning.

"Darling," she murmured, "now we can really begin to enjoy ourselves."

Mumbling some excuse about overtaking my father, I grabbed my hat and fled.

In the years since, I've had the comfort of knowing that I had been true to my ideals, but sometimes I've wondered what life would have been like with Maida.

THE END

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"That's what the little basin is for, dear."
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THE HARTMAN MUGS

Continued from Page 21

the act cast another die. They would stop being "too funny"; just a little here and there. They gave the pitch to all comedy clothes, kept only modern evening wear, and went on the Philadelphia stage with nothing for the folks to laugh at except the Hartman faces. Again they played—as they had years earlier in California—authentic ballroom dances straight, with an occasional wee slip and a bit of mugging. When the returns were in, they again had something. With the help of a Webster's dictionary and Roget's Thesaurus they found it was "satire" and they were what they want to be called today, "satirists of the dance."

THIS time New York was a push-over. First the Pierre, then the Waldorf, the St. Regis, the Plaza, etc., and more of same back and forth across the country. They soon made the grade in big Broadway musicals. One—You Never Know—did none of the actors, except Grace and Paul, much good. Walter Winchell reviewed it: "Nothing much happens for 45 minutes and then you get the Hartmans."

Another was the Red, Hot and Blue hit, written by their good friends Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay. This was the show in which Paul shared a dressing room with another ambitious actor named Bob Hope, who told anyone who would listen that he was as funny as Jack Oakie and why didn't somebody do something about it.

The Hartmans also have had considerable Hollywood feature success, having made five or six movies. The pay is good and they like to get back to California occasionally. They plan to build a small house in Los Angeles. They probably will be the only San Franciscans ever to do this, but they explain that it is strictly for business purposes.

In hotels or clubs, the Hartmans do two shows a night—one around eight thirty, the other shortly after eleven o'clock. They are on stage about twenty-five minutes each show, but with a different routine, since many patrons stay for both performances. After a show they rest for half an hour in their room.

An act such as they put on is the physical equivalent of a fast ten-round fight with no rest periods. Grace, who drinks more than Paul, will have a swig. Her favorite tipple—and this goes whether she is working or not—is a double orange juice. Straight, with no chaser. Paul has made it a point to be friendly with head chefs. This ensures a constant supply of his No. 1 pick-me-up, a large slab of ice-cream pie.

ON the road they get up at 11 A.M. and eat active American breakfasts in the tempo of the territory where they happen to be performing. Two afternoons a week they rehearse from three to four hours. This is mostly to snap up a current routine or to polish something they have in mind for next season.

When they put together a new dance, they begin by getting a perfectly straight routine—no comedy—down pat. With this foundation they exaggerate slightly until what has been straight gets over on the satire side. This can take, and has taken, months. When possible, they use the regular dance floor for rehearsals. If not, a smaller ballroom in the hotel or, in a pinch, their own room. Except for openings or when something goes sour, rehearsals are without the orchestra. The Hartmans practice with a portable phonograph and are well-known customers of big record shops in all the cities they play. They are just as thorough in other phases of their work. When they took up magic, they first learned the regular tricks before touching them up. In the routine where they take off Bergen and McCarthy, Grace first learned to be a genuine ventriloquist. In the current show, where they burlesque the "Arthur Murrayhill" dancers, they first went up to Arthur's New York studios and joined one of his classes.

Like most stage folk, their big meal of the day is dinner at five thirty o'clock. This allows plenty of time before the first show. Again, their appetites are for standard territorial favorites, in sufficient variety, along with roast beef and steak stand-bys.

Their basic en tour recreations are walking, reading, and visiting, in that order. They walk every day that weather permits, because they like it and it keeps their legs and wind in shape. Grace weighs 110, or about ten pounds more than most male dancers' partners, but has far less

"The Duck was delicious, Mrs. O'Malley"

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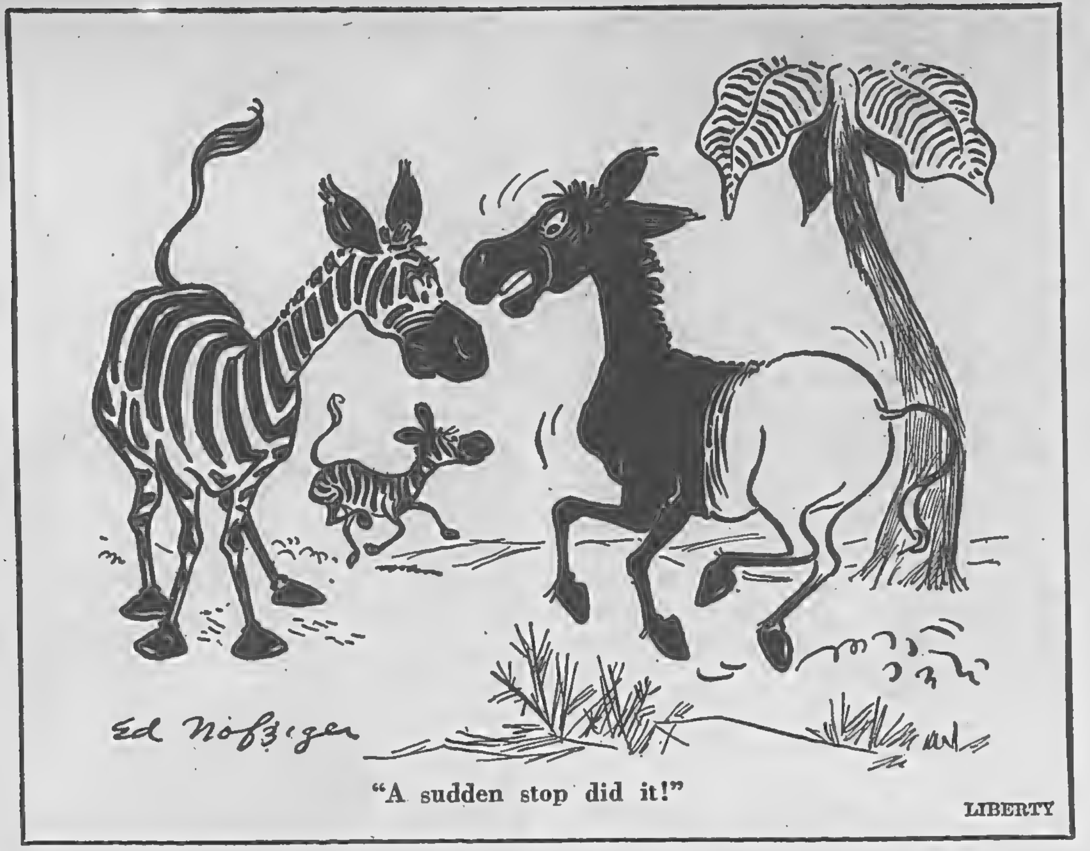

"A sudden stop did it!"

LIBERTY

trouble keeping her weight down than she has in keeping up with hair-dos. Paul is still the bow-tie middleweight he was when he boxed at the University of California, and counts the day as lost if he hasn't done five or ten miles of roadwork.

Grace, who designs her own wardrobe, likes the same kind of reading as does Paul—contemporary books, magazines, and newspapers.

When it comes to visiting, and they seem to have friends everywhere, they do not follow the common conception of show folks at play. Seldom do they visit a night club or go to a cocktail party for relaxation. They have nothing against it, but they are essentially home bodies. They entertain or visit their cross-country friends in the latters' homes or in their own rooms. They "pay back" visits when the road hosts get to New York, where the Hartmans have their permanent residence.

DESIGNED a dozen times by Grace on their world travels, their house is called Locust Cove and is in the village of Kings Point, which is the tip of Great Neck, Long Island. It is a beautiful red house and everyone loves it.

They have a lot of guests, especially in the summer, when they always plan to lay off and hold on to some of that fall, winter, spring $2,500-a-week hay. They have guests for two reasons—they like a lot of people in and out of show business, and it takes no magic to have friends drop in when you own a private beach.

Professional pals are scattered over many fields—Crouse and Lindsay, the playwrights; Paul Draper and Johnny Sebastian of concert fame. Most night-club stars—Gertrude Niesen, Hildegarde, Sophie Tucker, George Jessel, Joe E. Lewis, and all the dance teams—are on the "A" list. From stage and screen are William Gaxton, Victor Moore, Ray Bolger, Bert Lahr, and families. Raymond Massey always loans his car to the Hartmans when they are in Hollywood. Other old-time, long-time friends are Jack Bertell of the Music Corporation of America and their agent, since he had offices in his hat; and Galt Bell, producer of The Drunkard, now in its tenth or eleventh year in Hollywood. Bell started show life as piano player in the Hartman and Barrett vaudeville act. "We must have driven him to The Drunkard," says Grace.

Top orchestra leaders—Emil Coleman, Eddie Duchin, Freddie Martin, Johnny Long, Carmen Cavellera, to name a few, and their musicians—say, "Hiya Grace, hiya Paul," and mean it.

Newspaper people are high on their list too. In Detroit, for example, Mark Beltaire, Town Crying morning columnist, and Richard Edward Jones, CKLW radio showman who takes white mice to cat shows, have formed a very exclusive Oh Happy Day the Hartmans Are Here Club. In Washington, John Snyder, Stuart Symington and Justice William O. Douglas form a greeting committee, and the act also knows how to act in the White House, where they were, on invitation, January 26 last.

General Mark Clark and Mrs. Clark likewise get along well with Grace and Paul.

Until they built their home, the Hartmans summered on a neat but not gaudy "little yacht," the Bolero, which was anchored in the Hudson River. This is the only yacht known to have capsized in the front yard. When gas rationing came in, the Bolero was bedded down on the Long Island lawn. Then a hurricane blew all the other gasless cruisers and sailless schooners across the Sound from City Island. On the way over, as many as could arrange it smacked the Bolero around until they scuttled her right out near the front walk.

The Hartmans are not cagey about their ages. But they say they never open a show in Quiz Kid style, so why should it make any difference? They have been putting one foot down after another—together, and in time—since Grace was sixteen and Paul two years her senior.

"And from where we stand now," says Grace, "this makes a lot of stale dates."

It is the first and only marriage for both. They met in Oakland, where the Ferris Hartman Comic Opera Company (owned and operated by Paul's father, the Ziegfeld of the West Coast) was having a summer run. Paul, spending as little of his time as possible at the University of California, had a night job in the box office. Grace Barrett, who had been taking lessons from Ruth St. Denis, asked for a job in the ballet.

"Yes," concludes Paul, "they had ballets before Oklahoma! And when I got a load of pop's new help, I gave up the thievery out front, moved backstage, joined Actors Equity, and kept hoping for more quick costume changes so I could help hook up Grace as she hurried through the wings. It has since become my life's work, though we now have zippers."

THE END

MacARTHUR'S MISTAKES

Continued from Page 13

and retained for at least six months beyond the date of normal eligibility for release.

Worse, probably, from the standpoint of morale was the sense of futility that assailed these carefully trained experts. In Civil Affairs training schools at half a dozen universities they had probed deep into the administrative details of every Japanese city of 25,000 population and over. They learned local problems, sources of income, names and addresses of civic leaders, how many men were away at war, who operated the geisha houses. Their dossier on Nagato, one of hundreds, filled 123 pages.

Then there were special projects. One man reported the make, capacity, and location of every fire engine in Japan. A former assistant general counsel in the RFC researched Japan's financial system so thoroughly that the War Department hailed his work as the finest thing of its kind and the Japs marveled at its completeness.

This training lasted several months and cost an estimated $10,000 a man—about $30,000,000 all told. Its purpose was to prepare ten-man teams to administer each community, with each man filling a specified job but equipped to handle those of his teammates as well.

Early in the game the trainees began to suspect that most of this investment was going down the drain. They idled up to nine months at the staging center in Monterey, California. While they reviewed their studies, they were required to police the premises, picking up cigarette butts under the noses of snickering Axis prisoners.

As time crawled by, they observed that there was no liaison with MacArthur, nor any plan of government except that based on an assault landing. When the surrender came, many of them were released on the spot.

Those who did ship out didn't remain long in doubt about their status. When a team prepared to function in the Philippines reported to a division commander in that area, he told them, "We may as well understand each other right now. General MacArthur doesn't like Military Government, and we don't either. Here's a key to that jeep out there. Suppose you take it. Report here every morning at eight, then go out and see the country."

WHEN the order activating the Japanese Military Government plan finally was drawn up and started on its way to commanding generals of the occupying armies, it didn't get far. Brigadier General William E. Crist, the West Pointer who had been named head of M.G., intercepted the plan and called in the men he had instructed to write it. "General MacArthur will never hold still for this," he told them. It was feared, he explained, that swarms of Military Government people taking over at Japanese control centers would drive the Japs into confusion.

While the written plan foundered in General Crist's office, an order came down to hold up the 300,000 copies of M.G. proclamations which were to have been posted throughout Japan. The order asserted that the Japs had objected to the passage, ". . . instrument of surrender signed by order of the Emperor." Subsequently the proclamations were dumped into Tokyo Bay, and since then any official reference to Japan's loss of the war has been scrupulously avoided.

In MacArthur's orders to his field commanders covering Civil Affairs administration and supplanting the M.G. instructions, the only reference to Military Government was an invitation to use its personnel as the commanders saw fit, or not at all if they preferred. There were to be no moves, read the orders, except on word from the top.

With Military Government scrapped and its people largely ignored, many were disposed of to the M.G. in Korea, for which they were unprepared. Some were never assigned. One of these, Lieutenant Commander John D. Leonard, had

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resigned as chief trainer for the Chicago police force, presumably to take over the police section of the Japanese Home Ministry. With nothing to do, he finally went home. Lewis Valentine, former New York City police commissioner, has the job.

Lieutenant Charles Blessing, who recently won the two $1,000 awards in a Chicago city-planning contest and has gone home to a $10,000 job in Boston, was put to work as a statistician alongside the newspaper promotion manager.

SUCH men represent millions of dollars in wasted ability, and they dare not complain. When the professor of education was interrupted at his clerical chores, he led the caller furtively to the bulletin board at the door. There he pointed guardedly to a directive from "General Headquarters Supreme Allied Commander for the Armed Forces." It read, "No expression of opinion or factual information concerning the activities of this headquarters will be released by members of this section to the press or to any other agency or person for publication."

Asked whether he had any use for the Japanese language he had studied, the professor chuckled, "We have a joke around here that we use it only for fraternization." And when Brigadier General Courtney Whitney, chief of the government section, was reminded that a professor was being used to file papers, he commented, "Well, he probably is very good at filing papers."

General Whitney pointed out that he had had no M.G. training. He was inclined to agree with General Joseph Stilwell, who wanted men around him in China who knew nothing of China.

Meanwhile, the military feudalists of the General Staff sections have bedeviled the M.G. people and obstructed their work by keeping their promotions down, in betrayal of the War Department promise, and by picking real or imaginary flaws in their work.

One erudite peacetime candidate for a doctorate of philosophy somehow landed in the key post of a section where he could apply his knowledge, but he has been unable to advance beyond a captaincy. He got that only because his chief of staff, after two rejections, went to bat for him a third time.

The M.G. people found it hard to reconcile their being declared critical with the careless and minor use made of their talents. At the half-year mark in Japan, some 700 directives had been issued to the Japanese by Allied headquarters. Those from the General Staff rarely involved consultation with the Special Staffers, but until late February the latter group had always to clear its directives with the top.

And many directives issued by Special Staff sections were killed when they reached the General Staff for concurrence. This was unavoidable, for there has never been any over-all clarification of policy. There is a feeling that only the chief of staff sees MacArthur, and that no one ever sees the chief of staff.

Absurdities some times developed when the Army professionals took hold of a nonmilitary problem on their own. Notably, there was the affair of the 800,000,000 yen remaining in a munition fund which the Japanese government collected from the people. The Japs asked permission to use the balance for scientific research.

Accordingly, the proper department in the Special Sections issued a directive. It stated that this money had been for the military, and that since the people had suffered from the actions of the military, it would be more fitting that the money be used for relief of war sufferers.

In G-3, whose suitability to pass on such a matter was characteristically remote, all reference to what the military had brought to the people was deleted. So was the recommendation for use of the money. No alternative was proposed. Then the Special Sections officer who had sparked the directive, and had served in the New York State budget division, was instructed to tell the Japs, orally, that Allied headquarters "looked with favor" on use of the money for relief. Thus the Japs got no specific instructions, and what eventually happened to the funds nobody knows.

DECLARING these men with Civil Affairs training "critical," which implied their high value, ran into another contradiction when civilians without such training or experience were hired to augment or displace them—and hired in greater number at higher pay.

Confusion followed swiftly. One civilian newcomer who claimed he was an international banker but was widely rumored to have been a stock salesman, contributed to it. In a directive blocking further payment of war-damage insurance by the Japanese government, he insisted on inclusion of a clause retroactive to August 15, ordering the government to go out and get back everything in excess of 5,000 yen already paid out. Because this directive was issued November 24, such money already ran into millions; getting it back was manifestly impossible.

Then, against the urgent advice of a veteran M.G. legal expert, the newcomer insisted on adding the escape proviso, "If any of such funds have been invested in fixed assets or are otherwise not recoverable without due hardship to the beneficiary," a report to that effect should be made. G-4 approved it.

Besides those civilians coming out from the States, many are being hired in Japan from among discharged servicemen. The plumpish WAC major in charge of hiring and placing former G.I.s had 6,000 callers in January inquiring about work. Of these, 1,700 were interviewed and 543 hired. There seemed little doubt that she would reach her goal of 4,000 by July 1.

There seems to be little distinction as to qualifications. A Navy lieutenant with Civil Affairs training was offered a job at $7,500 a year when he gets out of the service, while a G.I. with influential connections was offered a spot at the top figure—$10,000.

The pay starts at $2,769 a year, and the sole expense is seventy-five cents a day for meals. That tops the base pay of a captain. Most civilian salaries exceed those of the M.G. workers by as much as four times. A civilian lawyer, barely out of law school, draws $8,000 a year, while

(*Continued on page 78*)

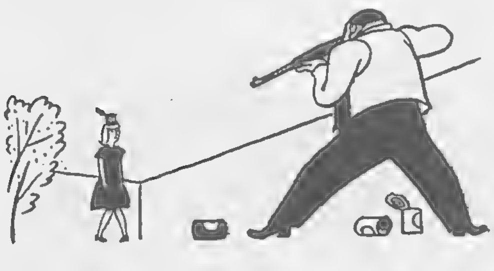
leo salkin
LIBERTY

"Chili."

Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

MEN OF ACTION: Thirty-nine-year-old Zigmund Norkoski of Detroit has made two trips to court during the past few months. When he first appeared on a charge of assault and battery brought by his wife, the court directed him never to lay a hand on her again. Back in court on the same charge recently, he contended that he had obeyed the letter of the law. He told Judge O. Z. Ide, "I butted her in the teeth with my head." In Elliott C. Beardsley, a Connecticut farmer, we have another uninhibited spouse. He admitted that on occasion he demonstrated his marksmanship by shooting a tin can from his wife's head with a rifle. This didn't seem unreasonable to him in view of the fact that he magnanimously let *her* shoot tin cans from *his* head.

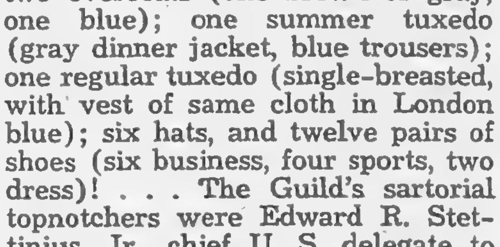


GLAMOR GIRLS: At an ice-cream-and-cake party, Yolande, couturière to small fry, showed her latest collection to the press. Glamor girls ranging from three months to three years modeled the diminutive dresses, coats, and bonnets in bassinets, prams, and play pens. Such recent style trends as fitted waistlines, puffed sleeves, yokes, and boleros were in evidence, and each little number was adorned with delicate handwork done in Puerto Rico. Some were frilly, others tailored, even to pleats. Fabrics used were organdy, rayon crepe, Val lace, white and pastel dotted Swiss, balloon cloth, colored batiste, broadcloth, woven striped madras, dimity, piqué, and prima cloth. The only baby boy in the lot was completely oblivious to the medley of youth and beauty toddling around him. Four months old and fat, he slumbered in his pram as though bored by his harem. A photographer, determined to get sex into his picture, borrowed my four-year-old son to pretend he was tying a little girl's bonnet. She was seven-month-old Valerie Hartman, a lovely pink morsel who lolled in her carriage and ogled the boy shamelessly. Some of the tadpoles were veteran models, earning ten bucks an hour. Enchanting newcomer to the field is blonde Donna Dederick, two years old. Her cunning blonde mother wasn't much bigger than Donna. Completing the picture was a diminutive blonde grandmother. When I asked how Donna happened to start modeling, her mother said, "The three of us were walking through Altman's and Yolande just picked us up."

MATERNAL REMORSE

If I say "DON'T" again today,
I hope I'll strangle right away.
No wonder Little Snooks rebels—
No wonder that his bosom swells
With righteous wrath that grows and grows,
As he's assailed by DON'TS and NO'S.

LAST CALL FOR FATHER'S DAY: Presenting its nominations for the nation's ten best-dressed men, the Custom Tailors Guild of America also listed the items that "a well-dressed man's wardrobe should include." You'd have to be rolling in dough to provide Papa with all of them, but the list does offer fruity source material for doting wives to peruse, if stumped by Father's Day. Here are the Guild's "musts"—three sports jackets (solid colors); six pairs of slacks (solids and plaids); six business suits (mostly solids); two topcoats (one camel's hair, one blue); two overcoats (one brown or gray, one blue); one summer tuxedo (gray dinner jacket, blue trousers); one regular tuxedo (single-breasted, with vest of same cloth in London blue); six hats, and twelve pairs of shoes (six business, four sports, two dress)! . . . The Guild's sartorial topnotchers were Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., chief U. S. delegate to U.N.; Ray Milland, actor; Morton Bernstein, vice-president of the National Silver Company; Hank Greenberg, baseball star; Alfred Lunt, actor; Guy Lombardo, orchestra leader; Henry R. Luce, publisher; Perry Como, crooner; John Brownlee, singer; Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, sassiety.



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A UNIVERSAL
HANDKERCHIEF

(*Continued from page 76*)

the Civil Affairs major and former judge who heads his section gets considerably less. The major's chief clerk, a corporal, gets $4,200 a year, or about twice the base pay of his superior. The stenographer assigned to that captain who can't get a promotion receives fifty dollars a month more than her boss. Such inequities occur scores of times.

When civilians displace M.G. officers, there's a tendency to put several where one had been before. Two former lieutenants and a sergeant, drawing an aggregate pay of $10,000 a year, displaced the M.G. captain who had filled the post alone.

THE newspaper promotion man turned statistician is now out, and the department at present consists of three statisticians and seven draftsmen, with the civilian head getting twice his predecessor's salary. But the newspaperman, despite five years in uniform, is not being let go; he's in the critical category. On his own testimony, his day now runs as follows: Reporting to his office each morning, he reads the Stars and Stripes and the Nippon Times. Then he writes a letter to his wife. Then he takes a walk, if the weather is good, or visits the Uraku building to pick up a souvenir. By then it is chow time, after which he visits some new area with his camera. By midafternoon he's back to the office for his mail, and when that has been read, it's quitting time.

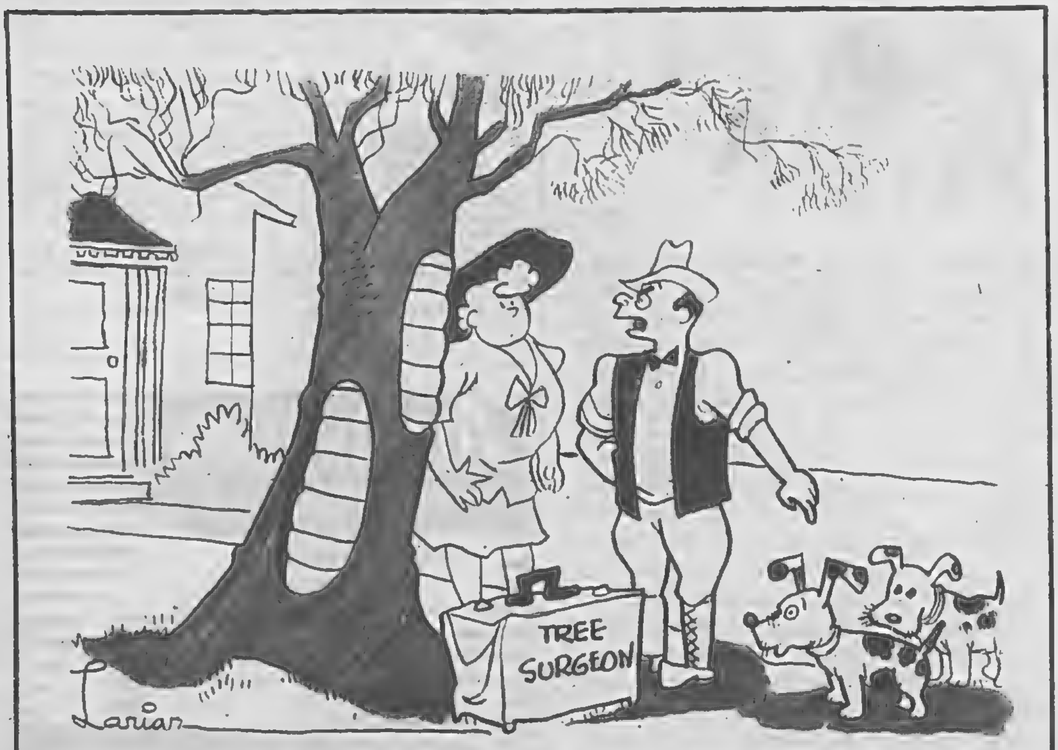
A WAC major in this same section averages about an hour's work a day. Her sole duty is to get out the daily radio report to Washington on what goes on at headquarters. Sometimes there's nothing to report, hence no work. Either way, she is assisted by a WAC lieutenant and a sergeant who types. Another WAC officer's daily stint is to clip Tokyo's two English-language newspapers for "trends."

This article is ignoring the other side of the story—the things being accomplished in Japan—because that side is amply covered every time a Washington delegation rides through, and in press releases. Visitors from home, feted by top brass at the Imperial Hotel and with neither time nor opportunity to look beneath the surface, fail to see things done belatedly or not at all.

By the end of February, six months after the landing, there was still no property custodian. Foreign property worth millions, taken over by the Japanese government at the outbreak of war and sold for little or nothing to its friends, remained in a hopeless tangle.

People are paying rent to spurious owners for the right to live in their own homes. In Yokohama, when headquarters directed the Japs to designate a burial ground for American servicemen dying in Japan, the Japs blandly proffered the playing fields of what had been the foreign-owned Country and Athletic Club. The property of an American business man, razed by bombs, was cleared by U. S. bulldozers to make way for Japanese shops. No one troubled to inquire into the real ownership of these properties, because no one had been charged with that responsibility.

The vaults of the Bank of Japan are spilling over with $150,000,000 in precious metals and gems. This was properly collected, under international law, to prevent its possible export and use against us, but much of it was gathered in without ever establishing its ownership. Diamonds acquired by the Japanese government from private owners were dumped in cigar boxes, untagged and uninventoried.



"You'd better explain to them that visitors aren't allowed yet." LIBERTY

The man originally charged with rounding up this wealth, a management engineer in civil life who had installed audit and control systems in some of America's biggest banks, washed his hands of it in October when his recommendations for inventorying the property were ignored. Another man assigned to draw up a property-custody plan has so far failed to get any action on his proposals. With three helpers, the work he is trying to organize is, he says, "the same size job as any fifty of the biggest American trust companies are doing."

By late February, also, there was no agency for enforcing Allied orders to the Japanese. If they failed to carry out a directive, or evaded it, pressure could be applied only through the Japs themselves.

As a sample of what this means, consider the order given the Jap government early in the occupation to impound all property and assets of Axis nationals, and money due them. This included 360,000 yen owed to nine Nazi engineers, who had arrived by submarine, for work they had done for the Japanese Navy.

IN view of the directive, the Bank of Japan refused to honor checks sent to it by the Navy to pay the Nazis. Then Dr. Paul Witting, a former official of the Tokyo branch of the Deutsch Bank of East Asia, induced the Jap Navy to hand the checks over to him. He prevailed on the Bank of Japan to cash them after he had endorsed them as "president" of his bank. This accomplished, he paid the nine Nazis out of personal funds because, as he explained later, he did not want the transaction to appear on the books of the Japanese bank.

At the time, we could only ask the Japanese to punish this culprit. Lately, military courts have been established, and will act when a Japanese court sentence is unsatisfactory.

These are only a few of the loose ends in Japan. Despite reports to the contrary, the *zaibatsu* (financial group) has not been broken—only the heads of a few houses removed. Until the end of February, Major Sidney W. Wheeler was chief of the Anti-Trust and Cartels division of the Economic and Scientific section, which is charged with this work. Wheeler in civilian life was "assistant treasurer and investment secretary for the Ministers' and Missionaries' Benefit Board of New York City."

Credit for the things that have been accomplished, according to competent opinion on the scene, lies less with the puppet masters of the Japanese show than with the marionettes themselves.

"If it weren't for the way the Japs are co-operating—and I don't know how long they're going to continue," said one officer—"I hate to think where we'd be."

THE END

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

SO GOES MY LOVE

(Universal)

Myrna Loy, Don Ameche, Bobby Driscoll, Richard Gaines, Rhys Williams

BEING an inventor is getting to be a habit with Mr. Ameche. This film stars him as inventor Hiram Maxim—so he can now place the arc light and machine gun next to the Bell telephone on his long list of products. The story takes place in Brooklyn during the horse-car days of the 1870s.

Myrna Loy plays the part of the inventor's spouse. She is more in her element as the wife than as the blooming country girl, Jane Budden, who comes to Brooklyn looking for a suitable husband.

You'll like Don Ameche more as the despondent, struggling young inventor than when he smirkingly behaves like an eccentric genius. He indulges in such pranks as jumping off the horse car to hurl rice at a bride and leaping back on with the explanation, "I like to throw stuff at people." Incidents of this kind convince Jane that this young man is not the solid citizen she has in mind for a mate. Hiram, however, helps Jane look over the eligible males and chooses confirmed bachelor Josephus Ford (Richard Gaines) as the best bet for her. He is stunned when she lands him. But on the night when the wedding contract is to be signed, Jane discovers that her heart belongs, after all, to Hiram. They embark on a marriage that is just short of ideal.

Ameche at work on his latest invention.

The opening sequences of this picture are the fastest and the funniest. After the son Percy (Bobby Driscoll) is born, drawn-out episodes revolve around bringing up precocious Percy.

Eight-year-old Bobby Driscoll, looking and acting like a little Orson Welles, plays his ninth screen role in So Goes My Love.

Production problems included the reproduction of an entire Brooklyn residential district, copied house by house from pictures of the period.

For those who have enjoyed watching Don Ameche perfect his other inventions, So Goes My Love will be another pleasant milestone on the Ameche highway of progress.

SUSPENSE

(Monogram)

Belita, Barry Sullivan, Eugene Pallette, Albert Dekker, Bonita Granville

THERE is lots of suspense in this million-dollar screenice folly which shows off the fancy frame and skating of Belita.

Shifty-eyed Joe Morgan (Barry Sullivan) is given a job at the Ice Gardens in Los Angeles by owner Frank Leonard (Albert Dekker). He is made a peanut vendor by Frank's manager, Harry Wheeler, played by Eugene Pallette. Frank shoves Joe up the success ladder for suggesting that Frank's wife Roberta (Belita), star of the sagging ice show, vary her act by leaping through a hoop of razor-edged knives.

The fetching Belita skates on thin ice.

Later, however, Frank closes his show when he suspects—and rightly—that his new protégé is making love to his wife.

Stalking near his mountain cabin, the enraged Frank fires a shot that causes a snowslide, and all that can be found of him afterward are his cap and gun. Here lies the suspense. Is he dead or alive?

From there on in, Frank lurks ghostlike in the lovers' shadows, playing a cat-and-mouse game that will keep diehard mystery fans on the edge of their seats.

PICTURES WORTH SEEING

THE GREEN YEARS (M-G-M). Sweet sentiment in a Scottish village. Charles Coburn, Dean Stockwell, and a fine supporting cast.

A NIGHT IN CASABLANCA (United Artists). The long-awaited Marx Brothers' picture and well worth waiting for.

INSIDE [illegible]

Just a couple of Babes in Arms!

Some Babes!

Everybody's Arms!

MORE GAY ADVENTURES OF THOSE "YOUNG AND GAY" GIRLS IN . . .

"Our Hearts Were Growing Up"

starring

Gail Russell

Diana Lynn

and

Brian Donlevy

with

Billy De Wolfe

William Demarest

James Brown . Bill Edwards

Paramount Pictures

LOOK BEFORE YOU EAT

Continued from Page 15

of beef generally on hand in the Middle West and East, and in limited quantities in the West. It comes from steers and heifers that have been well fed for a long time on concentrated feed. *Good* is the highest grade of beef sold in volume throughout the year. If you demand high-quality meat with a minimum of fat at a moderate price, Good is for you. *Commercial* beef is of good quality but has very little excess fat. It's for the folks whose budgets won't quite reach Good, Choice, or Prime. Commercial isn't tops for sizzling steaks, but it's fine for pot roasts. *Utility* beef is the lowest grade usually sold as "block beef," and is in the lower-priced group. It is usually used in beef stew. Of course, if you prefer horse meat to beef, it can be had.

HORSE meat sold interstate or abroad is federally inspected, but the horse-meat law requires that the also-rans headed for the sandwich route be processed at places separate from those in which other meats are prepared. But horse meat is inspected thoroughly and branded with a hexagonal green (instead of the round purple) stamp reading: "U. S. INSPECTED AND PASSED—E 38—HORSE MEAT." The E-38 represents the identification number of the establishment. Thus all federally inspected horse meat is branded as such, so if we buy only federally inspected meat, no smart butcher is going to sneak in a ringer on us, or on any foreign country either.

Foreign meat buyers get only federally inspected meat and, conversely, only meat or meat products from countries having an inspection system equivalent to ours are potentially eligible for importation. Meat we import must come from animals which have received thorough veterinary ante-mortem and post-mortem inspection at the time of slaughter. All imported meats are examined at ports of entry or other designated places.

Domestic meat products such as hash, chile con carne, sausage, and other concoctions made entirely or substantially of meat, must pass a careful federal inspection before they can be exported or sent across state lines. And they must meet certain labeling requirements of the Federal Meat Inspection Service. For example, a can labeled "Chile Con Carne," bearing the circle and inscription, "U. S. Inspected and Passed by Department of Agriculture," must contain not less than 40 per cent of meat, computed on the weight of the fresh meat. "Hash," when so labeled, must contain not less than 35 per cent of meat—and you don't have to worry about that other 65 per cent when it's federally inspected, because the Meat Inspection Service keeps an eagle eye on *all* the ingredients. Pork gets a special going over.

WE DON'T STAND A GHOST OF A CHANCE SINCE HE GAVE HER LEAF GUM!
LEAF SPEARMINT
LEAF SPEARMINT
Listen to LEAF'S "Tin Pan Alley of the Air" Every Saturday— Coast to Coast.
THE FLAVOR LINGERS LONGER...
LEAF

The inspectors make sure that pork products customarily eaten without cooking are so heated, refrigerated, or cured as to destroy any possible live trichinae, the cause of trichinosis, a disease which comes from eating raw or underdone pork. Bologna, frankfurters, smoked or dried sausage, roasted, baked, boiled, or cooked ham and the like, when prepared under federal inspection also are treated against trichinae. Fresh pork sausage doesn't undergo this treatment, of course, and should be well cooked at home. Fresh sausage is excellent when properly made, but it can be deceiving in appearance. A link of uninspected sausage might look meaty, but the "meat" could be a mixture of questionable ingredients all ground together, tossed into a pile of cereal, and cooked in an artificially colored solution. Yet in some cities and states there is no penalty for selling such stuff as "genuine pork sausage" if the product is made and sold without crossing state lines.

MEAT for canned-meat products is closely inspected. After cans are closed, a sample can is placed in an incubation room. The room temperature is kept around 100 degrees for ten days. If the can is a "sweller," or is otherwise suspected, the inspectors can locate the lot through code numbers on the ends of the cans, and stop shipment.

Federal meat inspection involves no mere spot check. Inspectors are on hand as long as the plant is in actual operation—in some cases twenty-four hours daily, in shifts. With present modern equipment in certain plants a group of inspectors will examine a maximum of 600 hogs or 120 cattle *every hour*, at a cost to the government of less than ten cents an animal, or under one twentieth of a cent a pound.

In the six years from 1940 to 1945 inclusive, the average number of animals slaughtered under federal inspection was 92,113,098. For the year ended June 30, 1945, veterinary meat inspectors condemned 46,922 animals before slaughter and 361,269 on post-mortem inspections. That means innumerable ailments and diseases were prevented among the countless men, women, and children who are the ultimate consumers of meat. And inspecting hundreds of thousands of carcasses a day is a tough job.

Federal meat inspection began in 1890—*not* to protect American consumers, but to satisfy a demand from European countries that American meats be officially inspected before exportation. The original law required that only exported meat be subject to federal inspection. In 1906, after Upton Sinclair's exposé of the stockyards in his book, The Jungle, an aroused public led President Theodore Roosevelt to insti-

SYVERSON
FEED
POP CO

"No more for me—thanks, lady."
LIBERTY

gate an investigation of Chicago stockyards by James Bronson Reynolds and Charles P. Neill. Their report revealed that conditions in the slaughterhouses were as bad or worse than those in black markets raided recently. For example, in one heap of meat scraps the investigators found pieces of pigskin, bits of rope, and other rubbish. An employee told them quite frankly that he was preparing "potted ham."

PROMPTLY after submission of the report Congress passed the Meat Inspection Act of June 30, 1906, requiring federal inspection of meat for interstate as well as foreign shipment. The purple stamp we find on nearly three fourths of all meat is our assurance that the conditions which led to the passage of the Act no longer exist in any federally inspected establishment. The black market, however, is something else again.

Some of the "meateasies" and slaughterhouses used for illegal butchering are in dirty shacks, dark unventilated basements, and other germ-infested hideaways. In contrast, a plant under federal inspection must be built to certain stiff specifications designed to ensure cleanliness and proper sanitary handling of meat. Plumbing, lighting, ventilation, architecture, everything, are designed for one objective—cleanliness.

Of course all these modern improvements aren't available to the farmer who slaughters and sells his own animals, but the farmer generally keeps his meat clean. He isn't in the same class with the meatlegger, who is practically immune to sanitation. The federal meat-inspection laws, in fact, exempt from inspection farmers and, under certain circumstances, "retail butchers and retail dealers in meat and meat-food products, supplying their customers." If the farmer ships any home-slaughtered meat or meat products across state lines or abroad, the shipments must be clearly marked with the name and address of the farmer on whose farm the animals were slaughtered.

Most farmers who raise livestock appreciate the value of the Meat Inspection Service. A big percentage of the veterinary meat inspectors were farm-raised and understand livestock problems better than others. In some cases, inspectors who have condemned unsound meat were sons or brothers of the men who raised the cattle.

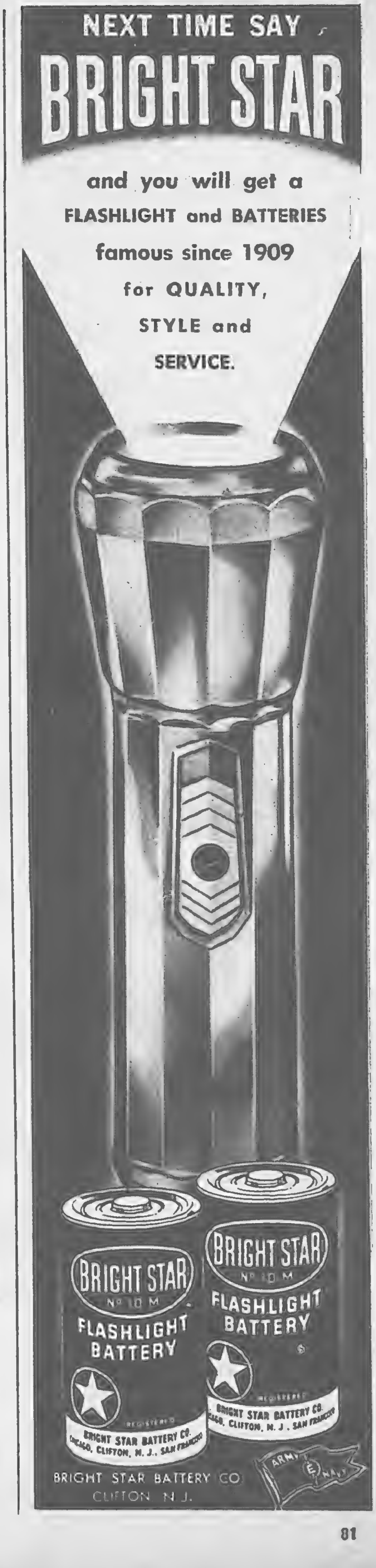
THE packers realize that federal inspection is a valuable asset, though without their full co-operation the over-all results might not be as efficient as they now are. At any rate, their failure to comply with regulations would mean prompt withdrawal of the inspection, which would mean that the packing plant could not do any interstate or foreign business. A strict provision of the law keeps packers from attempting to influence the judgment of the federal inspectors. The cost of federal meat inspection is borne entirely by the federal government.

The pay of the inspectors is relatively poor. For example, the present average salary of a veterinary meat inspector — a college-trained, experienced specialist who is forbidden to engage in outside practice—is considerably lower than that of the average veterinarian in private practice. Even in 1940 the private practitioner who frequently made $7,000 a year or more was twice as well off as the federal meat inspector. Although some veterinary inspectors have resigned because of the small salary, many have spent the best parts of their lives in the service and are proud of their organization and its accomplishments. Supervised by H. E. Reed, director of the Livestock Branch of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, the work of the Federal Meat Inspection Service is capably administered by its Chief, Dr. A. R. Miller, an old-timer who has come up through the ranks.

He and his men protect the consumer where the consumer cannot protect himself, but their safeguards apply to only three fourths of our meat. Meat and meat products from plants which are not federally inspected should be subject to *equivalent* inspection by state or municipal authorities. We owe it to ourselves to learn how efficient our local meat-inspection service is — if we have such a service. But there is one way we can be sure that the meat we eat is sound, healthful, and wholesome. We can buy meat with the round purple stamp.

Next time you go shopping, look for the mark on your meat. It's a mark of progress.

THE END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FLASHLIGHT and BATTERIES
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SERVICE.

BRIGHT STAR BATTERY CO.
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FLY IT RIGHT

Continued from Page 17

In an assembly hall you often see two flags *at the rear* of the stage. The only place the flag should occupy on any platform is at the *extreme front of the stage, and just in front* of the line of the speaker's reading desk. This is the "military right of line." Thousands of motorists have carried a small metal flag attached to the auto's *rear* license plate, not realizing that the flag never *trails* anything; its correct position is always at "the front."

AND the position of the flag in the churches has long, been in dispute. For example, the minister of a church in a Virginia town placed his church's flag in the position of honor—that is, at his right—and relegated the U. S. flag to the secondary position. To back up his contention that it was correct flag usage, he said the Navy flew the church flag over the ensign on shipboard.

Some of his church members appealed to me. And in a letter to the local paper in the minister's town I explained that a Navy chaplain's private pennant (its correct name) over the ensign was a signal to surrounding ships that the crew was at divine service. Such a practice is not intended to represent God above country, as so many believe. Certainly it would be a bit strange to proclaim a ship Christian for a few minutes each Sunday and a pagan vessel for the rest of the week.

That Virginia minister could speak to his congregation and didn't need to resort to a special pennant announcing that divine service was in progress.

During an American Legion convention in New York City the Legionnaires arrived for services at a big church to find the U. S. flag given a secondary position. Some of the Legion members had to be forcibly restrained from moving forward during the service and putting the emblems in their proper order.

One fact that is overlooked by some members of the clergy is that without the protection of the U. S. flag we might not have freedom of worship.

Some women seem to think that the flag can be used effectively as part of a costume. A society woman in a Western city, for instance, was seen wearing the flag as a bandanna. The flag should never be used as any part of one's costume. Another woman, shopping in a Detroit department store, and looking at some flag pins, surprised the sales-woman by asking, "Haven't you got them in any other colors?"

This brings up another misconception about our flag. George Washington, in describing the new flag, said: "We take the blue from heaven," etc. And in heraldry blue outranks red. But in spite of that, the song writers, to suit their rhyming problems, long ago set the flag colors down as red, white, and blue. The order should be blue, white, and red. Army literature, Boy Scout manuals, and the Federal Flag Code itself all give the colors in that correct order.

Because our Navy in its infancy got all its accouterments from France, it had to stand the unfair stigma of "running away from the fight" for more than a hundred years. It came about because the French eagle faces its left, or the sinister. The late Frank Knox, Secretary of the Navy, finally ordered a change by declaring that "the old bird has looked the wrong way too long."

ARTISTS and illustrators frequently make errors in roproducing the U. S. shield. The old twenty-five-cent and fifty-cent silver pieces bore on their obverse sides the Great Seal of the United States. Millions of people handled and saw these silver pieces. Yet over the past twenty years I have seen, outside of government literature, *only three correct reproductions of the U. S. shield.* And if you ask the average person to describe the elements in the shield, he'll tell you, "Seven red and six white stripes," etc. But the shield has only *six red* stripes and *seven white* stripes. And there are *no stars* in the blue band. It may also surprise you to know that this mistake has been made *in government literature* many times.

Similarly, few people understand the "point of honor" in the flag. Primarily, flags were devices of war, and the simplest weapon of war is the spear. A spear's only use was as a weapon. And in attacking an enemy you keep the point to the front, toward the enemy. Now the flagstaff is always a spear. The original horseman was a "lancer" and his weapon was a lance and the colors attached to that lance were called a "standard." The original foot soldier was a pikeman, and his weapon was a pike, while the colors attached were called a "color." As the column moved forward, the points of lances and pikes, being toward the enemy (the point of danger), became the "honor points." That portion of their scarves being next to the spear point became the honor point of the scarf. Thus, the staffhead of a staffed flag is the danger point and that portion of the flag, the blue canton with the stars, becomes the honor point of the flag.

In the days of militant knighthood a man was judged by his physical courage. In order to appreciate fully the significance of the word "sinister," and the care taken in heraldry that ordinaries, charges, crests, and accessories shall not face the sinister direction, one has but to remember that the arms on a shield and the crest on a helmet of a knight proclaimed his family, his name, and his personal identity. And when en-

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gaging in combat he took especial care that the charges on his shield, his helmet itself, and the crest surmounting it and waving proudly aloft should *all face the enemy.* To ensure this, they had to face toward their right (their sword- or right-arm side, the "dexter" direction. Had they pointed to the left, or "sinister," they would have faced *away from the enemy.* To face danger was honor, and the avoidance of danger was dishonor. Thus the word "sinister" came to mean something ignoble and cowardly.

Another point to remember about the flag is that it should never be displayed below the heads of seated persons. This happened at one of the late President Roosevelt's inaugural ceremonies. The flag was tacked flat on the support of, *and below,* the reading desk. One of the President's secretaries insisted that such a display was in accordance with all flag rules. In reply I sent him a printed copy of the Flag Code which the President had signed (and sent me the pen he signed it with) only a few months previous. But I received no answer.

Within the last few months the Post Office Department has issued three commemorative postage stamps in the designs of which have been incorporated the flag of the United States. Two of these, the Texas and Michigan stamps, violate the criminal codes of all forty-eight states and the District of Columbia. Nevertheless, these two and the Iwo Jima stamp, all bearing pictures of the flag, are smeared by post-office canceling machines throughout the land. The Post Office Department's answer to that is: "The flag was used on a stamp in 1869."

************★************

A good many of us in our attitude toward the evils of this world are rather like the dying Irishman.

"Well, Pat," said a friend at the bedside, "have ye made peace with God and denounced the divil?"

"Sure," said Pat, "I've made peace with God—but I'm in no position to antagonize anybody!"

****

In dedication ceremonies the flag should be the supreme factor, and should fly aloft and free. It should never be used as the unveiling material. And yet, at a dedication in Washington of a bronze plaque of the Declaration of Independence, and given under the auspices of a widely known patriotic society, the flag was used as the veil.

And symmetry should play no part in a flag display. You often see a row of flags on staffs. Every other one or so is the U. S. flag. No flag is ever placed on the right of the U. S. flag, and if there are several U. S. flags and only *one* city, Red Cross, or other banner, then that one flag goes to the extreme left of the "military right of line," never in the middle for symmetry's sake. Watch the manner in which B. Altman & Co.'s store in New York makes its display, if you would be correct.

The present President's flag has been in error since May, 1916, when President Wilson had a new Presidential flag designed. The artist commissioned to do this redesigning probably thought the "old bird" had been looking one way so long he would like a change. And so, wholly ignorant of the heraldic factors involved, that artist drew the eagle looking to his *sinister.* Several Presidents have been appealed to, to have the error corrected, but they have tacitly accepted *the omen.*

MANY people are unaware of the reason why the flag upon the casket of a dead soldier, sailor, or anyone who has seen service in defense of his country is *reversed,* in that the canton is placed over the right breast of the deceased. This is the only time that the flag can pay its respect to one who has once offered his life in its service, and therefore it is "reversed" and seemingly clasps the soldier to its bosom. It should be particularly remembered that never should the flag cover the bier of anyone except those who have seen military or naval service. A lighted torch held upright signifies life; pointed downward it signifies death. In a military funeral going to the grave the muskets are reversed (muzzles down); coming back, the rifles are carried over the shoulder (muzzles up). If a general's horse is led in the procession behind his coffin, the stirrups are turned to "face" backward.

It is only for military or naval personnel that the flag should ever be at half-staff. If the deceased has been in the employ of a state, then that state's flag should be half-staffed, while the U. S. flag beside it remains at full staff. If a member of a police force, then the flag of that organization is the one to bear evidence of his loss to that organization. If he has been a city official, then that city's official flag is the one to be half-staffed. But in any half-staffing, the U. S. flag should so remain only until noon, when at that precise moment it should be hoisted to full staff, "for the Country still lives and The Flag is the Symbol of the Living Country." The Navy thinks so much of its ensign that it goes the Army one better: instead of the *one* half day in the year that the Army half-staffs the flag for its soldier dead, the Navy half-staffs the ensign only during the few minutes of firing the salute.

In purchasing a new flag, remember fringe and tassels have no place on it. The flag needs no passementerie; no "painting the lily."

It is your flag—not the property of the government or any branch of the government, but yours to fly whenever you desire, as long as you do so with respect.

Long may it wave!

THE END

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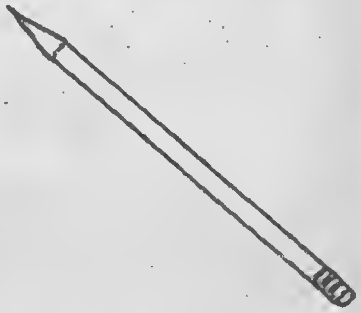

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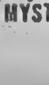

Durham Barber-type

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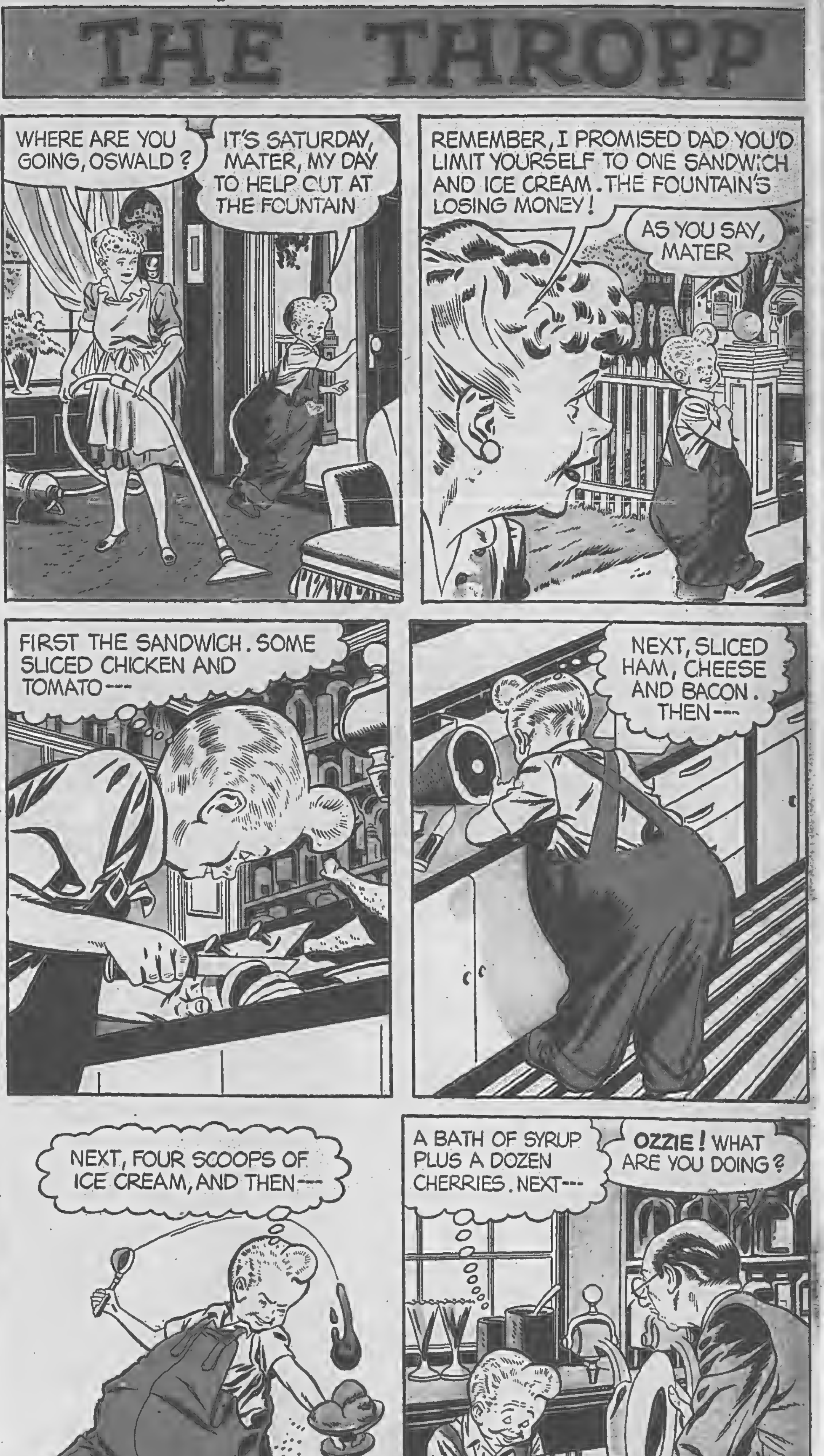
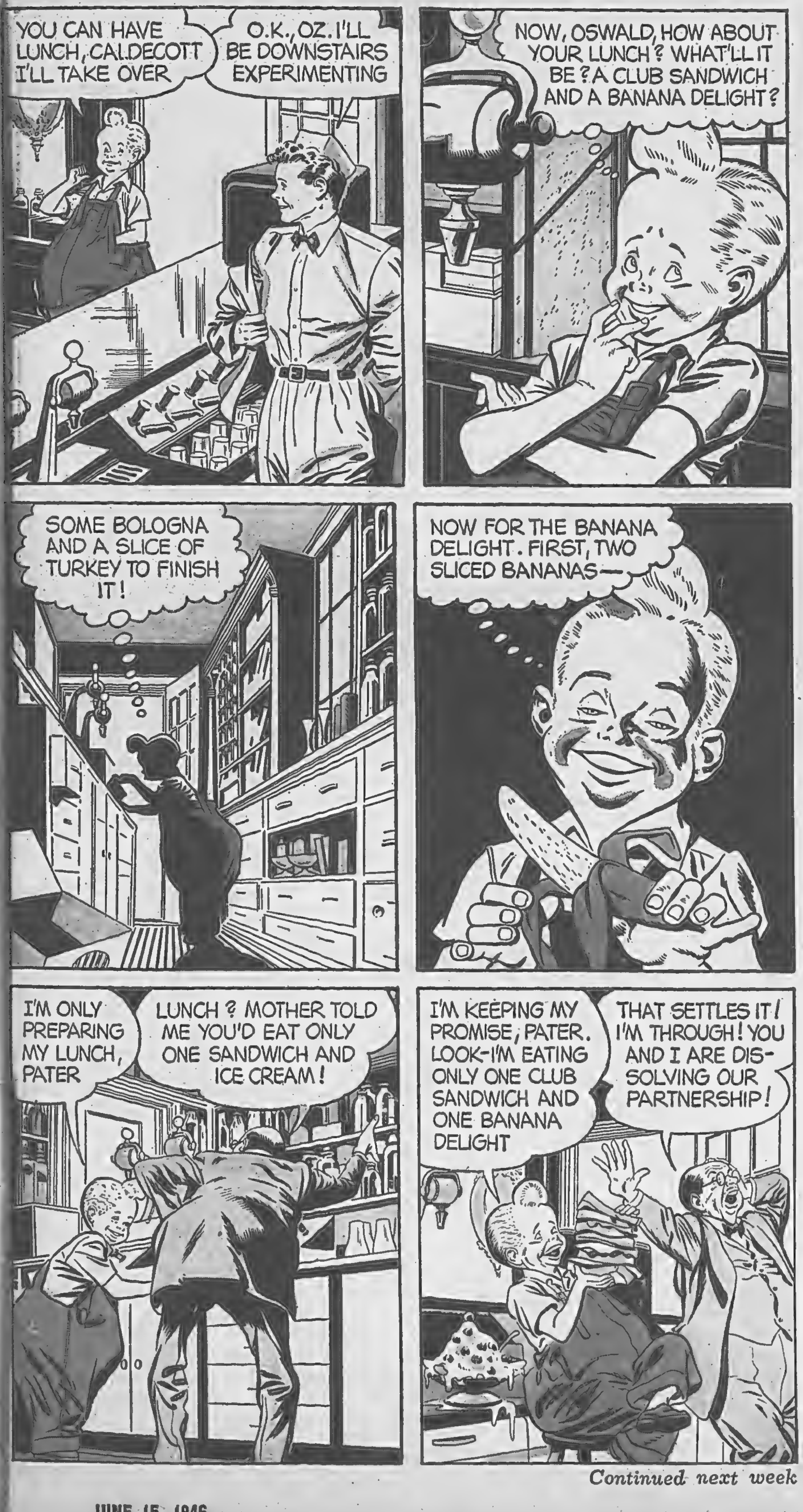

THE THROPP
WHERE ARE YOU GOING, OSWALD?
IT'S SATURDAY, MATER, MY DAY TO HELP OUT AT THE FOUNTAIN
REMEMBER, I PROMISED DAD YOU'D LIMIT YOURSELF TO ONE SANDWICH AND ICE CREAM. THE FOUNTAIN'S LOSING MONEY!
AS YOU SAY, MATER
FIRST THE SANDWICH. SOME SLICED CHICKEN AND TOMATO---
NEXT, SLICED HAM, CHEESE AND BACON. THEN---
NEXT, FOUR SCOOPS OF ICE CREAM, AND THEN---
A BATH OF SYRUP PLUS A DOZEN CHERRIES. NEXT---
OZZIE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

FAMILY

Written by LAWRENCE LARIAR

Illustrated by DONLOU


YOU CAN HAVE LUNCH, CALDECOTT I'LL TAKE OVER
O.K., OZ. I'LL BE DOWNSTAIRS EXPERIMENTING
NOW, OSWALD, HOW ABOUT YOUR LUNCH? WHAT'LL IT BE? A CLUB SANDWICH AND A BANANA DELIGHT?
SOME BOLOGNA AND A SLICE OF TURKEY TO FINISH IT!
NOW FOR THE BANANA DELIGHT. FIRST, TWO SLICED BANANAS—
I'M ONLY PREPARING MY LUNCH, PATER
LUNCH? MOTHER TOLD ME YOU'D EAT ONLY ONE SANDWICH AND ICE CREAM!
I'M KEEPING MY PROMISE, PATER. LOOK—I'M EATING ONLY ONE CLUB SANDWICH AND ONE BANANA DELIGHT
THAT SETTLES IT! I'M THROUGH! YOU AND I ARE DISSOLVING OUR PARTNERSHIP!

Continued next week

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"IN THIS COR-R-NER . . . !"

Continued from Page 19

inflicting a wound on Conn's left palm which required four stitches. This incident occurred at Greenwood Lake, as did several squabbles between Conn and his manager, Johnny Ray. The two hot-tempered Pittsburghers are fond of each other but cannot avoid an occasional tiff.

Order and common sense prevail at all Louis training camps. Joe maps out a schedule and sticks to it, for boxing is a business to him. Joe's camps are restful and smoothly run.

Both Conn and Louis have trained long and well for their second meeting. Billy began early last October by working out for ninety minutes a day in a Pittsburgh gymnasium. Then in March he went to Hot Springs, Arkansas, where he did limbering-up exercises and took long walks to build up endurance. By the time he arrived at Greenwood Lake in April he was down to 190 pounds, only ten above his best fighting weight. He has concentrated on sparring in camp to develop speed and to perfect his timing. He even hired a welterweight, Sammy Schipani from Pittsburgh, to make him step around inside the ropes.

Louis spent most of March and April in West Baden, Indiana, where he did preliminary training under the guidance of Manny Seamon. By the first of April he was down to 215 pounds, ten above his best weight. He did not move into the Pompton Lakes camp until the first of May because he was fearful of leaving his fight in the training ring.

ALTHOUGH Billy and Joe have been as careful to get into good physical condition as they were in 1941, they do not compare physically as they did for their first fight. Louis' measurements are almost exactly what they were before he left his boxing career to join the Army. Billy, however, is a bigger fellow than he was in prewar days. His neck, chest, and arms are bigger and there is more power in his shoulders. He will be harder to hurt, even if he is hit squarely, than he was in 1941.

As important as physical condition in the second Louis-Conn fight will be mental attitude. Both Conn and Louis feel that they must win, for several reasons. In the first place, both are sensitive about their first fight. Conn wept in his dressing room after he had been counted out, from anger and remorse. He was stung subsequently by comments of sports writers to the effect that the smart boy had been outsmarted. He is determined now to show the world that he is no fool, and that he can make good his boast that he is the next heavyweight champion.

Louis took nothing away from Conn after their fight. He commented simply, "Billy boy talks big. But he fights big, too." As time passed, however, and the opinion that Joe could not have won the fight had Billy not lost his head became widespread, Joe began to suffer from hurt pride. In his quiet way he is determined to prove that he can beat Conn more easily than he did the last time.

Another incentive for both is the need of money. Billy is a free spender and has been counting on winning the championship to assure for himself and his family the kind of life he likes, free from financial bottlenecks. Louis was $217,000 in debt shortly before he went into the Army. How his finances now stand is a question. But it is probable his situation has not improved. If Joe can beat Conn, he wants to retire soon after the fight as undefeated champion, in the belief that joining Gene Tunney in the ranks of the unbeaten would increase his chances of succeeding in business. Certainly both Louis and Conn have a great deal to win, and an equal amount to lose. They will be giving all they have inside those ropes.

THE probable strategy that the two will employ has been revealed by the way they have trained. Conn says he is counting on speed and his concentration on spirited bouts with his partners confirms his statement. This time, Billy declares, he will not try to beat Louis at his own slugging game. He will try to befuddle the champion with fast footwork and to pile up points with quick left jabs and hooks. Louis is handicapped in planning his strategy by the absence of trainer Jack Blackburn, who died shortly after Joe's second knockout of Abe Simon, in 1942. He is further handicapped by the fact that shrewd John Roxborough, formerly one of his managers, is confined in Jackson prison in Michigan. However, Joe declared last winter, before the ballyhoo for this fight had gained a great deal of momentum, that he would come out *fighting*, as he did for Schmeling in their second bout.

"If I catch him early, while I'm fresh, I won't have to worry about catching him later, when I'm tired," Joe said. His plan is to smother Conn with a fusillade of punches soon after the opening bell, and if possible knock him out in the first round. Joe believes, as does Billy, that Conn's main chance for victory lies in lasting fifteen rounds and winning a decision. "If I knock him out," reasons Joe, "he can't win a decision."

In case the bout does go fifteen rounds it will be scored differently

* * *

Of the sounds the human ear cannot hear, it is a sad fact that none are made by the human tongue.

—*Banking.*

* * *

from the first Conn-Louis fight. Boxing Commissioner Eddie Eagan has introduced a new method of scoring to New York referees and judges, in an effort to distinguish between rounds won by slight margins and those taken by wide margins. Under the old system a boxer received no more credit for winning a round with as much margin as from here to the South Pole than he did for shading his rival. Had the officials at the first Conn-Louis bout operated under the present system, they would have had Louis, and not Conn, leading at the end of the twelfth round.

Both Joe and Billy must take the new scoring system into account as they develop their strategy for their second bout. Neither can afford to conserve energy by taking to the defensive while his opponent piles up points.

UNDER the scoring system used in 1941, Conn was leading Louis at the close of the twelfth round in the opinions of referee Eddie Joseph and Judge Marty Monroe. Bill Healy, another judge, had the bout even.

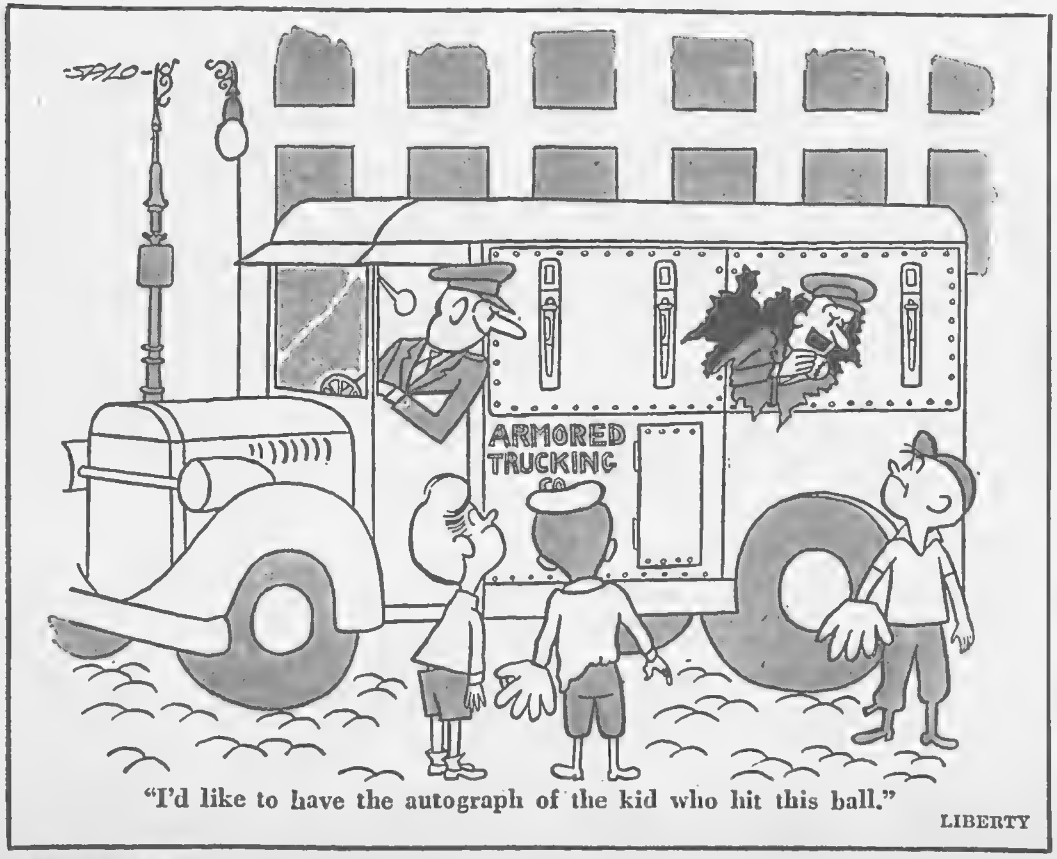
Both boxers fought in spurts, conserving energy for important drives. Conn did so as a matter of generalship, being lighter than the champion and feeling that it was important to save strength for the late rounds if he was to outscore a tiring Louis. Louis may have done so partly because he was stale when he entered the ring that night. Joe had been in almost constant training since the winter of 1940, when he launched his "fight-a-month" campaign. Conn was the seventh man against whom he defended his title in 1941. Jack Blackburn had cautioned the champion that he had been overdoing his boxing and might lack his usual strength and endurance against Conn. It is probable that Joe did lack them.

Despite the fact that both Louis and Conn are elderly, as boxers go, most men associated with boxing think they will put up a good fight. Conspicuous among the dissenters has been Gene Tunney, who months ago predicted that Louis would win early in the worst heavyweight championship fiasco since Jack Johnson knocked out Jim Jeffries. Tunney, however, is not the best of prophets. In 1941, before Louis met Conn, he charged that Conn did not belong in the same ring with Joe and would be knocked out in one or two rounds. Benny Leonard, former lightweight champion, disagrees with Gene in his appraisal of the coming bout. Benny insists it will be a rousing show, because both boxers will be in good condition and anxious to prove their ability after their long absence from competition.

We agree with Leonard that it will be a good fight. Both Louis and Conn have an abundance of courage, and both of them have too much pride to give less than their best before one of boxing's greatest crowds. But we do not foresee a repetition of the first Louis-Conn fight, or anything close to one.

Army duties and reduced boxing have slowed the footwork of both boxers. Louis never was particularly fast on his feet, depending chiefly upon fast and powerful punching. But speed of foot was Conn's chief asset. Loss of speed will affect him more than it will Joe, and will force him to modify his natural boxing style. Louis retains his punch. Sooner or later, we think, Joe will catch up with Conn. Louis will wait for the opening he wants, just as in 1941. But we don't think he'll have to wait long. Not longer than eight rounds.

THE END



"I'd like to have the autograph of the kid who hit this ball."

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Thanks for the Memory

A real live nephew of my Uncle Sam's . . . born on the Fourth of July . . . George M. Cohan, born July 4, 1878. A trouper at eight, a star in his teens. Actor, producer, playwright, song writer.

I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy . . . Forty-five Minutes from Broadway, Seven Keys to Baldpate, The Tavern. He wrote fifty plays.

Over There . . . Tin Pan Alley didn't top that one, and never will.

You're a grand old flag . . . red, white and blue . . . George M. Cohan, true to his faith, his profession, his country. The only actor ever awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor. He died November 5, 1942.

Mary's a grand old name . . . Whenever you hear the phrase, "The Great White Way," think of him. *He paved it.—Allan H. Witwer*

PUTTING THEM ON THEIR FEET

Continued from Page 23

The Shrine has a local organization, or Temple, in nearly every important American city, about 160 in all. Any Shriner coming upon a child who is crippled may apply for the child's admission to the nearest Shrine hospital. He then becomes the sponsor, indeed the godfather of his protégé. Nor do his duties end when he gains for the child one of the coveted hospital beds.

When a child is selected, the Shrine pays traveling expenses for him or her and the mother or father, from the home to the hospital. Upon their arrival the first job is to prepare the parent for a separation which may last months or even years. This is accomplished by the friendly hospital atmosphere and by showing the parent the immense improvement wrought in other patients.

WHEN he has said his good-bys to mother or father, the youngster has little time to be lonely. He has come from a poor home, and the friendly, cheerful wards, the toys, the chatter of "old-timers" among the patients anxious to show him the ropes, are fascinating to him. Diagnosis, in the cases of crippled children, is not difficult, nor is it difficult to plan the course of treatments necessary to help them. The dread of surgical operations is reduced by the talk of other patients, who regard each successive visit to the operating room as a graduation to another class, so to speak—another milestone toward the day they will romp and run like other boys and girls.

As quickly as he is assigned to his bed and settled down, the patient resumes his schoolwork. In most of the hospitals, teachers are assigned from the city schools to tutor and conduct classes.

At each of the hospitals a full-time chief surgeon is in charge. All fifteen of these chief surgeons are in the top rank of their profession. For the work, the controlled conditions, the ability to proceed without hampering influences attracts the best men in this specialty. All of them are members of the American Orthopedic Association, whose approval is sought before appointments are made, and all receive ample fees from the hospital fund. At Philadelphia, the chief surgeon is Dr. John Royal Moore. He is also chief of the Orthopedic Section of Temple University Medical School.

In addition to the chief, each hospital has at least one full-time resident doctor and a staff of resident nurses and technicians.

There are, of course, many varieties of crippling ailments. Some of them, such as clubfoot, are congenital and immediately apparent upon the birth of the child. Some are caused by accidents in early infancy. Still others are caused by such diseases as tuberculosis and infantile paralysis. Despite the dread all of us have of infantile paralysis, it is by no means the prime crippler of children. Yet there are numerous infantile cases in Shrine hospitals, and the handsome little fellow pictured in the last March of Dimes poster was cured in the Shrine Hospital at Portland.

There is nothing revolutionary or sensational about the surgery performed at the Shrine hospitals. Virtually all treatment follows accepted medical practice, though the Shrine doctors have contributed enormously to the refinement and perfection of established techniques.

The only miracle about the Shrine hospitals is the fact that there is plenty of patience and plenty of time for each patient. Outside of these institutions there are not half a dozen hospitals in all the land which will say to a child, "You may come here and stay as long as it is necessary. You will not be hurried out of your bed until we have done for you everything we know how to do. And it will cost your parents nothing." Indeed, it is almost impossible to find beds for these long-drawn and tedious cases even in the most expensive private hospitals.

On the other hand, even the seven months of close care in the hospital, the dozens of plaster casts which were necessary to straighten little Danny's clubfoot, will not send him home finally cured. He is still too young to be turned loose and to be told, "Now you are just like all the rest of the boys." He will need to wear his heavy orthopedic shoe and his brace for two years more before the skew is completely gone out of his foot. But he needs only convalescent care, and that can be managed at home, provided his parents co-operate. They must see that he doesn't get tired of his brace and slip it off when nobody is looking. They must submit the shoes to the hospital every three months, because Danny is growing and must have a new fit that often.

SUPPOSE the parents haven't the time or the interest to manage these things properly? That is where the sponsor re-enters the scene—the Shriner who got Danny to Philadelphia in the first place. It is his duty to keep in close touch with the boy at home and to make sure that thoughtlessness does not undo the work of the doctors.

This relationship between sponsors and their protégés has proved to be one of the most rewarding human aspects of the whole enterprise. The sponsors lead their young charges carefully into the problems of existence, seeing that they have full opportunity in the public schools, and finally placing them in jobs that offer economic and social improvement. Some have even sent their protégés through college.

Dr. Moore of the Philadelphia hospital wished to make several things clear: "Don't get the impression we work wonders. We do not turn all of our patients into perfect human specimens, because that would be impossible."

By way of illustration he led the way down the ward, and we looked into the face of a little girl of about nine. She lay on her back, smiling, her right arm motionless beside her.

As we got out of earshot, the doctor explained that she had been in a motor accident some years before and the main nerve trunk leading through her right shoulder and arm had been cut. "She will never move that arm," he said. "There is not much we can do about it, except to prevent it from growing in a deformed way. We'll finally fix the arm in position by solidifying the elbow joint so that it will bend naturally at the waistline rather than hang limp and inert. That's about all we can manage."

He went on: "We have to measure our results, not against perfection, but against the condition the patient would have remained in without medical care. If we can help a deformed child to walk, we don't complain over the fact that we can't make an athlete out of him. But we never send them home until we are sure we have done everything we possibly can."

The average stay for a child is about 100 days. The total cost of surgery, hospital care, food and clothing, and special shoes and braces is only $4.34 a day for each patient. That is far less than the cost in the usual city or charity hospital. But it is not achieved by skimping or penny-pinching. It is the result of business management of a most particularly expert sort.

MOST Shriners are successful business and professional men. And each of the fifteen hospitals is under the immediate direction of a local board of governors, all Shriners, of course. In most instances the local board chairman is a business man, retired after a successful career, and these men bestow all their talents, plus a new and satisfying enthusiasm, upon the management and functioning of the hospitals.

A very great part of the money necessary for the undertaking is provided directly by the Shrine membership, through annual assessment. There are about 500,000 men in the order. Each pays two dollars a year for the hospitals, and the million dollars thus received annually is sufficient for current operating costs. In late years a variation upon this simple assessment has been instituted. Upon payment of sixty dollars, a Shriner may purchase a certificate of permanent contributing membership in the hospital organization—which is a corporation distinct from the formal organization of the Shrine itself. The owner of such a certificate ceases his annual payments. His sixty dollars is invested in government bonds and the interest from them continues to go into the operating fund long after the member is dead. Nearly 100,000 of these memberships have been bought by Shriners, many of whom have paid far more than the required sixty dollars. Indeed, a number of men have paid as much as $5,000 for their certificates.

Still another source of revenue comes from Shriners who bequeath sums to the hospitals in their wills. More and more wealthy members, after becoming acquainted with the enterprise, are following this course. One legacy of $1,300,000 was left in trust to the Shrine hospitals by William H. Ritter, philanthropist and official of Johnson & Johnson, the pharmaceutical concern.

Individuals and organizations not connected with the Shrine have volunteered contributions. For example, many local chapters of the Knights of Columbus, a fraternity of Roman Catholic men, have contributed generously.

The profits from the East-West football game have enabled the San Francisco Shriners' hospital to become the first of the Shrine hospitals to be fully endowed. Less public attention has been given to another Shrine football game. The pick of North and South Carolina high-school players meet for the championship of the two states every year. As early as the second year of its renewal, this game earned a net of $45,000 for the Shrine Hospital at Greenville, South Carolina.

THE Shriners have just adopted a new expansion program. First and perhaps most important item is the establishment of a research project to study the sources of all crippling diseases affecting children. The principal object will be to discover preventive measures and new methods of treatment while the diseases are still in their acute stages.

Next, the Shriners will enlarge the facilities and equipment of the existing hospitals, and will build more in new locations.

An annual appropriation has been set aside for granting three scholarships of $2,500 each in orthopedic surgery to outstanding medical students. Also, three scholarships will be provided for orthopedic nurses wishing to study for further specialization in the field.

Finally, a series of convalescent homes will be built in connection with all Shriners' hospitals. In these homes, under nursing care, the patients will be given full courses in occupational and recreational therapy, to ensure a rounding of individual personalities after surgical healing has been completed.

The Shriners make no request that the general public share in the cost of any of these undertakings. It is a labor which they chose for themselves, and which they mean to complete in thorough fashion.

THE END

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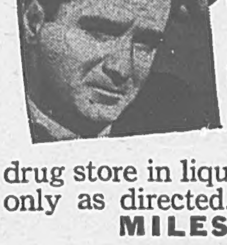

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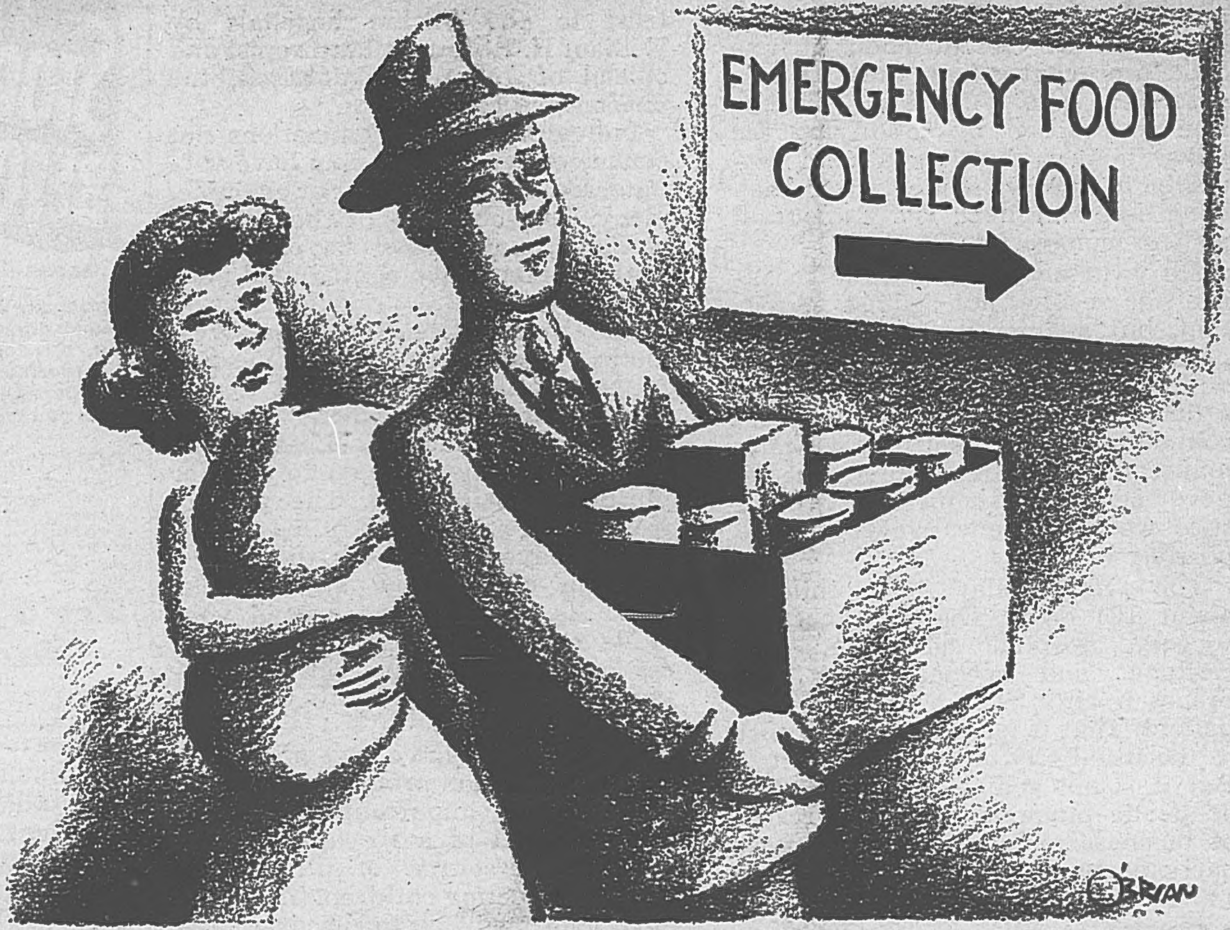


HOW YOU CAN SAVE A LIFE!

TO those who have never been hungry, hunger is difficult to comprehend. People who have never starved find it hard to imagine starvation. And yet, food is the most basic of human needs and none of us is ever further from acute discomfort than the next meal. Let four or five mealtimes go by without satisfaction, and the longing for food possesses us to the exclusion of almost every other impulse. The search for food becomes our dominating activity.

Today hunger and starvation are starkly real to large segments of the world's population. To comprehend their plight, let us imagine ourselves tonight sitting down to watery soup and a crust of bread after a hard day's work. Let us imagine our own robust kids coming in from play with no heaping plate awaiting them; with nothing, in fact, but thin fare which stimulates hunger instead of satisfying. Let us imagine this same prospect awaiting us tomorrow and the day after and for weeks and months to come, with our only hope the generosity of distant people who have in surplus that precious substance called food.

For those who hunger there is little satisfaction in laying blame on the war and the mistakes of politicians which led to it. There is little ease for the gnawing in their bellies in railing against statesmen or governments. Only food, the stuff a man, his wife, and his kids can get their teeth into, serves to overcome the weakness of the body and the mounting hopelessness and despair of the soul. Regardless of the circumstances which brought the world to its present plight, people must have food if they are to keep going another day, another week, or another month until, in God's own good time, the harvests come in and there is food again.

Meanwhile, it is people who call to people, fathers to fathers, mothers to mothers, children to children. Direct action is needed from each of us and the time is *now.*

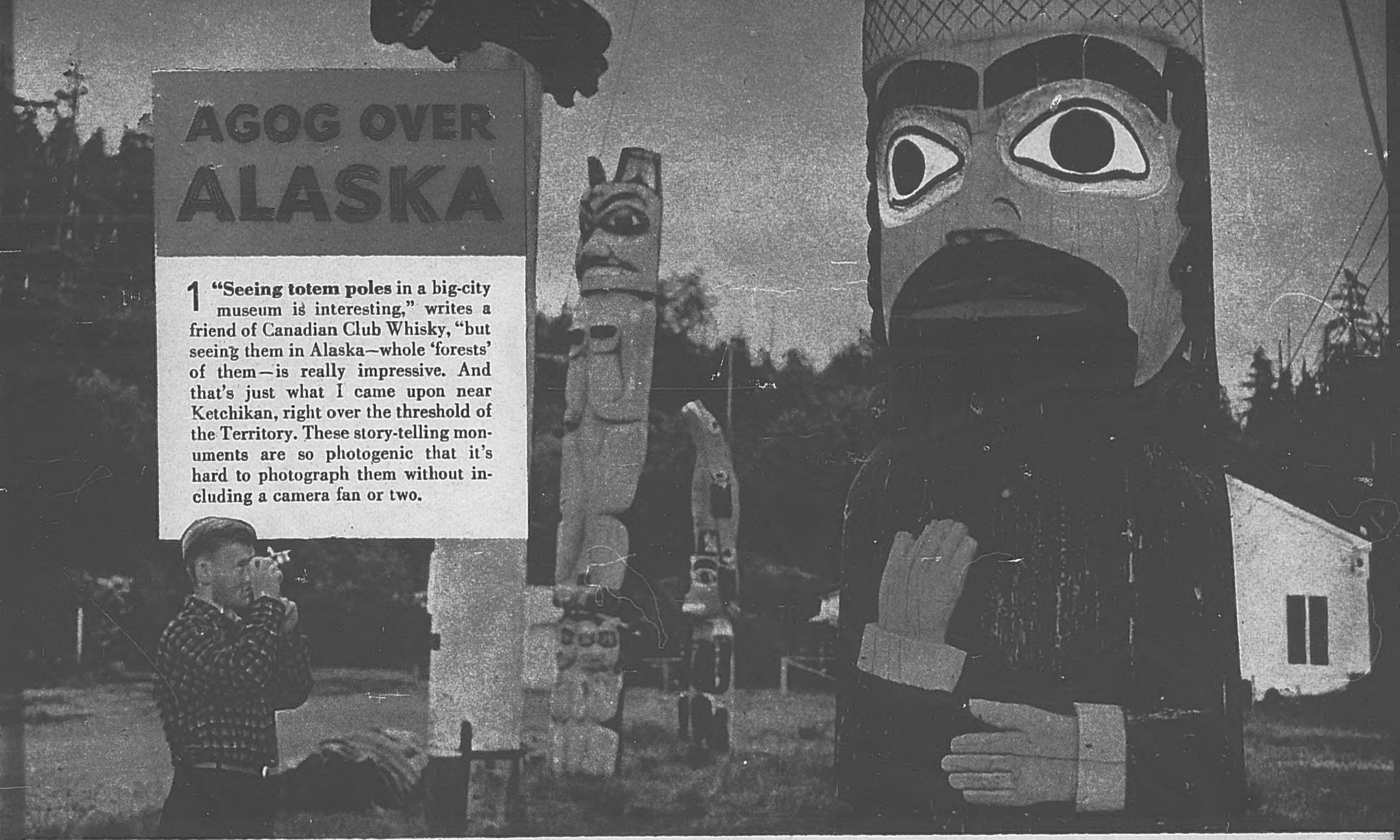
In your community right now the emergency food collection for UNRRA is going on. Direct gifts of canned foods are sought—food, the stuff people eat—bought by you and taken to your local collecting depot. In this direct and personal way each of us can fight famine and save lives and health. A dozen cans, or, better still, a case of food, from your family will help some family abroad to put off dying just a little longer. If you can't take the time or trouble to buy the cans, send in the money and someone else will do the buying for you. Every cent goes into food and every can contains life and hope.

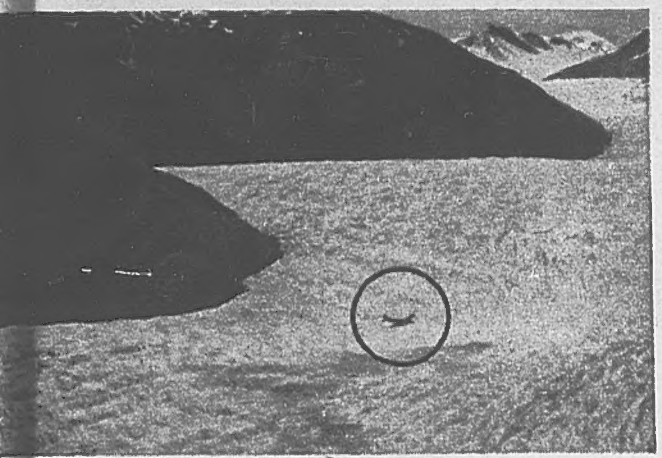
This is one plea we can't shrug off. We will be less than human if we ignore this cry from hunger-ridden people in whose condition we ourselves might be but for the grace of God. Give them food and we can eat our own abundant fare with easy consciences.

Paul Hunter

AGOG OVER ALASKA

1 **"Seeing totem poles** in a big-city museum is interesting," writes a friend of Canadian Club Whisky, "but seeing them in Alaska—whole 'forests' of them—is really impressive. And that's just what I came upon near Ketchikan, right over the threshold of the Territory. These story-telling monuments are so photogenic that it's hard to photograph them without including a camera fan or two.





2 **"From my reading,** I expected a thrill at the sight of Mendenhall Glacier. Even so I was awed. The big Pan American Airways Clipper in the circle above shows Mendenhall's vastness.

3 **"Not that Alaska** is all ice and snow. 'Way up in Fairbanks—almost in the Arctic Circle—I came on a garden of giant delphinium. Here, in summer, the sun works almost around the clock.

4 **"I'd always thought** of Alaska as a primitive, hard-to-reach place—but only 6 hours by Clipper from Seattle, I was riding up the streets of Juneau to the luxury of a fine modern hotel.

5 **"And a few moments later** in the world-famed bar of that hotel I was enjoying the luxury of a whisky whose distinctive flavor is prized at every smart hostelry around the world. Canadian Club!"

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